



ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

AUGUST, 1888.

SAIRY ANN.

IT was a small, one-story frame dwelling, constructed of rough, new boards which had never known the touch of plane or paint, standing on the margin of a small stream that came flowing down in a much obstructed channel from the hemlock forest beyond, its waters yellow from the roots and bark through which it took its way. About the house lay a small garden "patch," inclosed by a rude fence of stakes placed in a bristling *cheval-de-frise* to keep out marauding cattle. Beyond, far as the eye could see, lay a vast waste of sand, on which, sole relic of the vegetative life of the region, stood the stumps and tall, charred trunks of the dismantled forest, whose wealth of sturdy trees had gone to feed the remorseless, never-satisfied jaws of the hungry saw-mill that puffed and clanked and clattered in its midst, still eating into the heart of the forest that remained, year by year forcing its borders farther away. The little house of which I speak stood somewhat isolated from its neighbors, which mostly clustered up about the noisy mill, as if for company. This was Sairy Ann's home, and it was at Sairy Ann's suggestion, or rather at her imploring request, that her father had built farther away.

"I would like to have it down by the brook, away from the mill, where I can see the flowers and hear the birds sing," Sairy Ann had said, adding, "besides, the ground is better there, and we can have a nice truck patch."

I am afraid it was the truck patch, and not the bird songs or blossoms, that turned the balance in favor of the proposed site, but, at any rate, Sairy Ann prevailed, and it was her hands that planted the little garden and trained the morning-glory vines over the two little windows, and even up to the half sash in the loft, beside which stood her own little bed and the box covered with a newspaper at which she sat when she wrote her poems. Yes, Sairy Ann read greedily all the floating rhymes that came in her way, and at night, after her many labors closed, she used to sit down on the floor by her rude table and try to fashion into verse the fancies that filled her brain. But this no one knew. As if it were a crime, she hid from every eye these precious productions, reading over in secret, sometimes with disfavor, sometimes with awe, these offsprings of her brain.

But she faithfully cultivated the "truck patch," and in that arid country, where but little grew and few had time to wrestle with nature for her grudging gifts, found ample market for such products as were not needed by the family. And often old Dan Perry would say, as she brought to him the hard-earned money that she received: "Here's a quarter for ye, Sairy, to buy gimcracks with. You're a good little darter!"

Sairy received this, thankful for the kind thought as for the coin. But the "gimcracks" were pen and paper, bought at "The Company Store" down by the

mill, and for such ends, and her own precious magazine, she hoarded her little store of wealth, heedless of the pretty touches that most young girls delight in imparting to their toilets by aid of ribbons or laces.

Sairy Ann was now seventeen years old, and, set off by youth and vigor, rather pretty. Rather tall and slender, with a mass of reddish hair with soft waves in it, coiled upon her head and straying in riotous little locks over her forehead, blue eyes, wide apart, and fairly good features, with a white skin which the sun kissed into freckles but did not darken, and a smile which, though frequent and pleasant, was also a little sad.

Only an uneducated, uncultured life which had sprung into being amidst the forest wilds, pretty and songful, as the blossoms and birds are, unknown, uncared for, as they are, born for what purpose only the great plan of the Creator can comprehend.

Sairy Ann was not very happy. She had a loud-voiced, energetic stepmother, who gave her willing soul and body all that it could bear, drawing heavily on strength and spirit. Sairy Ann was too much like her own mother, who had long since found herself too fine and weak of fibre to bear the fate that she had accepted when she accepted handsome, coarse Dan Perry, and had gladly closed her eyes and gone to rest in the sandy little graveyard over the hill, where even Sairy Ann's patient care could not coax anything to grow except a wild rose-bush and a few mallows that will grow almost anywhere.

A good many of Sairy Ann's poems spoke of that graveyard and the angel spirit that had passed beyond. And the little, yellow, persevering brook also took frequent turns through the Elysian Fields of her fancy, albeit it gained wonderfully in the transit and was no longer a murky little stream, half-choked by gnarled and broken logs, flowing through marshy, monotonous borders, having its source in the little, reedy lake to which no foot ex-

cept that of Sairy Ann and some occasional sportsman in search of wild duck ever cared to penetrate, but a bright, dancing brook, whose music entranced the heart as it dashed on over its pebbly bed, between such flowery banks as might have bloomed in Paradise.

It is true that her grammar was not such as would bear criticism, her spelling was a lamentable failure, and her measures and rhymes halted ungracefully, having either more or less feet than would permit them to trip easily along. But notwithstanding these drawbacks, which her unenlightened eyes failed to fully see, Sairy Ann aspired to seeing her darlings in print, and made many journeys to the post-office, three miles away, and enriched the waste-basket of the *County Clarion* with many of her aborted laurels, before at last the young editor, one day, after reading a more than usually atrocious effort, flung himself back in his chair, laughing riotously, and said to his old chum, Ned Leonard, "By Jove! Ned, I believe I'll print this! It is too good to keep!" Whereupon he scratched off a half satirical, half bombastic introduction to the "sweet warbler from the native wild's" production, and put it into the poetic corner of his "valuable paper," knowing nothing of the writer, who had modestly concealed her name, signing only "Warbler," and thus sealed the fate of its writer.

Now, it so happened that Ned Leonard had an interest in the lumber business that centered about the little, busy saw-mill, and it became necessary for him to visit the region and remain for some time. As a special mark of appreciation of his more elevated position he was given quarters at the home of Dan Perry, "the boss," instead of being obliged to rough it at the common boarding-house with the mill-hands. And, indeed, this was a favor not to be despised, for, if small, the humble home was scrupulously neat, and the busy hands of Sairy Ann had managed, with

ferns and bright leaves and such inventions as her girlish taste could suggest and means compass, to make the tiny parlor, with its rag carpet and muslin curtains, into at least a cozy place, and the "parlor bedroom," assigned to the guest, bore evidence of her touch. Of all this the young man was not unappreciative, knowing something of the flavor of "roughing it" in the backwoods, nor, being a young man, was he blind to the good fortune of having in the same house a not unattractive young girl with whom to pass the leisure time that he feared would drag upon his hands.

To the girl, used only to the rough, uncultivated specimens of manhood usually to be found in such places, this man, though but a well-looking, ordinarily dressed young fellow, seemed like a being dropped from another sphere. For the first time she blushed at her surroundings, and was ashamed of her own uncouthness. Her quick eye caught all the little differences of speech, dress, and manner. She flashed an angry glance at her father when he sat down at table without his coat and with his shirt sleeves turned up over his brawny arms, and told her mother, as they washed up the dishes, that she "wished they could move away somewhere and live like white folks." To which her mother responded, with a look of astonishment and contempt, "You Sairy Ann, don't git above yer business!"

As her awe wore off Sairy Ann and Mr. Leonard became very friendly, and talked of a great many things, common enough to him, but to her "like a story-book come true," as she expressed it.

And finally one evening, as they paused a moment at the door to admire the brightness of the stars, he put his arm around her and kissed her. Only a common-place impulse in him, forgotten ere he slept. But to her it was as if the starry spheres had opened and all the glory of them had rolled over her soul and flooded it with rapture. She turned

away and went up the stairs to her little room with her pulses bounding and every nerve thrilling with exultation.

"Oh! he loves me!" she cried, kneeling at the window and looking up to the shining sky. "Thank God! he loves me!"

And all night she lay with wide eyes gazing out into the night, and hugging her fond delusion to her heart.

The new delight of love brought into her life bloomed on lip and brow, and gave a new light to her eyes and a shyness to her manner that finally elicited from the object of her innocent affection a passing admiration, and made it worth his while to amuse himself by playing upon her feelings by a mild flirtation. After that the heavens rained nectar to Sairy Ann, and the bundle of verses, hidden under a loose board in her chamber, grew rapidly numerous, and all sounded the praises of her adored.

But one fatal day, the day before he was to leave for his home in a distant city, as they sat in the little parlor, he lounging easily in a big rocker at the window, she a little in shadow, devouring with her eyes every feature of his beloved face, and striving to keep down the sobs that almost burst forth at the thought of their parting, he leaned forward and picked up a paper that, neatly folded, lay between the pages of a book. It was a copy of the *County Clarion*, and at sight of it he began to laugh.

"Here, Sarah," he cried—he never called her Sairy Ann—"you like poetry, now just listen to this!" And then, oh! bitter irony of fate! he began to read *her* poem! Her own cherished verses, upon which she had built heaven-high dreams of fame, fortune—all that gilds earthly dreams! And then again he laughed, and poured forth a volley of sarcastic comment and merry jests, and told her the circumstances of its publication, while she sat silent, mercifully still in the shadow, frozen with shame and pain, feeling the earth whirl giddily around her, kept up

by the thought that he must never know, that she must make no sign.

At last she rallied bravely. "Yes, it is very funny. But perhaps the poor girl did not know it!" she said, in a quiet voice.

"Very probably not," he answered. "One could not be far short of a fool to write such bosh as that and expect to see it in print. Let me ever catch my wife making verses—have I told you that I expect to be married soon, Sarah?—especially such verses as those, and there will be a tragedy!"

In a moment Sairy Ann left the room. Up to her own room she went, with white face and tearless, despairing eyes. Taking from its hidden receptacle her treasured package of manuscript, she crept softly down to the kitchen. A fire was in the stove; her mother was at the gate talking to a passing neighbor. Carefully she laid the bundle upon the coals and watched it until it became but a crisp, blackened mass.

Then she went swiftly out at the back of the house and up the course of the little, yellow stream into the sullen depths of the forest beyond.

Milking time came, but Sairy Ann did

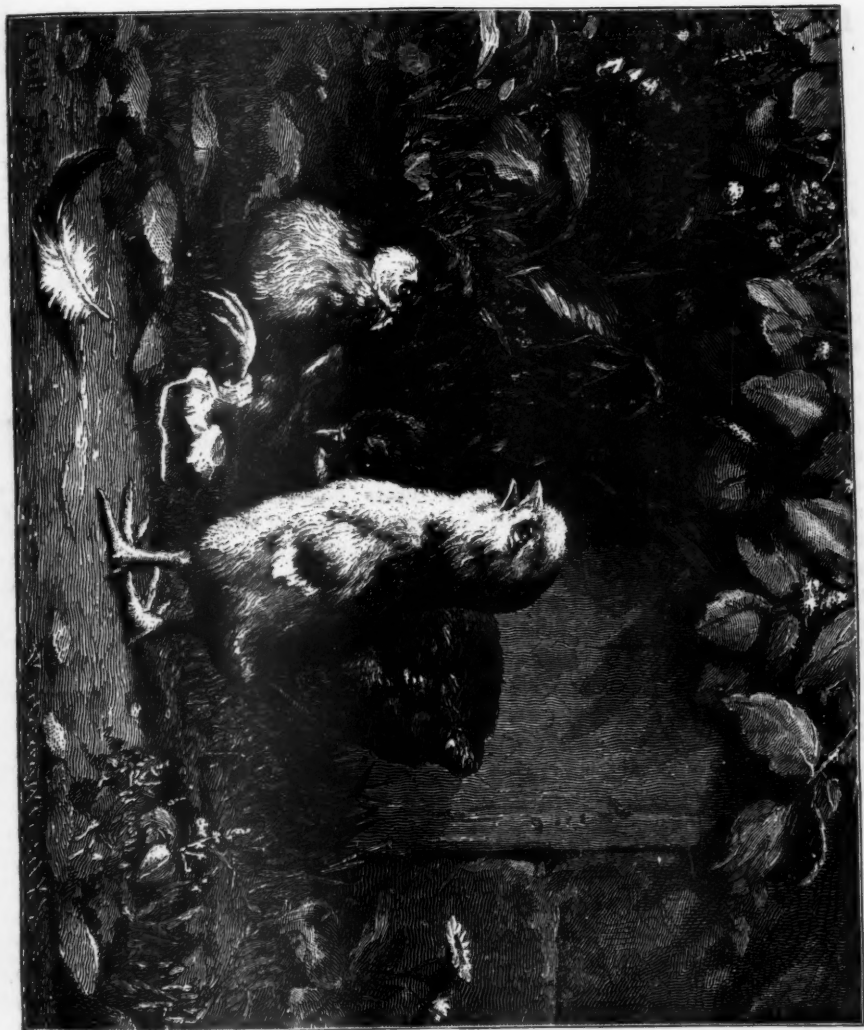
not respond to the call on her name, nor appear with her daily offering of dainties for the sleek white cow that was so petted by her. Night came, and still Sairy Ann was absent. Ned Leonard said she had probably dropped in to see her friend, Kitty Roberts, and that he would go and walk home with her. But he had his own private convictions that she was hiding her grief at the announcement of his expected marriage. But he did not find her, either at Kitty's or in any of the places where she was wont to go.

Sairy Ann did not come at all. And at early dawn her father and his men went in search of her. A fruitless quest for many hours, but finally, beside a mossy log, in the reedy lake, they found her—her long, wavy hair loose, her white gown clinging closely to her slender form, and clutched tightly in her hand a little gold locket that Ned Leonard had given her a few days before, on her birthday.

"Accidental drowning," they said, and bore her over the sandy hill and laid her beside her mother and the wild rose-bush and the mallows.

Perhaps it was better thus—poor Sairy Ann!

SEDDIE P. SMITH.



HOUSEKEEPING AND FURNISHING IN THE OLDEN TIMES.

A CERTAIN halo of romance seems to surround the old moated castles and English manor-houses of the Middle Ages. The readers of *Ivanhoe*, the *Last of the Barons*, and *Kenilworth* are apt to be enthusiastic over the "good old days" of feudal times. And, indeed, there is something delightfully picturesque in a moated castle or castellated mansion, with their machicolated battlements, ivy-clad turrets, and spacious halls; but with all this external grandeur it is well to remember that there was much poverty, much lack of the conveniences and necessities of life within. The indoor surroundings of the great nobles of those times were such that few of the laboring class to-day would endure them. The homes of New England mechanics of the present time are far more comfortable and cheerful than were the palaces of Edward III or "good Queen Bess."

Until the twelfth century, chimneys were unknown in England, and even then they were made the subject of legislation, as windows were at a later day. Manor-houses, castles, and religious houses were permitted to have but a chimney apiece. As late as the reign of Henry VIII, no fire-place was allowed at the University of Oxford. In fact, it was not until the beginning of the sixteenth century that the old state of things—a fire in the centre of the hall, the smoke escaping through the roof—was altered. An examination of the chimneys in the great halls of baronial houses will prove that they must have been inserted about this time.

The principal room of the baronial castle was a large, lofty apartment, usually called the hall, at the end of which was a raised platform or dais, on which the lord and his principal guests dined. At one end of the dais was a window, and in a corner behind the bay-window was the buffet, where the drinking-horns and dishes used at table were kept. Other tables and benches were placed on the floor of the hall, which was covered by rushes, for the retainers and guests of a lower degree. In the centre of the groined roof of oak was an aperture to carry off the smoke from the fire, which was placed in the middle of the floor on a raised hearth. The walls were covered with tapestry to about five feet from the floor. The principal entrance to the hall was at the lower end, where a space was parted off by a screen extending the whole length of the room, and supporting a gallery in which minstrels played during the feast.

In the centre of the screen were double doors, communicating with the kitchen, buttery, etc. Through the buttery hatch the viands passed from the kitchen to the hall. The buttery was so called because the butts and bottles of wine which were required for the table were kept there, not because butter was made there, as absurdly stated in one dictionary of architecture. The kitchen lay beyond the buttery, pantry, and cellar, and sometimes had two fire-places, which always blazed merrily on festive occasions. Some of these huge ovens were large enough to

roast an ox whole. Our forefathers enjoyed good living, and though their dishes varied much from those we are in the habit of eating, their mode of cooking did not differ much. Chaucer, in his *Canterbury Tales*, alludes to

"A cook they hadden with them for the nonce,
To boil the chickens and the manie bones;
And Poudre marchant, tart and galingale;
Wel coude he knowe a draught of London ale.
He coude roste, and sethe, and broil and frie,
Maken mostreeves and wel bak a pie."

The grand staple article was salt herrings, hundreds of which were daily consumed at the tables of the nobility. Butcher's meat was used in large quantities, and this diet was varied occasionally with fowls, geese, capons, eels, pigs, and pigeons. Of vegetables little mention is made, and of fruits still less, apples and pears being the principal ones. The quantity of spices used was very considerable, but they were employed to give flavor to the beer, which was brewed without hops and which seems to have been the common beverage during the Middle Ages.

The serving was of the rudest kind. Huge joints of meat were brought to the table on the roasting spits. The carver held the meat with one hand while he cut it with the other, and the guests helped themselves with their fingers. After eating what they wished, the remnants were thrown to the dogs and cats under the table.

There were no forks with which to take up the meat, and sometimes no plates to hold it. Huge slices of bread answered for plates, and were called trenchers. These became soaked with gravy, and were often eaten with a relish; when left, they were collected into baskets and given to the poor tenants. It was the height of refinement for two guests to eat from the same trencher. The only knife used was the clasp knife, which the male guest took unsheathed from his girdle; straw served instead of table napkins, and the company was divided by the salt-cellar.

The furnishing of these immense mansions corresponded with the external rudeness. The large, lofty rooms were uncarpeted, for my lady of those days thought herself lucky if every morning the floors were strewn with fresh rushes. Queen Mary Tudor was the first sovereign of England who enjoyed the luxury of a carpet. The furniture was scanty, indicating little taste in style or execution, and the great rooms looked bare and cheerless. Indeed, only a few of the rooms were fitted up at all; these were for the great folks; the rest were merely offices and cabins, in which beds of the coarsest kind were provided as occasion required. There was the gallery, the chapel, my lord's chamber, my lady's closet, the nursery, the great chamber, the carved chamber, paradise, and the lower house, the hall, the spicey, etc.

The great barons, owners of vast estates, of armies of retainers, and who were accustomed to dress in velvet stuff with embroidery and Milan armor embossed with gold, had not often furniture enough to set up housekeeping in more than one of their establishments. In Henry VIII's time we read of Algernon Percy, Earl of Northumberland, one of the richest peers of the realm, who, when removing from Wiesel Castle to Lockingfield Manor, stripped the rooms of hangings and furniture, having thirteen carts filled with household stuff. Kings in their progresses always took with them what they called the "stuff;" from bedding and tapestry down to spits and kettles.

Some of the old wills give us a curious insight into the character of the household belongings of the wealthy classes. Presses, hutches, chests, and coffer seem to be the main articles, all being places of deposit for clothes and valuables. In the press, bedding and heavy articles of clothing were kept. The coffer was for money, jewels, and ornaments, and was often of costly ebony or ivory. The hutch seems to have answered the purpose of a trunk, and was small or large, plain and ornamental, as



AN INN OF THE OLDEN TIME.

the case might be. In one will mention is made of "the little hutch, one broad hutch that standeth in my chamber, and the great broad hutch in the hall." A thrifty old housekeeper of Queen Elizabeth's time bequeaths her "best spruce chest, her best coffer in the old chamber, her curiously carven chest of wainscot, and her cypress coffer for keeping linen clothing." In Shakespeare's *Taming of the Shrew*, Gremio, who is suitor for the hand of Bianca, in naming over the property in his house in town says:

"In my coffers I have stuffed my crowns;
In cypress chests my arms, counterpoints,
Costly apparel, tents, and canopies, etc."

Next to these chests and coffers the tapestry and bedding were the housekeeper's pride. With the tapestry or hangings the cold stone walls of the rooms were covered, and they imparted both warmth and cheerfulness to those drear apartments. They were often made highly ornamental, with all sorts of colored figures and scenes upon them. Those of Queen Matilda, at Bayeux, record in a series of marvelous pictures the whole Norman conquest of England, from the departure of Harold to his death at Hastings. The making of these "painted cloths" was part of the labor of the lady of the castle and her maids; and an embroidery frame was one of the necessary pieces of furniture in "my lady's chamber."

The old English bedstead was a huge, unwieldy affair, being sometimes twelve feet square and as many feet high. It had a canopy, curtains, and square pillows. Under it was always a trundle bed for the convenience of body-servants and retainers. There is a story told of a Spanish page who visited England with his master. In his own country he had slept on straw in the hostler's loft, but in that northern land he found it too cold. One day in looking over the castle he came to the

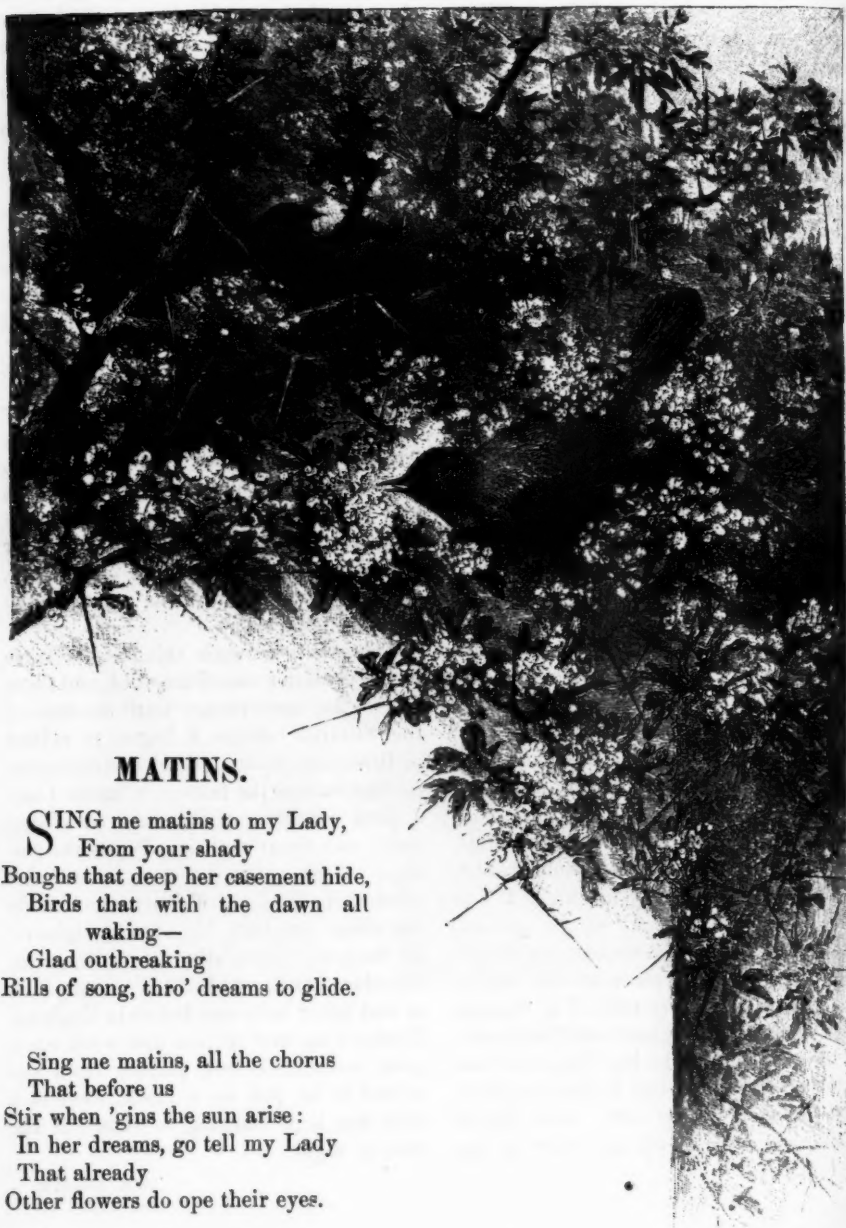
rooms where the maids were making the beds, and spying this arrangement, ran to his master, saying:

"Sir, there are a sort of little beds under the great beds in this house, which they say are for servants; may I not lie in one of them?"

These "posted, sett-work bedsteads," with their "harden sheets," made of coarse flax; "tear sheets," of fine flax; "flock beds" (wool), "coverlets;" "pillow beers," and "counterpoints,"—from the squares being in contrasting colors—were valuable property. The "best bed" that Shakespeare bequeathed to his wife, Ann Hathaway, with all its furniture, represented quite a sum of money.

In the sleeping-chamber was a "perch," answering to an old-fashioned clothes-horse; on it, says a writer of that day, "hang your clothes, mantles, frocks, cloaks, coats, doublets, furs, winter clothes, and of summer." Another singular arrangement was the "living cupboard" for the after-supper collation of bread, beer, and spiced wine, which was served in the sleeping-room.

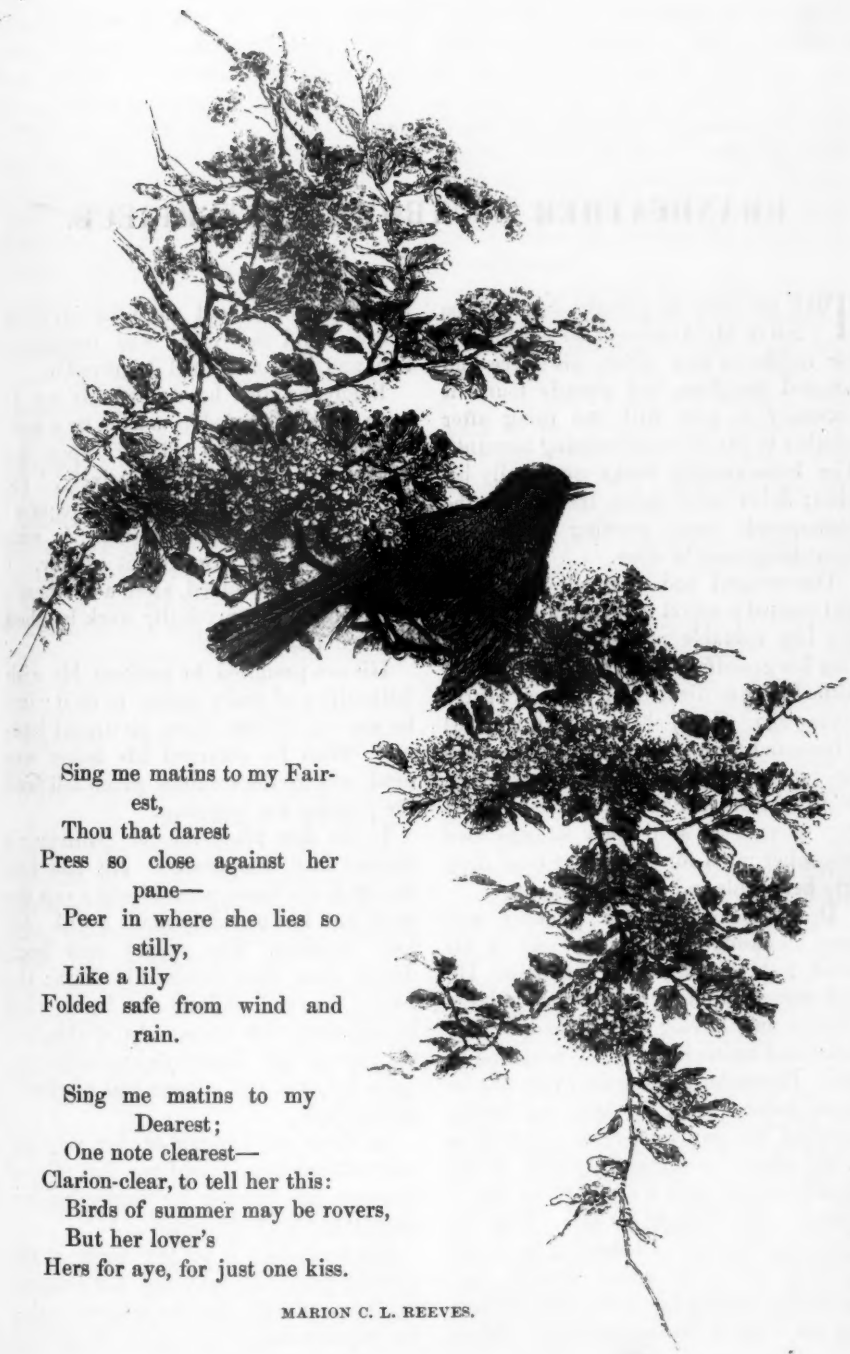
There were no such things as pictures in the modern sense of the word, and there was no fine taste for art until the time of the Stuarts. James I began to collect pictures, and showy, gilded, and decorated ceilings became the fashion. Charles I had a good collection of paintings at Whitehall; and about that time Pepys, the gossiping diarist, says he saw "counterfeit windows in the form of doors, which made the room seem both bigger and lighter." In the next reign Catherine of Braganza introduced the queer Indian cabinets, such as had never been seen before in England, Persian rugs and carpets, and, what was a great wonder, in her private room she caused to be put up a clock, wherein a light was kept burning to show her the time of night.



MATINS.

SING me matins to my Lady,
From your shady
Boughs that deep her casement hide,
Birds that with the dawn all
waking—
Glad outbreking
Rills of song, thro' dreams to glide.

Sing me matins, all the chorus
That before us
Stir when 'gins the sun arise:
In her dreams, go tell my Lady
That already
Other flowers do ope their eyes.



Sing me matins to my Fair-
est,
Thou that darest
Press so close against her
pane—
Peer in where she lies so
stilly,
Like a lily
Folded safe from wind and
rain.

Sing me matins to my
Dearest;
One note clearest—
Clarion-clear, to tell her this:
Birds of summer may be rovers,
But her lover's
Hers for aye, for just one kiss.

MARION C. L. REEVES.

GRANDFATHER LOCKROY'S MASTERPIECE.

THE pinching of poverty began to be felt in Mr. Lockroy's once comfortable residence, and Edna, his niece and adopted daughter, had already found it necessary to part with one thing after another to pay the most pressing accounts. The housekeeping books were sadly behind; debts here, debts there; and the tradespeople were growing impatient. Something must be done.

Discouraged and alarmed, the young girl opened a velvet casket and looked at her last valuable possession, a diamond ring her grandfather had given her a little while before he died, which was now nearly a year ago. Could she part with it? No! a thousand times, no! And yet perhaps she must. Slipping the jewel over her finger, she watched the limpid flashes until they seemed to send some strange idea across her mind, for she let her head drop into her hands and fell to thinking.

Dear old Grandfather Lockroy had been an oddity; not exactly out of his mind, but certainly very eccentric. He had retired from business with a large fortune, and having always had artistic tastes had amused himself by modeling in clay. He made likenesses of every one he could induce to sit for him, and finally modeled his own bust from a reflection in the mirror, so successfully that all his friends insisted that it ought to be cast in plaster. He thought so too. With his usual peculiar way of behaving, he would trust no one to do it, and actually succeeded in making his mold and producing one copy of his masterpiece. When

requested to turn out more he invented excuses, said the mold was unsatisfactory and, in fact, he had destroyed it.

Before he died he desired his son to have the bust copied in marble by a first-class sculptor and placed upon his tomb. Then he said impressively, "Do not forget this, it is my last request: Take back the bust and break it with your own hands. Destroy it utterly. I do not wish," he added, after a moment's silence, "to have my faulty work laughed at when I am dead."

His son promised to perform his wish faithfully and really meant to do it; but he was called from home on urgent business; when he returned his father was dead, and in the troubles which followed the promise was forgotten.

In the first place, the old gentleman's fortune had disappeared. He had had money in the bank, securities in a safe deposit, and had certainly made a will. All had vanished. The money had been drawn some time before his death; the papers removed, and no one knew what he had done with them. As if this was not enough, Mr. Lockroy's own affairs became involved and matters had reached a serious pass.

As Edna sat looking at her ring the superstitious idea crossed her that all this disaster was caused by neglecting her grandfather's dying request.

She mentioned it to her uncle in the evening when she delivered her formidable bunch of bills, but he laughed rather bitterly and begged to know the address

of a first-class sculptor who would consent to carve that uninteresting, almost ridiculous, cast of an amateur like her grandfather unless he were well paid.

This was very true; but Edna was not satisfied. Her idea had taken possession of her and she felt blindly sure that all would straighten out if only the promise were once fulfilled. *That* was grandfather's will, just as much as if he had signed it on paper before witnesses, and if it were accomplished perhaps the other will might turn up and explain everything. How? Oh! somehow. She could not reason about it; only she knew she was right.

So the next day she donned her best attire and after a long walk rang the bell at a high-grated gate, through which she could see a path crossing a garden and leading to a long, low building.

"Can I see Mr. Myron?" she asked, as a serving man appeared.

"I am afraid not, madam," he replied, with polite regret. "This is not his reception day, and he is busy."

"But I do not want to visit the studio. I came on business. About an order," she added.

"Oh!—in that case—I will inquire."

A moment after she was admitted, and was at first so bewildered by the strange surroundings that the handsome individual, enveloped in an apron of blue and white ticking tied on with red worsted braid, bowed repeatedly and addressed her twice before she became calm enough to reply.

"Miss Edna!" he was saying when she collected herself sufficiently to attend, "I had no idea it was you. Ralph only said it was a young lady who wished to give an order. What can I do for you? Your own portrait, I hope."

"I came," she said, going abruptly to the point, "to ask how much it would cost to have that plaster bust of grandfather copied in marble. You know the likeness he made of himself that everybody said was so good."

"Perfectly." The artist bit his lip to keep his face straight. On one occasion he had dined with old Mr. Lockroy, who affected the society of artists, and had joined the multitude in praising the masterpiece, behaving thus deceitfully partly to humor his venerable host, and even more for the sweet sake of Edna; but for her to expect him to copy the monstrosity—really now!

"Are you serious?" he asked. "Do you truly mean me to answer your question?"

"That is what I came for," she said, simply. "I hope you won't refuse to do it. Of course, I know it is asking a great favor of you to copy my grandfather's imperfect work; but I *must* have it done. If you only knew—" tears filled her eyes and her voice failed her.

Philip Myron brought a chair. "Sit down and tell me all about it," he said, sympathetically.

"Uncle says the bust is ridiculous," she began; "and, excuse me, Mr. Myron, but I am sure you are laughing."

"I beg a thousand pardons, and will laugh no more," he said with overdone gravity, "only, pray, explain, so that I may know what I am expected to accomplish."

Yielding to his gentle persuasion, she told him all, everything: about the dying request, the disappearance of the will and fortune, all the succeeding woes, not forgetting the complications in her house-keeping accounts.

"And now," she concluded, "do please tell me how much it will cost; for you see I *must* do it."

Mr. Myron, belonging to the sex to whom "because" is not a reason, did not see the necessity; but Edna was so pretty and he felt so sorry for her that he was ready to risk his reputation in the endeavor to reproduce the grewsome plaster. He pulled his yellow mustache thoughtfully. "The price of such an order," he said, "depends altogether on various conditions—"

"It is to be life sized," interrupted Edna, eagerly, "and an exact copy."

"How much do you wish to expend on it?" he queried, doubtfully.

"The price of this ring," she said, showing her fine solitaire in its gypsy setting. "I have had it estimated and can sell it for four hundred dollars. Would that be enough?"

"My usual price," he answered, slowly, "is twelve hundred dollars—wait—don't be frightened; I have also executed several without making any charge at all. For you, since it is a memorial of your grandfather, I will do it for the bare outlay, the marble, etc., which will not exceed two hundred dollars. You see your ring will cover all that."

"I could not accept that," she said, decidedly.

"For my own part of the work then," he added, quickly, "we can discuss the price afterward. I will take care not to charge you too much."

"I don't know," she hesitated; "I think I ought to settle about that now."

"Cannot you trust me to do what is right?"

"Oh! yes; but—"

"Then it is agreed. I will send Ralph this evening for the plaster bust; and if you will permit me, I will call occasionally to report progress."

"That would be so very kind," she said, gladly; "for I shall be most impatient to have it finished." And she went home with a lighter heart.

But Mr. Myron did not hurry. He called frequently and always said he was getting on famously, but when Edna wanted to see the marble, he invariably put her off. Six months passed. The bust was finished; but he did not tell her so, because he feared her eager welcome was only owing to her interest in his work, and he dreaded to lose it.

But the household affairs were touching

on wreck, and Edna, in very fear of being forced to part with her ring, begged Mr. Myron one day to take and keep it so as to make his payment sure. He seemed a little offended and at first flatly refused to take it, until, finding him firm, she falteringly told him the truth.

"If you do not keep it I am afraid some one may find out that I have it and it will be taken from me to pay these awful debts. Oh! if that marble were only completed and the plaster broken, I feel sure that all would come right!"

"It is finished," he answered, "and I will send the cast at once."

Upon that he took the little casket and went away.

It was a dull, rainy afternoon. Everything combined to deepen the gloom. The weather was raw and the house was chilly; for fires had become an unknown luxury in the large, bare rooms, denuded now of all but barest necessities. Edna watched the sculptor out of sight and stood gazing at the driving mist. She heard her uncle's latch-key, but was too miserable to meet him with her usual cheerful greeting. Curling herself up on a lounge, she drew a traveling rug over her and forgot her wretchedness in sleep. Vaguely, through a dreary dream, she heard the door bell ring and heard her uncle come down and open the door, for they had no domestic now. There was a confused sound of voices and heavy steps upon the stairs, like the tread of some one bearing a burden. Whoever it was came down and left the house. Then the door opened softly, a hand clasped her own, and she started up as a ring slipped over her finger.

"O Mr. Myron! is it you? I was asleep—dreaming. You frightened me."

"The marble will be put in place tomorrow," said the artist, "and Ralph has just carried the plaster cast to your uncle's room. I have come to tell you that you can pay me now, if you will!"

"But this ring," she answered, sleepily, "I gave it to you."

"I have given it back."

"I do not understand."

"I want you—yourself."

"As a model?" she asked, in some wonder. "Do you mean that?"

"I might want you as a model, certainly. I suppose my wife would be willing to pose occasionally for her husband."

"Wife? are you going to be married?" she asked, completely bewildered.

"If you will have me—yes," he said.

"I! in my forlorn poverty and no position at all, marry you, so celebrated and wealthy! No, indeed," she said, indignantly.

"Yes, indeed," he echoed, coaxingly.

"It is not possible," she began, when a terrific crash sounded overhead, followed by a frantic shout, not of pain, as they at first imagined, but of insane jubilation.

Mr. Myron forgot that his offer had not yet been accepted. Edna forgot that it had ever been made. Curiosity and fright are stronger than love! They both dashed up the stairs at delirious speed to see Mr. Lockroy dancing a dance of triumph in the midst of bank-notes and gold coins, which were fluttering about, lying in a shining mass, rolling hither and thither amid the pieces of plaster, forehead here—

nose there—chin over yonder—bits of the features everywhere, with a great bunch of papers, and the will!

They stared stupidly.

Mr. Lockroy shook hands with the sculptor and kissed his niece, thanking them over and over incoherently, but heartily.

"My dear father was always a trifle odd, you know," he explained, as he calmed down a little; "he put everything inside this fearful caricature of his handsome old head, and but for you, my dear," he said, turning to Edna, "we should never have found it. After all, a woman's instinct is worth all a man's sober reason."

* Joy reigned. Prosperity had returned. Old Mr. Lockroy had left his son a rich man, and had provided generously for his granddaughter. Congratulations and handclasps were exchanged, kind words were said, and they were all very happy.

"I am glad I asked you, Edna, before that weird work of art was broken," said Mr. Myron, tenderly, as they withdrew before the solemn man of law who had been hastily summoned to fulfill all formalities.

"And I am glad I did not answer you, Philip," she replied, "until the dear old masterpiece had come to the rescue."

A. L. T.



A JAPANESE MAIDEN.

AN INHERITED HUSBAND.

CHAPTER I.

"MANY happy returns of the day!" said Mrs. Trench to her sister Grace, giving her wishes with a warmth so contrary to her usual calm manner that it was evidently a special occasion. Mrs. Trench was a bride of some six months' standing, and, since the death of their grandfather, Grace's home had been her sister's house, a beautiful old palace in Venice.

"Don't, Edith!" answered Grace, turning from the contemplation of the Grand Canal. "Pray don't wish me anything of the kind."

"My dear, you don't suppose I want you to die?"

"No, of course not; and I don't want to die either. But your voice sounded absolutely congratulatory."

"And why not? Are you not of age? And have you not come into a fortune and a husband on the same day?"

Grace Davenport threw her hands up and then clasped them together. "That is just it—a husband! Whoever heard of such a thing out of a story! To inherit a husband!"

"My dear Grace, why excite yourself all over again about a fact which you have known for four months, and which cannot be helped?" suggested Mrs. Trench, whose policy had ever been to conceal how much she felt for her.

"It's easy for you to preach good sense, Edith. When the half of grandpapa's fortune came to you, you were just safely married; so he could not clog it with so ridiculous, so monstrous, a condition. But

—but—what in the name of all that's—amazing could have made him do such a thing for me?"

"He hoped, no doubt, to provide you with a good husband."

"And had I no chance of finding one for myself?" Grace's indignation was very natural, for she was a very pretty girl.

"You are not looking at the matter from a right point of view. Grandpapa loved you very dearly, as he seems also to have loved Richard Barton; his wish that the two he loved best should belong to one another is sufficiently plain."

"But no one's wishes, however kindly meant, can influence such matters. I may have it in me to make some man a tolerable wife, as I dare say Richard Barton has it in him to make an excellent husband; but that does not necessarily mean that we should suit each other. Suppose, for instance, that he has seen some other woman whom he would prefer?" And Grace turned pale at the bare idea.

"I think you are supposing grandpapa's great favorite to be a bad man. No doubt a man of five-and-thirty or thereabouts has had time to single out some one whom he would like to marry; but had it been so he would have told grandpapa of it."

"But since his death, Edith?—A few months are quite long enough to—"

"Then I repeat that in that case he is no good man."

"No, Edith; you don't see it as clearly as I do. He *could* like some one else, and yet be obliged to marry *me*! He is no longer a free agent. If he attempts to do

right in one way he does wrong in another. If he pleases himself, he robs me. The position is a deadlock."

How often had Mrs. Trench gone over the same arguments! She revered her grandfather's memory too much to blame him; yet she was seriously uneasy, and longed to know personally something of this Mr. Barton. Unfortunately, just as she and her husband were to start for England, after their wedding tour, he contracted a bad cold and was forbidden to leave the warmer climate for some months.

"You know, Grace—" she began, slowly.

"It's no use, Edith. It can't be helped, and even if we hate the sight of each other—"

"That's nonsense, Grace! he is not in the least likely to hate the sight of you."

"That depends upon his taste; and as for mine—perhaps he wears a wig and spectacles!"

Mrs. Trench gladly hailed her change of tone, and laughed as she said: "We know better than that. Did not Charlie find out that he was an active, professional man. He is not Methuselah, though he is older than you."

"I know. But that is not everything. Just think, Edith, how many sorts of men there are whom one would *not* like for a husband. He might be red-haired and coarse-looking—he might be small and sleek and priggish—he might be as stout as Daniel Lambert, or have a nose like Punch. And then he may be jealous or tyrannical, or a mean and sordid wretch who got round dear grandpapa."

Mrs. Trench tried to stop her, but in vain, for the girl was talking with excitement. Yet, could she herself in all honesty have said that there was not a possibility of truth in her exaggerated words? While she was thinking of the best thing to say, she observed with relief and pleasure that Grace had taken unusual pains to make her sober dress look attractive.

"That's pretty, Grace. Have I seen

that dress before?" Grace colored and laughed ever so little, too.

"Of course, I have tried to make the best of myself. I hate the very thought of him, and when he comes and introduces himself to-day, I daresay I shall not be even civil to him. But he may as well think the best of his future wife. Goodness, Edith! what is he likely to do? and what shall I do?"

"Wait till he comes; I never knew your wits fail you yet."

But though they did wait with all the calmness they could command, the day dragged itself nearly into evening, and no Richard Barton had appeared. As he lived in England, there was, of course, always a probability that, with the best intentions, he might fail to arrive and make the acquaintance of his future wife precisely on her twenty-first birthday. That they should meet on that day had been a stipulation in old Mr. Davenport's will; and so entirely had they expected to see him that the sisters waited and waited for him until his non-arrival made them nervous and anxious.

At last a welcome diversion came in the form of the post. There were several letters for Mrs. Trench, but only one, in a strange handwriting, for Grace, who, still expecting to see this inherited husband in bodily shape, opened it without any suspicion.

"What good writing!" Then she gave a shriek. "From Richard Barton!"

Edith sprang up, but Grace waved her off, and with burning cheeks devoured its contents. Her sister watched her face and saw it change curiously. It ran thus:—

"MY DEAR MISS DAVENPORT:—The 15th of this month has always been the day fixed for a meeting between you and myself. I have, however, ventured to address you by letter instead, feeling little doubt that such a course will be the more agreeable to you. I have always wished, before any personal interview took place,

to tell you exactly what I think and feel as to the terms of your grandfather's will. Much as I loved Mr. Davenport and revere his memory, that will is, to my mind, in the highest degree unjust to you. I am in no way connected with you, and yet unless you agree to share with me that which is by every right yours you lose your inheritance. If you had been bidden to relinquish to me the half of the fifty thousand pounds it would have been hard enough; but that you should lose the whole unless you marry me is a condition to express my opinion of which I can find no words. I, naturally, only feel myself honored by your grandfather's desire to intrust your happiness to my care; but to you such a prospect must be most undesirable. I am perfectly heart-free and have arrived at that time of life when the thoughts of a wife and home become dear to a man. But you are still very young, and it may even be that your affections are already engaged. I beg you then to tell me, as unreservedly as you would to an old and dear friend, what are your wishes and feelings in this matter. Did I know you to be penniless I might have written differently, but fortunately your means, though limited, need not drive you to a worldly marriage; and you will at least know that the poor and the suffering will be the gainers by what might only have brought doubtful happiness to yourself. I need say nothing of that deserving institution, the Orphan Asylum at L——, to which the fortune is to go if we forfeit it. One word more and I have done. If you already love, I have no fear that you will not tell me so. But if you have only a rooted dislike to a ready-made husband, say so frankly. Yet, if you can persuade yourself to it, give me at least a chance of overcoming that very natural dislike. If I fail, I alone shall suffer.

"Very sincerely yours,
"RICHARD BARTON."

When Mrs. Trench finished the letter, she looked up, and found Grace watching her. The girl sprang forward, and, throwing herself down beside her sister, hid her face in her hands; but Mrs. Trench could not tell whether it was tears or laughter that moved her so much.

"You see, dear, you have only, after all, been making a bugbear for yourself," she said, herself much moved by the unexpected tenor of that letter. Grace lifted her head and laughed an odd, broken laugh, very near tears. She had conjured up such terrible images, and now there seemed every chance of salvation.

"O Edith!" she said, still between tears and laughter, "he must have the wig and spectacles after all. It is such a kind, good letter—he must be all heart, but nothing else besides."

"Come now, do you want me to give you moral sayings, and tell you that the outside is nothing?" said Mrs. Trench, smoothing the girl's ruffled hair.

"He must be a sort of Pecksniff to look at," she went on, recklessly; "with a long face, and head shaped like a pear—always wearing a tail-coat and white choker. Edith, you don't admire the picture of your future brother-in-law!"

"I confess I did not see it in his letter. Suppose you read it over again."

The practical suggestion sobered Grace, and seating herself at the writing-table, she said:

"Do you notice that he says nothing about himself in connection with the money? Do you think he is a rich man, or only a disinterested one?"

"Both, perhaps. Even rich people don't despise a second fortune. I know I did not."

Grace made no further remarks, but, dipping the pen in the ink, wrote the following answer.

"DEAR MR. BARTON:—I thank you extremely for your letter, with all its sympathy and kindly thought for me. I am,

like yourself, free to make a choice, and my prejudice against a ready-made husband is only prejudice. Grandpapa must have meant kindly by me, and so it seems to me that we ought, at least, to try to do as he wished. If it should end in the fortune going to the charity, I shall have, as you rightly remark, sufficient for independence; and I must presume, as you do not speak of yourself, that your circumstances and future prospects are satisfactory. I hope that it may be so.

"Yours very sincerely,

"GRACE DAVENPORT."

CHAPTER II.

A FEW days later, Grace Davenport spent one afternoon and part of an evening with some friends on the Lido. Being a long-standing engagement, she was obliged to keep it; but she left her friends early, for her sister had one of her receptions, for which the Palazzo Trench was rather famous.

Grace obeyed her sister's injunctions not to be late, and so she was coming home in the gondola of one of her friends, just as the sun had set. The sky presented a picture such as can only be seen in Venice. The sunset had left a lingering warmth of color behind it. In a few moments the glow faded, and, from the absence of twilight, in an incredibly short space of time the first pale gleams of moonlight were seen, and the eye accustomed to gaze overhead could have perceived at least one star beginning to glimmer in the paling sky.

The soft colors seemed just suited to the little, quiet figure lying so lightly back against the gay cushions of the gondola. She was a very pretty girl, with a pale, dark skin and large brown eyes, and abundant waving hair a shade lighter than her eyes. Her features were regular, and her expression spirited yet gentle. She looked very well that night in her soft, black dress. On her head she had fastened with a white rose a black lace veil, which

she had learnt to wear as only an Italian or Spaniard can wear that most becoming adornment.

She was deep in thought, for the letter which she had received and her answer to it had changed the whole current of her life. Outwardly, everything was as before; but how different she felt! Of her own free will had she asked this man, the very thought of whom she had hated, to come and try to overcome her prejudices!

At that moment the gondola was skirting the island of S. Lazzaro, and Grace was gazing absently at the low mass of buildings of the Armenian Convent, beginning to show clearly in the white light of the moon. She therefore did not notice that a gondola was swiftly approaching her until she heard the sudden rush of water against the oar which told her that a boat was coming to a standstill, managed as only a Venetian gondolier can do it. A second rush of water was heard, and Grace's boat stopped also. To the girl's amazement she saw that the gondola meeting her contained her brother-in-law, who ought to have been receiving his guests, and a strange gentleman.

"Well met, Grace," cried Charlie Trench, speaking as if he were out of breath. "I thought I should catch you just here. I must be off immediately; but Barton has only a few hours to stay, so just show him as much of Venice as you can, there's a dear girl. You could not have a better cicerone, Barton. She doesn't go in for enthusiasm, but she knows every stone as well as Ruskin himself."

Mr. Barton was by this time standing up and looking at Grace, who, as startled by this unexpected meeting as if she had seen some supernatural apparition, could neither speak nor move. The gondoliers were holding the boats together, and Mr. Trench was growing impatient. He was not thinking of his guests, for his wife was well able to do without him, but he felt

instinctively that this moment was the crisis in this strange affair.

"If Miss Davenport will be so kind," said Richard Barton.

The words were nothing out of the common, but the voice and intonation seemed to have the power to help her suddenly to come to life. She said nothing, but unconsciously she must have looked her assent, for the next instant Richard Barton had stepped into her gondola, Mr. Trench had wished them "*Buon divertimento*," and his gondola had turned and shot round the island.

Grace Davenport suddenly sat up on her cushions, while Richard Barton seated himself on one of the side seats, and, in that brief moment, the two made up their minds about each other. "What a pretty girl! with just my favorite brown eyes. Faithful and true. If I can win such a wife I'd like to send the fortune to the charity as a thank-offering," was his comment. And hers:

"What a good-looking man! and what keen yet pleasant eyes."

And the mutual satisfaction showing itself, unknown to them, in their faces, made them both break out into a smile.

"We have not been introduced in the orthodox fashion," said he. "But as Mr. Trench called you Grace," pronouncing the name as if he liked it, "I take it for granted you are my correspondent."

"And you mine," and simultaneously their hands went out, and a cordial shake followed. All her horrible fears had vanished magically.

"You want to get some impression of Venice?" she said. "You could not have chosen a better moment than by moonlight."

"I am quite sure I am in the greatest luck," he returned, a quick smile lighting up his face as a flash of lightning does a landscape, revealing much that had before been hidden.

"He is more than good-looking," thought Grace, with vague uneasiness

mixed with her relief; "a man like that would give his wife plenty of cause for jealousy."

"In fact, I think," he added, "that I am generally lucky in most things, and have grown to expect to get all I want."

"That means, I suppose, that your good luck is yourself. People who know what they want, generally succeed in getting it," remarked Grace, feeling as if some one else were speaking for her.

"Is that your experience?" he asked, looking rather searchingly at her.

Grace shook her head and did not commit herself to words. This moonlight run must surely be a dream, and this was no real flesh and blood Richard Barton who was asking her if life had realized her aims!

"That poor girl," he thought, "has been made to suffer cruelly by this will." "You are too young to have had much experience yet," he said, very gently, aloud; "but I hope," and he put the heartiest good-will in that word, "that one day you will be able to say that life has answered your expectations."

After this there came a little awkward pause in their conversation. Grace felt her cheeks slightly reddening, and she was glad that the sound of the voices of some gondoliers singing to a guitar accompaniment reached them at that moment.

"Hark!" she said.

"Now, such sounds as those," he remarked, when the music had ceased, "make one understand how a man could gradually have all his energies lulled to sleep."

Grace gave a merry laugh.

"Why do you laugh?"

"Because that man would never be you, Mr. Barton."

"How can you tell in so short a time?"

"The very fact that you have been able, during the music, to analyze its possible effects would be enough, without the expression of your face and attitude."

"How did I look?"

"As if you could hear with your eyes as well as your ears."

"And my attitude?"

"I hardly know, but I think you have a journey on your mind; I know that I can never take my ease at such a moment."

"No?" he said, much amused at her observations. "Yet when Trench and I came up, you looked the very impersonation of calm repose. Have you two sides to your character?"

"No," she replied, smiling. "Only you know there is a time for all things, and a solitary row in a gondola is not a moment for the display of much energy."

"Your answer," he said, laughing, "is as unanswerable as your description of my attitude is true. I have a journey on my mind, and a long one. I am on my way to India."

Grace, with all a woman's inconsistency, immediately belied her own words by sitting suddenly upright and looking anything but calmly reposing.

"To India!" she said; then she suddenly colored at the dismay she detected in the sound of her own voice. "Pray excuse my surprise. I do not know much about you, but I thought that if I did know anything, it was that you lived in England."

"I live where my work is. I am an engineer. At this moment it happens to be in India, last year it was in Canada, and the year before in Australia."

"And, of course, you like rushing about in that way?"

"Oh! yes; every one likes variety, and I do with the rest, and perhaps better. I have no ties, you know, of any kind—no one to miss me when I am gone, or to trouble themselves about a deferred return."

Richard Barton was too clever a man to be cunning, yet that was a wily speech.

"I think you must be unjust to your friends," she said, all her tender woman's soul shining in her brown eyes.

"My friends are busy men like myself. It is only women, or the aged, whose working days are over, who have time to think of the absent."

"You loved my grandfather?" she asked quickly, feeling no regret, however, that he stood so alone.

"Yes. Life has never been quite the same to me since he died."

They were approaching the Piazzetta, the lights of which they had long seen in the distance, and over the water there again came the sound of music—not of men's voices this time, but of a well-conducted brass band.

"What an enchanted place this is," he said. "I danced to that very waltz of Strauss's last week, and now it seems positive vulgarity to think of ever doing anything but glide in a gondola to its rhythm."

"I see you will carry away the best impression of Venice," she said, smiling. "Its variety and its mystery. Its color and life you cannot see."

"That must be for another visit. In the meanwhile, pray don't dissipate the mystery. I am half afraid of asking you to get out and walk."

"I shall not vanish, I assure you."

"If you can promise, I should like a nearer inspection of the Piazza and those columns and colonnades."

They were just at the Ponte della Paglia, and at a sign from Grace the gondoliers turned the boat and shot it under the arch. The next moment the gondola stood still on the further side of the Bridge of Sighs. The light of the moon had not yet penetrated into the narrow canal, so that the boat and its occupants seemed swallowed up in its gloom and as if the shadow of the bridge trod by the feet of the doomed was upon them. It was so dark that they could only dimly see each other's faces; yet, looking through the arch of the Ponte della Paglia, the water beyond was a gleaming sheet of silver, and that fatal bridge suspended in

mid-air stood out black and lowering against the moonlit sky.

"Miss Davenport," said Richard Barton, after a few moments of silence between them, and unconsciously lowering his voice, "you have begun at the wrong end. What can you offer me more thrilling than this?"

Grace smiled, though she whispered too.

"I was afraid Strauss was perhaps too modern."

As she spoke, two or three splashes as of some small body falling into the water were distinctly heard.

"Did you hear that?" he said. "Can there be fish in these little black canals?"

"Those are the rats, which are happily the only occupants of the pozzi now. Who knows whether, if they could speak, we should not discover that their ancestors were the petted and welcome companions of the poor wretches once confined there?"

He smiled at her in answer, and then looked up at the dark bridge. "I expect," he said, "to see many wonderful sights and to receive many strange impressions in the next few months, but I shall not surpass this."

The gondola was in the meanwhile gliding into the open, and in a moment they were in the thick of other gondolas, and merry voices were heard in every civilized language. The gloom had vanished, and another Venetian picture had taken its place. They landed at the Piazzetta, and when Grace had sent back the boat, she and Richard Barton instinctively stopped and looked at each other.

"You are taller than I expected to find you," he said.

"So are you," she replied. This was no Daniel Lambert, but a tall, well-made man. That mutual survey over, they moved on as far as the two columns.

"Let me tell you all I know," he said. "Here executions were held in the days of the Republic. That is the Doge's palace, and behind there should be the

giant's staircase, on the top of which the Doges were crowned, and Marino Faliero had his head struck off. Seeing Venice is like living through the details of a dream. One almost wishes one did not know so well how it looks. Yet dream and reality can never be quite the same. No; the circumstances under which I am seeing this are more dreamlike than even a dream could be."

"When you resume your journey you will wonder if it ever happened at all."

"No," he said, quickly and decidedly. "There are some things which can never be forgotten, and this will be one of them."

They entered the Piazza of St. Mark. He drew out his watch and stood still.

"I have wanted to see this," he said, "ever since I was a child. There they go," and the bronze Vulcans over the arched entrance to the Merceria walked round the bell and struck the hour.

"I wonder you have not been here before."

"So do I. But I am glad, very glad, that this is my first visit."

The moon lighted up the cathedral, its gilded and frescoed façade and many cupolas, like daylight. They mingled with the crowd assembled there, listening to the music, and then they had an ice at Florian's. There they sat some time, he talking well on varied subjects, she listening and interested. The thinning of the crowd first made them become aware that the band was gone and that it was late. He started up.

"How selfish you must think me to have kept you so long away from your sister's reception!"

"She has one every week, you know; so it does not much matter."

"You mean that that gives you the better opportunity of seeing your friends often?" he returned quickly, and sitting down again.

"Certainly," she answered, quietly, with the faintest possible smile. "But you are

going to India, and I shall not see you again."

He looked at her, and as their eyes met his face lighted up as it had done once before.

"My train starts in an hour," he said, gloomily, after a pause of some length.

She rose, and in a few minutes they were in a gondola on their way back. They were both very silent until they came in sight of the Trenchs' palace; then Richard Barton began, quite abruptly:

"Before I left London, I saw your grandfather's lawyers."

She started, partly at the sudden dispelling of that dream-like feeling, partly at his curt, business-like tone and manner.

"Yes?" she forced herself to say.

"They told me what I, for one, had quite forgotten—that we must decide within a given time who is to have the fortune."

"Oh! yes, exactly," she answered, feeling unreasonably chilled by his manner, yet answering with as practical a voice as his. "How long have they given us?"

"Until my return from India."

"And when will that be?"

"As soon as I know, I will write and tell you."

She bent her head in assent, not caring to speak lest he might detect disappointment in her voice.

"If I thought—that I might come instead, and receive my instructions from yourself—I—"

"Perhaps I shall not be here," she said merrily, taking courage to look at him. "I fly about, too, sometimes."

"Then may I take wings and fly after you?"

He did not press her for an answer in words, but as he leapt from the gondola, and helped her out, he held her hand for a moment in his.

"Is that a bargain?" he asked, gently, as he sought her eyes.

"Yes; it is a bargain."

And half an hour later he was on his way to India.

There is no need to give any of the further correspondence between Richard Barton and Grace Davenport. It extended over a good many months, and neither of them ever said a word about the charity. Grace received each letter with more pleasure than the previous one, yet looked forward to the next with ever-increasing anxiety. She would not have confessed it to any one, but since she had seen this dreaded "inherited husband," her imagination conjured up very different fears from those with which she had previously tortured herself. Hidden behind that business-like mind of his, might he not have an "ideal," and was she—

One evening, having arrived at this usual point in her reflections, Mr. Trench suddenly joined her on the balcony, where she was looking sadly up at the moon and starlit sky.

"Grace," he said, "no more star-gazing, my dear. You must come to earth for a while, if you can."

She looked at him in the utmost bewilderment, but he only laughed with evident pleasure, and returned into the room. The next moment Richard Barton, bronzed and flushed, stood in his place. Grace gave a little cry and half rose from her seat; but he drew a chair up to hers and took her hand and held it.

"I have come for your decision," he said.

"And I cannot make it. You must not ask me," she answered, in the greatest distress.

He bent toward her, paling visibly.

"Why not?"

"The responsibility is too great."

"But you have decided one way or the other?"

She bent her head.

"Will you let me hear it?"

Six months before he would never have believed that his heart would beat so fast as he said those words.

"Only on one condition."

"What is that?"

"That if you do *not* agree with it, you will frankly tell me so."

He looked anxiously, yet fixedly, at the pretty face changing color so rapidly under his steady gaze.

"I accept your condition."

Grace drew a deep breath, yet did not, by that means, much aid her powers of speech.

"I—I think," she stammered, blushing and looking, as Richard Barton thought, the sweetest girl his eyes had ever rested on—"I think that grandpapa's money ought *not* to go to the charity." And then she took courage to look up for his answer. And right frankly did Richard Barton give it. He bent and took from her lips his first kiss, but not his last.

MARY MUDIE.

PRAYERS RISE FOR YOU, MY BELOVED.

TO A FRIEND IN ILLNESS.

PRAYERS rise for you, my beloved !
While the darkness deepens round you,
While the shadows still surround you,
While pain's heavy bonds have bound you ;
Prayers rise for you, my beloved !

Though your own heart, in its waiting,
Frets not at the long belating,
Though your own soul knows the sweetness
Of your Saviour's blest completeness ;
Yet, in our human love, we fain
Would seek soothing for your pain ;
Still, in our human tenderness,
We would seek your couch to bless.
Prayers rise for you, my beloved !

And our cry is heard, we know,
Where the healing fountains flow.
He, alone, God's great revealer,
He, the everlasting healer ;
Christ will hear us in our pleading ;
Still, through darkness He is leading
To a newer, brighter morning ;
To your body's fresh adorning
With the jewels of His love.

GRACE ADELE PIERCE.

THE ORPHAN OF IDAHO.*

BY

ISADORE ROGERS.

CHAPTER II.

SEWARD had not calculated upon the effect of his words. He had been deeply excited, and used strong language without realizing that every word was like adding to some vast collection of inflammable matter, but if there is any place on earth where the life of a human being may be made to hang upon the impulse of an unreasoning throng, it is in these lawless districts, where impulse and popular sentiment make law unto themselves, and proceed to put their decisions into prompt execution.

As he saw that the turbulent spirit was every instant growing more violent and uncontrollable, he realized that he had unthinkingly jeopardized the life of a fellow-being. "One wrong can't right another," he muttered, as a powerful miner made a dash at the shrinking form of Hilliard, whose whitening face revealed the fact that he was just beginning to realize his position. In lightning-like plans, followed by instant execution, lay the only possible chance of averting the calamity. "Uncoil the rope, boys!" he shouted, springing forward and seizing Hilliard himself, and as the crowd made a dash for the rope, he said, in a low tone: "Jerk away from me, git outside o' that door, slam it shut, and hide behind them whisky barrels!"

Hilliard needed no second bidding; wrenching away from Seward's grasp, he passed through the door, closed it after him, and dropped behind a barrel not twenty feet away. Seward dashed after him, and purposely fell against the door, delaying the crowd for an instant. "This way, boys! *there he goes!*" he shouted, running around the opposite corner of the building, followed by the entire crowd, and dashing off toward a bunch of sage brush.

"Surround the brush! Don't let him git away," he commanded. And as soon as the mob had disappeared around the corner, Hilliard left his temporary concealment, and ran as a man only can run for his life.

He cleared rocks, boulders, and ravines like a mountain elk, until at length, panting and breathless, he reached a cañon and secreted himself among the crevices of the walls, with something of the sensation that a frightened animal may be supposed to have after escaping from a pack of hounds.

The men surrounded the chaparral with threats and curses, vowing vengeance when they did find him, and beating every part in search of the object of their wrath.

"Go and lock up the whisky!" commanded Seward, in a low tone to the proprietor of the saloon.

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The man scowled sullenly: the profits were too great to lose without a protest.

"Do as I tell you," said Seward, decisively; "if they get drunk to-day and hang a man, there's no reason why they will not repent of the deed, and hang you to-morrow for making them drunk." This was convincing logic, and the man sullenly obeyed; and, when disappointed in their search, the crowd returned for another drink, they found the building locked and the proprietor gone. Seward waited until the excitement had passed away, and the men, no longer mad with drink, could listen to reason, then said: "Boys, taking everything into consideration, I'm almost glad we didn't catch him. I was just as mad as any of you; it did seem as if this earth was too good for him, but there's a little girl to be provided for and taken care of, and don't you s'pose we'd orter let him live to look after her?"

"It wouldn't 'a' been any particular help to the little creetur to take away her father because her mother's gone, as I knows of!" said one the miners.

"Blamed if I aint glad we didn't do it," said a valley cowboy, reflectively.

"Boys," said another, thoughtfully, "this whisky is a bad thing for us: we don't put any restraint upon ourselves, and we're too far from Uncle Sam's headquarters for his laws to do us any good, and there's too many men like the keeper of this gambling-house, ready to take advantage of this fact, and supply whisky, which he knows is the curse of every mining district; caring not a cent for the consequences as long as it takes the money from our pockets and puts it into his, and if we'd 'a' killed that man, the greater part o' the guilt would 'a' been his."

"Of course it would, but Hilliard's alive, and I'll see if I can find him and send him back to his cabin," said Seward.

There was no dissenting voice, and Sew-

ard went in search of the fugitive. He found him, still pale with fright and nervous apprehension, but finally succeeded in convincing him that the danger was past, that he was to be permitted to live to care for his child.

Women were scarce in the neighborhood, but the few who were there took the child, first in one cabin, then to another, but there were other children with prior claims always, and the poor little creature received barely care enough to enable her to live through the first two years of her life; then she had been thrown back upon her father's hands, and with the exception of occasionally hiring a woman to make her a dress or two, she had received about the same share of attention that generally falls to the lot of a kitten; but that unceasing craving for sympathy and companionship was an inherent part of her nature, and seemed to strengthen with each year of her age, until her continual pleading for a mother became a source of annoyance to Hilliard, sometimes making him petulant and impatient.

Quite a number of pages have been given to the introduction of our heroine, but I deemed it necessary for a proper understanding of events yet to be narrated.

"Jack," said Seward, as he came to the place where his partner was at work before him, on the morning that our story begins, "what are you goin' to do with that little sufferin' piece o' humanity that you leave all alone day after day in the cabin?"

"Blamed if I know," replied his partner, uneasily.

"Do you mean to let her grow up to womanhood right here, like the wild fawn on the mountain sides, and never amount to any more than the squaw in the Indian's wigwam?" asked Seward.

"I don't know what to do with her," replied Hilliard, with a look of perplexity.

"Jack, there's an awful responsibility restin' on you, and you don't seem to feel it as you'd orter. That child will be a woman of the highest type if she is surrounded by influences that will develop the best of her natur', but if you let her grow up in this desert of a place, with all the grand possibilities of a good and glorious womanhood wasted by your neglect and indolence, mind I tell you, Jack, if there's any hereafter—and you can't say there aint—whatever of wrong she may be led into will be charged to your account, and you'll have to settle it; and it's my 'pinion that they've got a little record agin' you on the book up there already, and the only way that you can git any chance to wipe out any part of that wickedness will be to try and make up to the child all that you cheated the mother out of."

"What can I do?" asked Hilliard, with a troubled look.

"Has she no uncles nor aunts? Is there no family among all her mother's relations that would be glad to have her?" asked Seward.

"She has one uncle, a wealthy man with no children, and maybe his wife would like to have her, but he threatened to shoot me once, and he always carried the idea that I wasn't good enough for Eva, and d'ye s'pose I'm goin' back to him and say, 'Here's my little girl that I can't take care of. Jest take her off my hands and clothe and feed and bring her up for me, will ye?' No, Tom Seward, I may not have much pride, but I've got some grit left yet," said Hilliard, sullenly.

"What made him think you wasn't good enough for her?" asked Seward.

"Well, I dunno; they was a highflyin' set, and wanted her to stay at home, or marry some one to suit their lofty notions, but I didn't mean to be beaten by 'em, 'specially when I knowed how they all felt about me, and I knew that if I could get her to listen to me, I could persuade her to run away."

"Well, now, Hilliard, it kind o' looks to me as if that brother o' hern orter write you a letter 'n' say, 'Mister Hilliard, I'm mistaken about its not bein' best for my sister to run away with you; events have proved that it was the very best thing she could have done to make sure of prosperity and happiness.' But where does he live?" asked Seward.

"Hillsdale, New York," replied his partner.

CHAPTER III.

IN a handsomely furnished office in one of our thriving Eastern cities sat a youthful looking man, holding in his hand an open letter upon which his eyes were fixed with painful interest. As he finished its perusal, and looked up with a thoughtful and preoccupied air, there was something in his expression that reminded one of the little girl in the mountain cabin.

He was not more than thirty-five years of age, intellectual and refined, and his features wore an expression of candor and truthfulness that inspired confidence at once, and perhaps this might account for the fact that he was one of the most popular and successful men in the city.

Again he perused the letter. It was scratched and scrawled in almost unreadable hieroglyphics, but when deciphered it was as follows:

"MISTER JOSEPH DEXTER:—I've got to rite you a letter. I've bin thinkin' of it till I can't git enny rest till it's dun, but jest how to begin it and jest what to say and how to write it has been troublin' me ever sence I made up mi mind that it orter bee dun, and I must do it. But they say a lawyer, or any man o' bizness can read a'most anything, an' so i'll tri it ennyhow. Way out here in Idaho there's a little girl whose mother was laid to rest on the mountain side long before she could remember. If you ken reckelect how your Sister Eva used to look when

she was about seven years old, and anything happened that grieved her, you ken form some idea how this lonely little creetur looks when she stands in the door of Jack Hilliard's cabin an' says, 'Oh! I do want a mother,' and she don't have nobody to keep her lookin' cleen an' pretty, as Eva used to, an' she stays there all alone, day after day, with her little heart pinin' for mother-love and comfort, and lookin' so pitiful an' pleadin', that, rough an' wicked as I am, I can't hardly keep the tears out of my own eyes. Now, Mr. Dexter, I aint a-sayin' that your sister done right when she run away with that worthless cuss an' married him agin your wishes, an' I wouldn't a-blamed you if you'd a-put a bullet through his heart right in the time of it, but the poor young creetur suffered enough to wipe out all the wrong without havin' it visited on her innocent child that's the very picture of herself, only this one has that pitiful look in her eyes all the time. Now, Mr. Dexter, don't let any rekollections of wrong-doin' on the part of the poor, broken-hearted mother, nor worthless father, or either, keep you from sendin' for this neglected little orphan, an' takin' her right home to your hearts, and silencin' that pitiful cry, 'I want a mother.'

"She's purty an' she's bright, capable of bein' a woman as good as the best if she only has a chance; but jest think of your sister's child that your care might make a lady of that you all might be proud of a-growin' up here where she can't even be taught to read. If you write to Jack an' ask for her I know he'll let you have her, but the Lord only knows what'll become o' her if you don't.

"Now, Mister Dexter, don't leave the poor little creetur to pine and grieve in her misery an' loneliness a day longer'n you can help, but come and get her, and take her home with you, an' she'll be a comfort an' blessin' to you as long as you live.

"Your obedient servant,

"THOMAS SEWARD."

For some time after reading the letter, the gentleman sat absorbed in painful reflections. He had not forgotten his wayward sister. Her loss had been a source of lasting grief to him, and recollections of her lovely face and winning ways came thronging his memory now. There was no child in his home. Would this little waif help to fill the vacancy left by Eva's departure? what a blessing it would be to see her image flitting about, driving all semblance of loneliness from his home, that only lacked a child's presence to make it perfect! Would his wife be willing to receive her? would the little one be rude and noisy, distracting her nerves and jarring roughly upon her uncompromising views of order and propriety? He could not tell.

At length he rose from his seat and walked slowly homeward. He entered a beautiful residence in the suburbs of the city and seated himself in a handsomely furnished room.

Evidences of wealth and refinement were displayed in everything connected with the household, and a decided air of systematic exactness betokened the presence of a ruling spirit, holding, controlling, infusing its own subtle power into every object, animate or inanimate, as if it were a fixed law that nothing could enter this sanctuary without having first been measured, proportioned, and polished into a state of positive perfection, to fit into its own especial niche, and there to remain. Had the word "system" been written upon every article of furniture, polished into every costly frame, and frescoed on the walls, it could not more forcibly have been impressed upon the mind of an observer when first ushered into the beautiful rooms.

After a few moments the mistress of the household entered the apartment.

She was just tall enough to be graceful and dignified, and had her steps been previously measured and marked out into so

many inches, they could not have been more evenly exact.

If her form was most too irregular for actual beauty, the dressmaker had disguised the fact, and every fold of her costly dress, every loop and knot of ribbon, every varying shade of color, blended into one harmonious combination of perfections.

Her hair was arranged with artistic effect over a smooth and classic brow, a pair of keen dark eyes flashed a critical look from their searching depths, and if her features were a little too sharp, and her lips too thin, to be positively beautiful, her perfect taste supplied the deficiency.

"You are earlier than usual," she said, glancing at her costly watch and taking a seat near him, "but I am glad you came. I have just received cards for Cora Winter's wedding. We will go, of course."

"Yes, I suppose so," replied the husband, abstractedly.

"It does not seem to me that she has made as brilliant a match as she might have done," said the lady.

"Young Cornell is a promising young man. I see no objection to him," replied the husband, carelessly.

"No, personally he is well enough, but, with her beauty and accomplishments, she might have found a wealthier suitor, and secured a higher position in the social world."

"Mr. Cornell is settled in a remunerative business which will enable him to provide comfortably for her, there is no disparity of age or taste, and it looks to me like a union likely to result in mutual happiness."

"But there was no hurry," persisted the lady. "Cora is young yet, and had she been my daughter, or even my adopted daughter, she should not have accepted an offer until I was at least *reasonably* certain that she would have no better opportunity."

"Mr. Cornell is her equal in every respect, and to all appearances it is a

union founded upon mutual love and congeniality. He is a man of excellent character and capable of taking care of her, and if he has chosen her for a life companion in preference to all others, and if she loves and trusts him to such an extent as to be willing to unite her life-long destiny with his, what more can you ask?" questioned the husband.

"Joseph, you are too sentimental; you *know* you are, and if I had a daughter I should not dare to risk so important a matter with you, or scarcely to consult you, unless it might be as a mere matter of form. You would allow your sympathies to run away with your judgment entirely. Now, the question is, *why* should a girl marry a county judge when she might reasonably expect to get a Senator? or why should she marry a Senator when there was a possibility of securing a Cabinet officer?" asked the lady, as if this was the most conclusive argument in the world.

"My dear, a clerk in a dry goods store might make a girl happier, if there was mutual love and congeniality, than a millionaire of twice or thrice her age where there was none," replied the husband.

"Joseph, I have no patience with such sentimental nonsense," exclaimed the lady, petulantly. "Love in a cottage may do for those who can secure no better, but mind, I tell you, if ever I have the charge of a marriageable girl, she shall have the very highest that her beauty and accomplishments can secure. I might let her select her own doll, but her own husband, *never!*"

"Who selected yours?" questioned her husband, with a smile.

"I *thought* I made my own selection, and I was just willful enough to have married you in spite of the most determined opposition, but I learned afterward that I should never have met you, had it not been for an older and wiser head than mine," she answered; "but you will admit that my judgment was remarkably good

and accurate for one of my age, and, of course, age and experience have tended to develop it to even more trustworthiness, but it does not follow that a young lady whom I might happen to have upon my hands would be equally capable, and so I should attend to that matter myself," she said, decisively.

"You make no allowance for the occasional perversity of girls," remarked the husband.

"A young lady whom I had brought up would not be perverse. She would have learned in her infancy that it was my judgment that was to be used upon all important occasions."

The husband smiled. "I fear your theories would vanish in the presence of actual facts," he said.

"I wish I could have an opportunity of convincing you," she said, positively.

"Do you mean that you would be willing to adopt a child for the sake of convincing me that you are right?" he said, jestingly.

"You know that I am right; you always do; but if I could find a little girl to suit me, and bring her up according to my own standard, and see her more brilliantly settled in life than any other young lady in our circle, I should feel that I had not lived in vain," she answered, as if her woman's nature called for something more satisfying than following the rounds of the fashionable circle with no earnest object in view.

"Read this letter and see what you think of its contents," he said, handing her Tom Seward's epistle.

"Mercy on us!" exclaimed the lady, with a little grimace. "Do you expect me to decipher such hieroglyphics?"

"The letters are fairly written in spite of their sprawling appearance; the fellow has not depended upon his reputation as a scholar to make his chirography intelligible, as most of our business men do," replied the husband, and Mrs. Dexter read the strange letter twice through, then sat

for a few minutes absorbed in thought. "I never blamed Eva so very much; it was those whose business it was to look after her who were really responsible. What could she know of the world and its ways, brought up in a country place like that? and older people ought to have known that it was perfectly natural for an unsuspecting child like her to be fascinated by the attentions of a good-looking and dashing man like Hilliard. If I had been the person who had control of her, this unfortunate circumstance never would have transpired. I should have kept the reins firmly in my own hands, and she would never have been allowed to step out of the track leading to her own welfare. The letter says the child is like her. Eva was pretty and prepossessing, and this girl gives promise of such a womanhood as I would desire. I would like to have her, but mind, I tell you, that she will be properly trained while she is at a trainable age, so there will be no difficulty with her afterward."

Again the husband smiled, as he said: "You have your theories, Josephine, and to one who did not know you they might appear harsh, but you are not cruel."

"No, I am not cruel, nor even unkind, but I shall never let my sympathies interfere with my duty. For instance, if I lived in a country where tattooing was necessary to secure prominence and distinction, it would be done, regardless of any personal inconvenience that might result from the operation," she replied, firmly.

"Yes, yes, Josephine, I understand the principle; you would not spoil the little creature by over-indulgence, and it seems to me that her presence in the house would be like the sunshine, and if you are willing to adopt and care for my young sister's orphan child, I shall be very glad and grateful. And it will give you an opportunity of doing a noble work besides; your care will lead her to a position second only to that of the angels, and it will be

a source of joy and happiness to you to watch the unfolding of this beautiful bud of humanity beneath your fostering care, reflecting that your kindness has snatched her from a semi-barbarous life, rescued her from demoralizing influences, and given her the opportunity to reach the grander life to which you can direct her," he said, earnestly, while his heart was filled with longing to behold the little relic of that other life so rudely extinguished in that far-off land.

"We will try the experiment. I have no doubt but that she is a pretty child, and there is romance enough attached to her birth to make her an object of interest as she grows older. It will not be necessary for us to say that her father is not the president of some wealthy mining company, any more than it will be incumbent upon us to say that he is a reckless fellow totally unfit to have the care of the child. This mystery will put our social circle on the *qui vive* and make her an object of speculative interest which will increase as she develops into attractive girlhood. Mrs. Dale is traveling with an excursion party somewhere up among the Rocky Mountains, and I can send her a request to go that way and bring the child home with her. I hope that she has so far recovered her health that the care of the little girl will not be too great an incumbrance to her," said Mrs. Dexter; and with her to decide was to execute, and a letter was immediately written asking Hilliard to let them have the child, and promptly upon receiving a favorable answer another was sent to her friend requesting her to bring the little orphan with her.

One morning little Daisy Hilliard had taken her rabbit and gone to the spring gushing out from among the rocks, from whence they obtained water for use at the cabin, and seated upon a boulder, with the rabbit contentedly sleeping in her lap, she sat watching the squirrels that frisked among the branches swaying over her

head, and listening to the birds that dipped their wings in the sparkling fountain, or quenched their thirst in the clear, cold water, unmindful of her motionless figure, when her attention was attracted by the appearance of a party of excursionists just pitching their tents upon a level plot of ground several hundred yards below.

She gazed in wonder and astonishment as the white tents were pitched upon the bright green sward, and two ladies moved about among the camping equipments, helping to make arrangements for the midday meal.

So intent was she in watching the excursionists that she was unconscious of the approach of an intruder until the bushes were parted near her, and a boyish figure came bounding over the rocks toward the spring, and she suddenly found herself in the presence of a boy about fourteen years of age, who paused with a look of surprise and pleasure, and lifting his cap with a boyish grace, he said, "Have I discovered the fairy of the fountain, guarding her realm from mortal intrusion, and if so, may I presume to fill this pitcher from the crystal waters?"

His words were very imperfectly understood, but the child's quick intuitions recognized a sympathetic nature, or perhaps it was that natural law of affinity that to a great extent governs the universe, that banished every feeling of restraint and embarrassment, for in an instant she stood before him, looking up into his kindly face with an eager, delighted interest.

"Who are you, and what are you?" she asked, breathlessly, as if afraid it might be only a phantom of humanity that might dissolve like the mists upon the mountain side.

"I am Frederick Dale, from the State of New York; a school-boy recently escaped from learning's halls to revel in Nature's sublimer temples; but who are you?—a stray nymph from fairyland? or a watersprite from the mystic mountains?"

Daisy's face was altogether too dirty for

a fairy or a watersprite, and she answered, with a deep-drawn sigh:

"Oh! I'm nothing but a poor, lonely little girl without any mother."

The boy looked at her questioningly; his nature was sympathetic, and there was something so sad and despondent in the look and tone with which she uttered the words, that a feeling of pity came over his heart as he gazed upon her.

"You are a strange little creature," he said, "and would be pretty if your face were clean."

"Would you like to look at me if my face was washed?" she asked, quickly.

"Of course I would," he answered, with a smile.

In an instant she was at the fountain scrubbing her rosy face until her cheeks glowed like crimson dahlias in spite of the dirty streak clear around the cleaner portion.

"Now you look beautifully. I wish mother could see you," he said, trying to keep back the laugh that her appearance inspired, as she wiped her face upon the skirt of her dress.

"Mother! have you got a mother?" she questioned, eagerly, gazing into his face with excited interest.

"Yes, there she is, standing by that tent and looking up this way. I must fill this pitcher, if you will permit me, and go," he said, taking a step nearer to the fountain.

"Oh! let me go with you; do you think she would kiss me, as mothers do their own little girls?" she asked, with such a craving, pleading look that the heart of the boy was touched with sympathy.

"I guess so," he said, somewhat doubtfully, as he wondered what his dainty mother would think of stooping to caress this strange little creature, with her tangled hair and soiled and faded dress.

"Come this way, and I'll show you an easier path," she said, seizing his hand and leading him off upon a trail worn by animals and Indians on their way to the fountain.

"Why, Fred! what in the world?" asked Mrs. Dale, as her son came leading the little girl, who shrank closer to his side with crimsoning face as she felt the gaze of all the excursionists upon her, as with amused looks they regarded the shy little creature, who clung tightly to the hand of her new friend as if for help and protection.

"She says she's a poor, lonely little girl without any mother, and she wanted to come and see you, and asked if you would kiss her, as mothers do their own little girls," the boy explained. "This is my mother," he said, and the child looked up with an eager, expectant expression, as if anticipating a mother's caress; but her dress and neglected appearance reminded Mrs. Dale so much of the filthy little beggars upon the streets that she shrank from contact with the soiled garments, saying, "I'm sure I could not think of caressing such a distressed looking little object as that. If she were washed and cleanly dressed it would be different." The great, sorrow-haunted eyes filled with tears, and such a crushed and disappointed look crept over her features as she raised her eyes to his face that the heart of the boy was filled with pity, or perhaps it was the natural attraction of a congenial nature that caused the boy to turn from the criticising gaze of the excursionists and impulsively kiss the cheek crimson with shame and disappointment, saying, as he did so, "I'll kiss you just as you are, you sweet little mountain rosebud."

She looked up with a surprised and grateful expression, and impulsively returning his caress, clung to him with the first feeling of rest and content that her childish heart had ever known.

"What is your name?" asked the mother, with awakening interest, for that look had given her a feeling of self-accusation, for she was a mother and had a sympathetic heart, only neglect and wretchedness were repulsive forms to her.

"Daisy Hilliard. I am Jack Hilliard's little girl," she answered.

"*Daisy Hilliard!* why, it's the very child! come here and let me look at you," said Mrs. Dale, approaching the children; but Daisy only clung closer to her friend, positively refusing to leave his side in obedience to the lady's request.

"Would you like to go home with us and find a mother?" asked Mrs. Dale, coaxingly.

"I will go with you anywhere, if Jack will only let me," she said, looking up into the boyish face again. "You wouldn't get tired of me, would you, and say I was nothing but a bother, and you wished you'd left me at the cabin, as Jack does?"

"No. I never could grow weary of such a winsome little girl," he answered, "and if you go with us, there is a mother waiting for you, and she will comb your hair and buy you pretty dresses and make you look like a little angel."

"Come with me; I'll ask Jack, and you can help me coax him; tell him how nice it will be not to have me crying after him when he goes to work about the mines, nor clambering over the rocks, nor asking him to help me where I cannot climb alone when he goes off prospecting."

That evening, when Hilliard returned from the mines, he found a gentleman and lady waiting to make arrangements with him for taking possession of his child. Indifferent as he seemed, he couldn't give up the winsome little creature without a struggle, but Tom Seward came to her aid, and the conference ended with an agreement that when they returned from a trip farther up into the mountains, they were to take her with them.

But she clung to her friend with a desperate energy, and wept and plead with him to stay till they returned, for she had but little faith in their coming again.

"I will surely come," said the boy, "and I'll show you how you may know when we are coming. Here are ten marbles.

Put them in a cup, and every day take one out, and when they are all gone, that day I will come."

And, yielding to the inevitable, she did as she was told, and on the morning that the last marble had been transferred to another cup, she went to the fountain, scrubbed her little hands and rosy face till they glowed like a crimson flower, and came near pulling her hair all out in the frantic attempt to reduce it to shining locks like Mrs. Dale's, completely demolishing the comb that Frederick had given her for that purpose, and when satisfied that her appearance was as good as she could make it, she climbed a tree to command a better view of the path over which the excursionists were expected to come, and watched with eager, anxious gaze, until the morning hours had waned and the noonday sun had long since passed the meridian; then, with a lingering look and disappointed, grieving cry, she was about to descend, when suddenly her eyes brightened, and with an excited exclamation she descended the tree with the agility of a squirrel, and went flying down the path along the mountain side. They were coming. Away over that precipitous and winding path she sped like a fawn, never pausing until, breathless and panting, she reached her boyish friend.

"Are you glad to see us?" he asked, with a welcoming smile, as she paused beside him and looked at him with those wondrous, soul-lit eyes.

"Glad? I can't tell it, I can't make you know it; but my eyes are tired, and my heart was tired till I saw you coming," she said, knowing how utterly inadequate was her limited command of language to make them understand.

Mrs. Dale gave her a motherly caress this time, and the next morning, arrayed in a pretty traveling dress, with her tangled locks converted into shining tresses, and her face radiant with happiness, she nestled contentedly in one corner of the heavy stage coach, beside her young com-

panion, with her rabbit taking its usual morning nap upon her lap.

It was forty miles to the railroad station, and only those who have experienced it can tell what a ride across this mountainous country is; down you go, into gulleys so deep that it seems as if you would never reach the bottom, then as suddenly you begin to ascend, and when you think you must be nearing the skies, the stage begins to wind along some narrow ledge, and you wish you hadn't started at all.

Three-fourths of the distance had been passed by three o'clock P. M. (for they change teams and drive right along as a matter of course), when the driver glanced back, and upon the summit of one of the declivities he saw a man mounted upon a mule riding furiously after the stage. It was Tom Seward. He had an anxious and nervous look as he reined his tired beast close to the driver's seat.

"There's a party of six upon your track," he said. "Jack hated to see the child go, and Old Burlingame has got him to drink again, and persuaded him to let him send this party after her. The old reprobate has some object in it. I think there's property connected with her some way, and he thinks he'll stand a better chance of swindling it from some one else's pocket into his own if she stays. I don't know just how it is, but at any rate he's sent half a dozen of the worst characters around his gambling-den to overtake the stage, and in all probability they'll take what money and watches your passengers may happen to have with them, for they're a set of regular guerrillas, and glad of any excuse to commit a robbery."

"It's all day with us if they overtake us on this road; the least thing would upset the stage and send it rolling to destruction," said the driver, while a paleness creeping over his sunburned cheeks told how deadly was the peril threatening them.

"Don't waste an instant in talkin'; git

right along as fast as you can, but don't forget that you've a dangerous road before you!" said Tom, and the driver started without further waiting.

Ten miles of mountain road lay between the stage and the station, and ere long the passengers became aware of some unusual excitement as the heavy vehicle swayed from side to side, dashing its occupants against the opposite quarter of the strong box, and before they could recover themselves hurling them back again.

"Mercy on us!" shrieked Mrs. Dale, as her head struck against the side of the box and Daisy landed in her lap, "there won't be a whole bone left in our bodies!"

A horrible suspicion that they might be spinning along on the edge of those awful precipices with an intoxicated driver flitted through their minds, and a gentleman shouted to him to stop.

"I've got to git through before dark," he answered, giving another crack to his whip as the mules began the ascent of another gully. Oh! these horrible roads! it is enough to make one's nerves thrill with horror to look down over these dizzy heights and realize how slight an accident would precipitate coach and occupants to hopeless destruction even when slowly and cautiously driving along the narrow ledges, but to know that the stage is dashing along with a reckless and daring driver, who enjoys hairbreadth escapes and the excitement of danger, is—I can't command language strong enough to express it, and had the ladies known that not more than two miles behind was a lawless band of desperadoes, intoxicated to a dangerous degree of recklessness, dashing right on in their mad pursuit, I leave you to imagine their consternation.

The driver glanced backward as a command to halt came faintly from the distance, and made a careful estimate of the strength of his panting mules, the time required to reach the station, and that in which the guerrillas could overtake the coach.

CHAPTER III.

"If they overtake us on that last descent, they are just drunk enough to topple the stage over into the cañon, and they'll do it, too, provided the passengers don't submit peaceably; but if I halt on that little glade just ahead, and let 'em come up and rob the passengers and take the child, while we're on level ground, probably there'll be no lives lost, but the little girl might as well be thrown over into the cañon in the first place, and I believe I'll risk it," soliloquized the driver, and on they went, regardless of the threats of the passengers, until at length he halted his panting team within sight of the station and beyond gunshot of the last curve in the road that could conceal the desperadoes, whom he knew would not dare to follow him farther.

"What do you mean by such rapid and reckless driving over roads like this?" demanded one of the passengers, springing from the coach and advancing toward the driver in a threatening manner. "I'll report you the moment we reach the station."

"Go ahead and report," replied the driver. "Look back to that curve and you'll see what I meant. We've been chased by guerrillas for the last ten miles, and I've been gamblin' between the chances of topplin' you over them ledges myself, and the certainty o' their doin' the same thing if they overtook the stage," replied the driver, pointing to the spot where the pursuers had halted beside the curve, unwilling to risk themselves nearer to the station.

"Why didn't you say so, then?" questioned the gentleman.

"Would you have felt any better to have had the ladies a-screamin' and a-faintin' away through fear o' them cut-throats, I'd like to know? I didn't have any time to fool away huntin' round after water to bring 'em to with, I can tell ye," replied the driver, petulantly. "I like fun jest about as well as anybody, but I don't want any more o' this kind."

Half an hour later they had reached the station, and the next morning they boarded the east-bound train to halt on the distant hills of the Atlantic slope.

What a world of wonders opened to the vision of the astonished child. A trip to the unknown shore could not have held greater mysteries. She gazed in awe-stricken wonder, sometimes almost overpowered by the strangeness of her situation, clinging to her youthful friend in her fears, or looking to him for sympathy in her pleasure, and nestling closer to his side for comfort and protection, when at times that feeling of loneliness, such as we all have felt when far from the sight of every familiar face, crept over her.

Long before they reached their destination Mrs. Dale had become very much attached to the child. There was something in the expression of the sweet, sensitive face and the clinging tenderness of her nature, and the total absence of anything like willfulness in her disposition that went straight to her motherly heart, and many times she found herself hoping that Mrs. Dexter would be very gentle with the motherless child, who seemed so much like the wild sensitive plant growing upon the verdant prairies, that a rude blast would crush and destroy.

"Surely she will be kind," she reflected, "for her nature is so destitute of obstinacy that there will be no occasion for harsh measures."

The journey was ended at last, and Mr. and Mrs. Dexter met them at the train. Then was first revealed to him the strange resemblance between the little sister of earlier years and the little waif who had drifted almost across the continent to find shelter and protection in his care, and his heart went out to her in strong affection at once.

Here, again, her unerring intuitions recognized a congenial element, but although there was no feeling of repulsion toward his wife, it was evident that an acquaintance and attachment would have

to be cultivated before it became very strong.

For the first time since she had left the mountains, she manifested a positive obstinacy in refusing to let go of Frederick's hand and step into the carriage in waiting for her, and she looked so frightened and distressed at the prospect of parting from him that her uncle insisted upon having him go home with them and remain until she should become somewhat accustomed to her surroundings, and finally, holding her rabbit with one hand and clinging to Frederick with the other, she took a seat in the carriage and was taken to her future home, where both uncle and aunt exhausted all their resources to make her feel happy and contented, and at length, after having been presented with a large doll that would cry and open and close its eyes, the first that she had ever seen, and being assured over and over again that her friend would return on the following morning, she consented to his departure.

"That face exceeds all my expectations," said Mrs. Dexter, complacently, gazing upon the little creature as she sat in a small rocking-chair, holding the doll in her arms and regarding it with loving wonder. "There is an indescribable expression in those violet eyes that appeals so directly to a sympathetic nature that she holds an unconscious power, and unless we are on our guard *discipline* will be sadly wanting.

"And so you wanted a mother, did you, dear?" she continued, addressing the child, who raised her eyes to her face with an earnest look, as she answered,

"Yes, I always wanted a mother. I used to go to sleep wishing my own would come and take me, and sometimes I thought she did come, but she was always gone when morning came."

"Poor child! even her dreams have been haunted by the longing. O my darling, long lost sister! I read your sufferings through your child," said

Mr. Dexter, turning away to hide the tears.

"But that is over now, and this will be your home, and I will be your mother; do you think that you will love me?" asked Mrs. Dexter, accompanying her words with a caress.

"Yes, ma'am; I ought to. I'll try to. I'm sure you're good, and Tom told me that I must always love the good and shun the bad," she answered, as if some sense of duty and obligation made it incumbent upon her to love the woman who so earnestly desired to make her happy.

"O Joseph! she's a treasure," said Mrs. Dexter, enthusiastically. "I shall have no trouble in molding her into a model of perfect womanhood. She is so sweet and amiable; and she doesn't seem to have absorbed any rough, ungainly ways from her uncongenial surroundings; every motion is grace and every sentence expresses some innocent and childlike sentiment.

"You will always have a mother now. You have only to be good, and we shall love you very much," she continued, addressing the child.

"Tom and Jack both told me to be good, but I don't know how—I don't know anything," she replied, thoughtfully.

Mr. and Mrs. Dexter both smiled at the total lack of self-assurance, and the lady said, "We will teach you. What makes you think you do not know anything?"

"Jack said so," answered the child, quietly.

"Did Jack always tell the truth?" asked Mrs. Dexter, smilingly.

"No, sometimes he lied like the devil," replied the child, innocently.

Mrs. Dexter uttered a little, horrified exclamation, and the child glanced up with a startled look.

Mr. Dexter laughed reassuringly. "Not yet, Josephine," he said, in answer to her reproving look. "Even *you* could not wear white robes through blackened

ruins without smirch or stain upon your garments, but would be content with the knowledge that the material would not be injured by the cleansing process necessary to restore it to original beauty and purity."

"You are right, Joseph," she said, "but I was surprised and shocked. Do you know who the devil is, my child?" she asked.

"One of Jack's friends, I guess. I've heard him speak of him often, but I never saw him, and I've been down to Rattlesnake Gulch, and Silver Cañon, and the Valley Mines, and I thought I'd seen most everybody till I got on to the cars and saw the rest of the folks. But it's so nice to be where there's a mother," she said, clasping her doll tightly in her arms and looking round upon the beautiful and costly surroundings with a feeling of home comfort creeping over her, in spite of the strangeness of her situation.

"You shall never want for a mother again, dear," said Mrs. Dexter, tenderly. "You must be tired with your long journey. Come with me, and you shall have a bath and your tea and a good night's rest."

The bath-tub was a luxury to which she was not accustomed. "Does everybody swim in little puddles of water like this?" she asked.

Mrs. Dexter was patient in answering questions and making explanations, but she began to realize that she had as great a work before her as if she had taken a child from the Sandwich Islands to teach the mysteries of civilization.

The next morning Daisy was delighted with the neat little wrapper and tiny slippers that Mrs. Dexter gave her to wear till after breakfast, but when, later in the day, arrayed in a beautiful robe of white, the drapery of her embroidered dress fastened with a beautiful bunch of flowers, and ornamented with pretty ribbons, and luxuriant hair beautifully and tastily arranged, she surveyed herself in a large-sized mirror, the apparition seemed fairly

to take her breath, and, turning to Mrs. Dexter with a serious, questioning look, she whispered, "Is it me?"

"Certainly, my child; it is my own sweet little Daisy. That is the way you look because you have a mother. What do you think of my little girl now?" she asked, leading her back to the mirror.

"It is very pretty, but I don't believe it's me!" she replied, in an awe-stricken manner; "but Fred will know; I'll go and climb a tree, so I can see if he's coming."

Mrs. Dexter explained that little girls should not climb trees, but she might sit by the window and watch for his coming; and so she sat down by the window and watched patiently till she descried his form through the trees upon the lawn, then, with a joyous laugh, she flew to meet him.

His surprise was scarcely less than her own had been. "You are the sweetest little Daisy in the world!" he said, gazing upon the fairy-like child as she came toward him, with the glad light of welcome irradiating her features.

"Whose Daisy am I?" she asked, clasping his hand in her own childish fashion.

"Mine, my own little mountain flower. I was the first to find you, growing like a beautiful bud upon the mountain side, and to whom should you belong if not to me?" he asked, kissing the beautiful face so radiant with happiness.

"I will be your Daisy, if you want me, but aunty says I am her very own," she answered.

"Let her call you so, if she likes, but I have the first claim, and I'll never yield it," he added, with a sudden earnestness in the boyish tones, as if there might be a far-off possibility of a disputed claim in that distant by and by.

Mrs. Dexter had no objection to the friendship existing between the children. Frederick was the son of a wealthy manufacturer, and his parents belonged to the

most aristocratic circles, and being upon terms of intimacy with Mrs. Dale herself, Mrs. Dexter frequently took the little girl with her to see her friend, who felt almost as much interest in the child whom she had first beheld in the midst of such wild and strange surroundings as she.

Mrs. Dexter went resolutely to work to mold the child according to her own ideas of what she should be, but although she had no positive obstinacy in her disposition, she was entirely different from her foster mother in her nature, and it is never an easy matter to conform another *exactly* to one's own mind, as many a parent has learned, and nothing short of absolute perfection could satisfy Mrs. Dexter. There was so much for her to learn, so many little breaches of etiquette and lady-like behavior that she forgot and had to be punished to make her remember. One glance at the quivering lips and the appealing look that crept into the sorrowful face would conquer the uncle at any time, but his wife recognized a higher duty. She told the truth when she said that she would submit to the painful process of tattooing if her position in society required it, and she was educating this child to gratify her own ambition, and if she expected unconditional obedience when she arrived at the critical and sometimes wayward period of young ladyhood, she must enforce it now, and let it be one of the principles that strengthened with her growth, otherwise she might ruin all her cherished hopes and ambitions by using her own unfledged judgment in place of a more mature and infallible one; and so, if she found herself unable to resist the pitiful pleadings of the violet eyes, the touching expression that had come from the inheritance of sorrow and wretchedness, she resolutely looked the other way and enforced the salutary discipline just the same.

But the child had an individuality of her own, and it could not be entirely merged into that of another.

She never made any complaint, and to none save her boyish friend did she ever look for sympathy; for often, when Mr. Dexter's eyes were brimming with tears and he felt an almost uncontrollable desire to take the little figure in his arms and soothe her grief, regardless of the utter ruination of his wife's well-established theories, he would be checked by her restraining glance as she would say, "Joseph, I have undertaken to do my duty by this child. You know that I will do nothing unkind, and that it is only for her welfare that I ever attempt to enforce obedience that alone can fit her for the place that she will be capable of filling among women. You are too sympathetic, you know you are, and you also know that you can trust me." And, believing her words to be true, he left the child in her hands.

She went to school under Frederick's guardianship, and, proud of her beauty and her undisguised preference for him, he was her friend and protector at all times.

Her rare intelligence was soon apparent in the rapid progress which she made, and he used to praise and encourage her by saying, "You must learn as fast as you can, Daisy, and when you can read as well as I they will let you go in the room where I study." And so the time sped on, until eight years were numbered with the past.

Daisy was a beautiful girl of fifteen, intelligent and amiable, and none the worse for Mrs. Dexter's unyielding discipline, but still, she was herself. Her own views, her tastes, and her ideas, derived in some measure from the books she had read and studied, could not be supplanted by any other, although she had been an obedient and a dutiful child.

There had been no occasion to interfere with the friendship existing between her and Frederick Dale, consequently it had gone on in the same way.

"I am going to college, Daisy," he said, one morning, as he paused at the entrance

of the shaded walk leading to Mr. Dexter's residence.

The girl looked up quickly from the bunch of violets that she was tying, to the face of her friend, now a handsome young fellow of twenty-two.

"Why need you go?" she asked, disapprovingly.

"I want to fit myself for a position among men; I want to be able to grasp and solve the great questions of the day, and to develop and utilize every talent that God has given me. Riches may take to themselves wings and fly away, but I want to make myself a man of whom you will not blush to say, 'He is my friend,' even though I should have nothing save an untarnished name," he said, earnestly.

"Why, Fred, you are all that now; I would say it, and be *proud* to say it, though you had not a dollar in the world nor a place to lay your head. But why need you go away? You have learning enough now; ever since I knew you, I have tried to reach the heights that you have climbed, but if you are going on forever, I can never overtake you on the 'hill of science,'" she answered, seriously.

"Daisy, you seem as far above me as an angel in the skies," he answered, tenderly. "It is to be worthy of the high esteem in which you have always held me that I want to go, and you must not forget me when I'm gone. I want you to talk of something cheerful now and help me to cast off the morbid fancies that hang over me. I am not superstitious, but for days I have been oppressed with a

presentiment of impending evil. I try in vain to cast it off. I think of the glorious future, of the honor and distinction that I hope to bring to you, and of the pride and joy that I should feel if your hand could place the laurel wreath upon my brow. Then comes this terrible feeling of depression, like a dark cloud floating over the tints of a roseate sunrise, and I seem hopelessly bewildered, despairingly indifferent, or impelled to struggle as the commander of a sinking ship would strive to reach the shore when he fears that every swelling billow will overwhelm his bark. Is it some morbid fancy of my tired brain, or some despondent characteristic inherited from ages past, or is it the intangible shadow of some impending evil that threatens me or mine?"

There was a troubled look upon his handsome features as, with a supplicating gesture, he asked the question as if her girlish mind could answer.

"Oh! don't, Fred, you frighten me," she gasped. "You have overtaxed your brain. Don't go to college yet; wait and rest till I can overtake you, and then we'll climb the scientific hill together. Rest your nerves and brain, and then you will not yield to these gloomy fancies."

"Daisy, I do not yield. I struggle as only a strong man can struggle. Perhaps 'tis mother's failing health, perhaps—but no, it can't be you, surrounded by every luxury, protected by such friends—"

"Don't, Fred," she interrupted. "We'll try to think that you are tired. You have studied too hard, you know, and you must rest."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE SCARE AT RUSHLIGHT CAMP.

TWO years ago among the saloon passengers on board one of the Cunard liners was a gold-digger, who seemed fond of telling that he had made his pile, and that he was going to England to enjoy it. He was a tall, well-built, good-looking man, a little under forty, and, notwithstanding certain peculiarities of manner and speech, he was, on the whole, popular. To some, perhaps, his money, which he spent lavishly, was a recommendation; but many were certainly attracted to him by his ingenuous, warm-hearted disposition. He told us—for he made no secret of the fact—that he was worth a hundred thousand dollars.

One evening I and a friend were seated by him, when it was suggested that he must have encountered some strange experiences in his adventurous life. "Only one worth telling," was his reply, "for of the ordinary shooting and card-playing stories I dare say you have read a great deal more than I ever saw, though I was fifteen years in the ditches." On being asked to narrate the event to which he referred, he consented. I cannot represent the realistic impression produced by his looks and gestures, which did much to intensify the effect of his words; but it is easy to repeat the story, which is indelibly graven on my memory.

"From the first day that White appeared in the camp we knew that there was something strange about the man. What his real name was I cannot say, and the name he went by was given him owing to the color of his face, which was the palest I have ever seen in a living man. His features were good, and of a melan-

choly cast, but his eyes had a queer expression that almost made you shiver when he looked at you. They were black, dreamy eyes, and had an inhuman, unearthly expression, which sometimes seemed evil and baneful, and sometimes quite the reverse, for I have seen them looking soft and mild enough; but even then they made me feel creepy. He had bought a claim, from which a big haul had already been taken, but it was not yet emptied. White, however, seemed either too lazy or unable to work, and did little or nothing. He was flush of cash, and at first we thought he must be a professional gambler, who used gold-digging only as a blind, but, though devoted to play, it was soon seen that he made nothing by cards, as he oftener lost than won. Through his losses and idleness White at last became hard up, but he seemed no more inclined for work than before.

"At this time a tragedy which took place near the camp caused great excitement among us. The expressman, who was on his way for San Francisco, and who was carrying a large sum of money and also a quantity of coarse gold, was found murdered and robbed within about five miles of the camp. He had evidently been attacked while riding through a wood. He was a first-rate shot, but near his body his revolver was found, loaded in every chamber. Stranger still, he was a man of great strength, but his body showed, by the marks of violence, that he had been in the hands of an assailant more powerful still, for there were the footprints of only one man besides himself. Most strange and horrible of all, there was on his throat a deep in-

denture, as though it had been caused by long, sharp teeth. From these facts, and as we could discover no clue to the mystery, you will understand the excitement which the event caused. Some old yarns about vampires became current, and our scare was not lessened on learning that a murder, attended by precisely the same circumstances, had taken place several months before at a settlement about a hundred miles distant. Then our attention was called to the fact that during the past year mysterious disappearances of men had occurred in various parts of the State. I don't think we were men much given to superstition, and we hadn't the reputation of cowardice, but I can tell you that for a time most of us were chary of going far from the camp alone, and two expressmen now traveled between us and Frisco, as no one could be found to make the journey alone.

"Several months passed by, and as, meanwhile, nothing out of the way had occurred, we had almost regained our former confidence, and were disposed to make light of the alarm that had so recently possessed us.

"It was one summer night, just before the setting of the sun, when about a dozen of us were in Absolon's grocery. We were talking of nothing in particular, when Canada Jake made the remark that the night before White had lost three hundred dollars at poker. Then some one else expressed his wonder where White had got his money, as only a short time before he was known to have been broke, and he had never left the camp since, and did no work. On this another voice—I don't know whose unless it was Jake's again—said, 'I know where White got the money, for it was he who killed the expressman.' On hearing these words every man of us started as though he had been shot. I can't describe the effect of these words; but they brought absolute conviction to those who heard them of what none of us had

ever dreamt of before. Some one then proposed that we should go for White; and without more ado a dart was made by the whole of us for White's cabin. We found him in, and soon dragged him out. I never saw abject terror more plainly depicted on a man's face. He was absolutely mute with fear, and in answer to our charge he had not a word to say in his own defense. Then we searched him, and found a watch-chain and several other small articles that were known to have belonged to the expressman. By this time there was a big crowd about us, for work was over, and the men came flocking in all directions. Then there was a call on every side for a judge and jury. The trial was a short one, and barely an hour after he had been dragged from his cabin White was hanging from the bough of a tall pine that grew on the edge of the cañon.

"Not much evidence, you say, to hang a man on! You wouldn't say that if you had seen guilt printed on White's face in big capitals. But the story isn't done yet.

"We knew we should feel more comfortable when we had got rid of him altogether, so that night he was cut down and buried by moonlight.

"Next morning the camp was thrown into a tumult that beggars description by the news that Absolon had been found dead in his store, murdered in precisely the same way as the expressman. There could be no doubt in the mind of any one who saw them both when dead, as I did, that it was the same assassin who had taken the life of each. Absolon, like the expressman, possessed exceptional strength, and there were evidences that he had struggled hard with his assailant, but greater force than his own had been used; and on his neck also appeared the singular indenture which had puzzled us before. It was also remarkable that, as in the other case, no shots had been fired. The alarm which this mysterious tragedy, happening in our very midst, had caused was increased

by the conviction, which most of us had, that we had hanged an innocent man. It seemed clear that White could have no participation in this second crime when he was lying buried at the top of the gulch; yet, as I have said, it was acknowledged by all that the same culprit who had killed Absolon must also have caused the expressman's death. As before, robbery was evidently the motive of the deed. Absolon had a lot of money in his store, as he both dealt in coarse gold and acted as a banker. The murderer, however, seemed to have been scared away before he had time to secure his plunder. So great was the consternation that many of the men spoke of selling their claims, and one or two families had made up their minds to leave the camp. Absolon's money and other property was now lying in his house unguarded, and it was thought probable that the murderer would return next night to obtain his spoil. But, while many wondered at his temerity, Canada Jake announced his intention of baulking the miscreant by keeping watch at the store all night. On hearing this, I volunteered to go with him. Accompanied by some of our friends to the door, we entered the store about nine o'clock. Each of us had a brace of six-shooters and a bowie-knife. Jake and I sat a long time smoking. The weather was very hot, and I began to feel sleepy. I remember seeing our two candles flickering in the sockets, and I know that at the time I thought we ought to light others before these went out. But without carrying out this resolve I must have fallen asleep. I suppose Jake did the same, for it was never known for certain. How long I slept I do not know, but I started out of my sleep, roused by the noise of a terrible struggle that was going on in the dark. I could hear heavy breathing and Jake's half-stifled exclamations of terror, and I knew now that it was no man with whom he was contending in the deadly strife which I could not see. I put out my hands to

grasp my revolvers, but the table on which they lay must have been overturned, and I could feel nothing. The noise soon ended, and then for a second or two I could hear a panting sound; but ere I had time to collect my thoughts the monster was upon me, and my arms were bound to my sides as if held by a vice. I felt something cold and clammy touch my face, and had just time to utter a frantic cry ere I felt the life being crushed out of me. I felt I was fainting, but before I lost consciousness I heard the sound of many voices and then lights flashed indistinctly before my eyes. When I came round, which the men told me I did in a few minutes, I heard what had happened. The noise had been heard and the camp roused. When the men rushed in they had found me in the coils of a half-grown anaconda, measuring fully twelve feet long. The snake had been slashed by their knives and shot at, but had made its escape through a window, by which it must have entered. Canada Jake was lying on the floor dead, with his neck broken. The party now resolved to give chase to the anaconda, and I was able to join them. The serpent had been badly wounded, so that it was easy to follow the bloody trail. *It led straight to White's cabin.* On entering we found the anaconda nearly dead, and it was soon dispatched. On examining the cabin we found under the floor a great hole which was covered over with boards. This excavation had not only been the lair of the snake, but the receptacle of the plunder which had been taken by White from the monster's unfortunate victims. Too idle to work, and too cowardly and weak to rob by himself, the man whom we had lynched had trained this fell accomplice to do his murderous work. Whether White had ever meditated an attack upon Absolon, and had brought the anaconda at some time or other to the store with this intent, and so it had made its way back, or whether after his death it had gone in search of food, was, of course, never known."

J. CRAWFORD SCOTT.

MISSISSIPPI WATERS.

CERTAINLY it was a queer name for a girl; and the queerest part about it was, that no one could tell how she had ever gotten it.

Of course, nobody called her by the whole of it. She was "Missy" to us all, as children, and when she grew up "Miss Waters," if rather formal, had nothing extraordinary in the sound of it.

But when Cousin Hugh came to our village and fell in love with Miss Waters we were hugely disgusted that he had nothing to call her by but just what the veriest stranger might use.

As for Missy (I, as the most intimate of all her girl-friends, still called her Missy), she said to me one day, between laughter and tears:

"I am going to marry your Cousin Hugh, Alice, just for a name. I want one of my very own. Of course, I cannot take 'Mississippi Waters' all to myself."

But no one could help liking Cousin Hugh. And as for Missy, it was easy to see that she did much more than like him.

Aunt Martha thought it a very poor match for Hugh: but then she was only his stepmother, and there was no one who had a right to object. Hugh was his own master; and, as Aunt Martha said, he had plenty of money to buy himself a wife, without going to the poorhouse for one.

Not that Miss Waters was ever in the poorhouse; but she might have been, if mamma had not taken her in at our door that day she came toddling down the vil-

lage street, and stopped to peer in between the bars of our fence at the roses with her great black eyes.

Mamma was cutting the roses, I remember, and I was carrying the basket for her. She held out a spray to the small hand that reached in through the fence. "What is your name, little one?" she asked.

And then she told us: "Mississippi Waters."

"And where do you come from?"—for, you see, we knew everybody in the village, and this child was a stranger.

"Mississippi Waters," she said again: and we could never get any answer to that question, than just "Mississippi Waters."

Neither could she tell us how she came to our village on the banks of the Ohio. Some things she let fall from time to time afterward, in her childish prattle, about "daddy," and "a boat," and certain descriptions we got from her of the latter, led us to believe the "daddy" must have been a flat-boatman. Many a flat-boat passed our village with its freight for down the Mississippi, helped on its long voyage by the hurrying current of that mighty river, and towed up-stream in return. But "Mississippi Waters" was a dainty thing to come out of such a berth as that.

However, we could only take her word for it. A very broken and incomplete word at that, though she seemed old enough to have talked rather more plainly than she did. She was nearly as tall as

I, and, child as I was, I can remember well the dimpled, brown beauty of a picture she made, when mamma drew her into us beneath the roses, with the sunbeams flickering in her bright upturned face, and on the thick dark hair, half curling to the waist of her poor, little cotton frock.

So she stayed on with us; and though now and then she would ask when daddy was coming for her in the boat, the delay did not seem to trouble her greatly, and after a time daddy's arrival grew to be more of a vague dread than an eager expectation.

After awhile, Cousin Hugh took to spending all his vacations with us; and I am afraid rather neglected his books for the two little village maids who knew little more than the village dame-school and a fragmentary old library of our own could teach. For "our store was scanty, if our hearts were great," as Hugh said, not careful if he had the exact words of the quotation, since he added:

"All his books
Were woman's looks,
And folly all they taught him,"

during those sunny summer months.

I had been observing for some time that the "woman" was in the singular number, when Missy came to me with her confession:

"I am going to marry your Cousin Hugh, Alice, just for a name."

Really, there was no reason, now Hugh's college days were well over, that the marriage should be delayed. Miss Waters would have put it off until next fall, for a whim of her own:

"For I want you to take me down the Mississippi for our wedding-trip, Hugh. And you know it wouldn't be a pleasant trip in summer."

Hugh agreed to that; but instead of finding it a reason to delay the wedding until autumn, he found it a very cogent one to hurry it on while the spring was

still with us. So in April there was an end of our Mississippi Waters, and we were sweeping down the mighty river in a floating palace of a steamer.

I say "we," because Missy turned a deaf ear to any arrangement but her own, which was to include Alice.

In vain I remonstrated against making a third on a wedding-trip: not without my suspicions that Hugh must privately remonstrate too. But Mississippi carried us all along with her in the end. The Father of Waters had not given her his name without a touch of his resistless current, in that strong will of hers.

It is of our Mississippi I am telling you, and not of the one which belongs to so many bordering States. So I will not dwell upon all that we saw on our way down; the cities on their bluffs; the wooded bends with sharp and sudden turns that shut the river in until it looked like a linked chain of lakes; the white embowered houses with their columned porticoes, and negro quarters nestling in their willow-oaks and China-trees, behind the broad green bank of levees bordering the stream. The river was at high water, and here and there some break in a levee had poured the brown flood in among the woods and over the flat fields which should have been protected. It gave one a curious feeling to stand in the Texas (as the pilot-house was called), and quite look down on the green fields with the breast of waters heaving above them, only kept back by those ramparts of levees, sometimes so broad that one might see them serve for carriage-roads.

But I said I would not dwell upon our trip down, and, indeed, I have said nothing of the gay party we were, the music and the dancing in the long saloon, the moonlight saunterings up and down the hurricane deck, with the band playing.

Ah! well, perhaps Hugh knew, when he consented to a third upon this wedding-trip, that there could be no place where

that superfluous unit would be less objectionable than on a Mississippi River boat.

However, that one morning—that last morning of our Mississippi—we three, Hugh and Missy and I, were alone together on the guards, on the shady side of the boat, that is to say, of course, the west. The character of the scenery had changed somewhat since yesterday, and our Mississippi's face had changed with it. Into the dark eyes had come a certain wistful look of expectation, and her color had a newly acquired trick of varying in a startling way sometimes. It was varying now; she never saw me touch Hugh on the arm to draw his attention to her face, as she leaned forward in her chair, her whole soul in her startled gaze.

It was fixed on the scene before her—the plantation-landing we were making on the Louisiana side.

Some signal from shore had stopped our boat, and it was approaching the levee where the bank went straight down into the river. We had made so many of these landings before, all the way down: a touch and go at a bank, where but the gangway plank flung out served as a wharf. So I had gotten quite used to the scene. But what was there in it to make Missy's color come and go; her bosom pant with audible, half-sobbing breath; her small hands clench upon her knee as she leaned forward?

Away back from the levee stretched green fields of sugarcane, and a belt of water, a tree-fringed bayou, curving in the distance. Nearer, behind the straggling hedge of wild white Cherokee roses, a broad house with lofty, fluted columns and wide, overhanging galleries peered out between the shining dark magnolia trees and the live-oaks that arched huge branches overhead, festooned with the gray Spanish moss, like fretted Gothic tracery on some cathedral aisle.

"The old Beau Séjour plantation—an

old, old Creole place," said some one brushing by us on the guards.

But Missy had started to her feet. She grasped Hugh's arm.

"It is as I thought—as I dreamed!" she cried out. "Hugh! Hugh! you must take me ashore! If I have any name—if I have any identity of my own in the world—then surely I must find it there!"

There was no gainsaying the excited girl.

At the risk of foisting ourselves upon utter strangers (for, as Hugh suggested, they would have to take us in at the plantation house until we could manage to hail another boat to stop for us) we bundled ashore, bag and baggage.

It was not until we stood, we three together, on the levee, and watched the Belle Creole push out from us into mid-stream, puffing and panting at high pressure, that the color faded out of Missy's cheeks, and a frightened doubt shadowed the bright eyes that wandered here and there seekingly.

"I—I—don't know— It seems to me the water ought to sweep up all about us here. O Hugh—Hugh—"

But Hugh (who before would have stopped her coming, if he could) now drew her arm encouragingly in his, cutting short the faint, half-sobbing cry.

"Never mind, my darling, we'll go on and see. And if you're wrong—remember, sweetheart, that my name, ay, and all me, is yours!"

Which might not sound very grammatical to me, meekly following after them, but put heart into Missy, all the same. Yes, she could bear it, if it turned out she was wrong.

But it turned out she was right.

Her white-haired Creole grandmother knew her at once, by her wonderful likeness to her dead mother's portrait that hung opposite the old lady's chair.

And so did her old mammy.

"Mamselle Zizi!" she cried, "Mam-

selle Zizi!" going down on the floor before her, and clasping her nursling's knees.

And our Mississippi Waters—water and sunshine were flashing together in her eyes as she caught up the half-chant of mammy's quavering voice:

"Pauvre piti' Mamselle Zizi,
Pauvre piti' Mamselle Zizi,
Si gagnin doulor, doulor, doulor,
Si gagnin doulor dans cœur à 'li"

Only it was happiness, not grief, that she had gained.

That nursery song, coming back so suddenly to her, explained much of her story.

The child, thrown suddenly alone among English-speaking people, had been able to tell nothing of herself, her home, her people; and so, young as she was, had forgotten them.

As to how she had ever left Beau Séjour?

It was the time of the great overflow when she was lost; the water had indeed been all about the house, under it, up to the very gallery floor. Some of the small negro children had seen little Mamselle paddling on a plank from the gallery steps.

No one had doubted she had been swept out upon the boundless river and drowned.

She must have somehow kept her seat on her frail raft and been borne down to the flat-boat, where "daddy" had been good enough to her, and carried her away with him, not knowing what else to do with her.

But how she had reached us: whether by mere chance, or "daddy" had tired of the care of her, we never have found out.

However that may be, and whatever pretty French name she may claim for her own, she will always be Mississippi Waters to me.

MARIAN C. L. REEVES.

“ACH!”

AN EPISODE OF THE MONTH OF FOGS.

CHAPTER I.

THERE are fogs and fogs. Few will ever forget those of the forty-ninth year of Her Majesty's happy reign. All London suffered more or less under them; we of Kensington were, we fancied, of those who suffered more. When a veil is drawn over the opposite side of the way, we most of us feel aggrieved. When, more than that, it hides our own side of the street, muffling up our very windows, it is all but past endurance. What then, when, unwelcome intruder that it is, it steals beneath our doors and through our window cracks into our coziest sitting-room, covering unasked the old red chairs and draping the gaselier? This is what it did in the case of Herr Pappenburg. Nor did it only do that; but it wrapped that gentleman himself in a gray overcoat—a thing, as he said, not to be borne. He rose and stretched out his hand. He could not see it. At three o'clock in the afternoon he had become invisible to himself, and, according to his own statement, had to say that famous formula, “*Ich bin ich*,” three times before he became quite sure that the invisible being in his room “*was*” at all, much less that it was himself.

Surprise was followed by indignation, and Herr Pappenburg rang his bell and announced to his landlady that this state of affairs was intolerable. This he did, not that he for one moment considered her to blame in the matter—or even remotely hoped that she might remedy the atmosphere; but simply because she was,

after all, his landlady, and a tenant has certain rights. He grew warm on the subject, and the landlady finally, growing warm also, left him, saying:

“I don't wish to be disrespeckful, sir, but that I will say—I aint a thermometer as can regerlate the weather. You'll 'ave been with me a twelvemon' come February the thirtieth, an' I've done my very utmos' to make you comferble. As regardin' the fogs, wich I've no' and in, I can't 'elp sayin' as a Chrishan, it is drefful to 'ear furrenners a-ragin' agen the ellyments like 'eathens, jus' as if they wern' the Lord 'imself.”

It is perhaps needless to say that in employing these last remarkable words the good woman had no notion that she was expressing agreement with a theory curiously heterodox, and against which, “as a Chrishan,” she would, had it been explained to her, have lifted up both her hands. That fact struck the philosophical German, and changed his ill-humor into mirth on the spot.

Next minute, Mrs. Boyd having left the room with that expression of outraged righteousness which sits on no one more naturally than it does on the London lodging-letter, he took a lucifer-box from his pocket, and—so he says—having dried two or three lucifers by the fire, equipped with these, set out on a search for his fiddle, which, he declares, he was happy to recognize at last in one of the smaller peaks of a cloud-capped mountain range, consisting of his upright piano, a cabinet, and a few other lofty articles of furniture.

Putting the "Strad" (so called by courtesy) under his arm, after all but walking out of the window and into one or two cupboards, Herr Pappenburg found the door of his room, then the door of the house, and, some minutes after, was walking down the street, a shadow among shadows.

Pray you now take a look at Herr Pappenburg with me. For us the fog is lifted. This fiddler is a very German. Silver-gold hair absurdly long; blue eyes absurdly blue; a mouth that might be firmer; a big, non-classical nose. So much for the face. A soft wide-awake hat is crushed deep over the forehead; a frayed coat-collar is turned up to his chin. The coat is rather short. Herr Pappenburg wears no gloves, and rusty boots. It is plain he has never heard of the laws laid down, as Carlyle tells us, by the Dandiacal Body. It seems hardly proven that he knows of certain five brushes—beginning with hair-brush and ending with shoebrush—which must be essential, one fancies, to the grooming of the perfect gentleman.

And, oh!—his walk.

The primary meaning of "to walk," say philologists, was "to roll." Herr Pappenburg, truth obliges me to admit, walked in the primary sense of the word. He rolled. Thus doing, he had just reached a point where two streets meet, when—

"Ach!"

He started. That was a woman's voice.

A question: Did you ever try to say "ach"? There are folks who really imagine that to utter this mysterious guttural a mere effort of tongue and throat is sufficient; whereas to say "ach" with any approach to correctness there is needful an intimate knowledge of the German character in its most subtle traits. As may be imagined, few persons have the patience to pursue this method, which explains the circumstance that for one hundred candidates who annually satisfy

our universities in German, not one can say the small word "ach" as it was said by—well, in the present instance—Fräulein Lina Benzel.

And that brings me back to Herr Pappenburg and the collision.

You know the way people do run up against one another in the daylight. They can hardly help doing so in the day-dark. Yet Herr Pappenburg could not be said to run up against Fräulein Benzel. The running one was she, for, fog though there was, Fräulein Benzel walked at that rapid pace which marks the point in manner where the professional and business woman meet, while, oddly enough, it marks one of the points in manner where the professional and business man diverge. Herr Pappenburg clutched his fiddle, but let his music fall. Fräulein Benzel let fall a whole packet of books. Both stopped to pick up their property; then Herr Pappenburg—in German—penitently begged the lady's pardon, and, she having graciously granted it, went his way.

A tired man did he that evening return to his lodgings. His supper was laid for him—a fact which he did not seem to notice, as, sitting down on the nearest seat, he drew his fingers through his hair, making himself look what æsthetes call "quite impossible." Then he gave himself up to dreaming, and, before five minutes have passed, lo and behold, he is again in the London daydark, and a woman and he collide, and the woman exclaims—not "oh!" nor "ah," nor "alas!" nor any of the ten words or so which English grammarians group under heading of interjection—but *Ach!*—a girl's *Ach*. In the city of four millions he has hit upon—most truly, hit upon—a country-woman.

He says: "I beg your pardon."

She says: "Do not mention it."

And the story has an end. He has not seen her face, nor she seen his, though it is early afternoon. What a sweet

young voice she had! Out on the fog that hid her from him!

At this point of his reflections Herr Pappenburg is interrupted by a voice that is neither sweet nor young, saying:

"'Xcuse me, sir, but if you've done with—"

A pause. He had not even begun his supper.

"What do you want?" The tone of my hero is not the blandest. "Take anything—everything," he adds, with masculine petulance.

"Anythink! Everythink! Dearie me, sir, no!" (lifting of eyes on the part of the British handmaid). "It's on'y that the missus has comp'ny, an'—"

"Oh! I see" (the German instantly seizes the situation); "take these—these pincers." So saying, he passes the sugar tongs, they apparently striking him as an article of luxury which he might dispense with in favor of visitors, more especially, perhaps, as it was not his custom to use them. The maid, who had wanted the edibles, declines what the well-meaning but mistaken gentleman offers her, leaving him with that expression of less than scorn but more than pity which is the mildest one ever seen on the face of the true-born Briton brought into contact with a foreigner. Herr Pappenburg then remembers that he is hungry, and attacks his supper, whereupon, drawing his chair to the fire, he takes a book and opens it at random.

"The birds are singing in the woods. Our friends are faithful. These girls are bringing their books. What kind of words are you learning?"

What is the meaning of this?

No such mild exclamation as "What is the meaning of this?" escaped the lips of Herr Pappenburg on perusing this string of sentences, but rising dramatically from his chair and holding from him the book with a fine look of surprise, "*Was zum Kukuk!*" he cried, using language of a kind of which authors of the best ap-

proved German "Courses" give no examples.

Then sitting down again, mechanically he went on reading the exercise, in its quick transitions from the idyllic to the didactic, from the narrative to the interrogative, unlike any species of literature with which he had occupied himself since those bright, far-off days that found him "creeping, like snail, unwillingly to school." Whose book was it? It had opened at the exercise of which a sample is given, that leaf and the preceding ones turning over with ease, unlike the leaves ensuing, from which the first also differed most strikingly in color. You know the "old-gold" tint which paper takes from hands, deepening as the hands are smaller, sometimes merging into brown. Herr Pappenburg, having put down the book, took it up again to look for a name on the front fly-leaf, when an envelope fell at his feet. It was addressed to—Fräulein Lina Benzel. This he found was not the name on the fly-leaf. On that was written in a large juvenile hand, *Laura Taylor*, that name being written again on the title-page, on the back fly-leaf, and repeatedly inserted either in full or in initials in the text, so that not the shadow of a doubt could arise in the mind of the most obtuse as to the name of the possessor of the book. The said Laura Taylor, besides giving proof that she, in the matter of books, was of those who hold inscription to be nine points of possession, gave evidence of rejoicing in the pen of a ready writer; for, not only had she written her name in all the four quarters of the book, but she had pretty well covered its pages with pencil notes of the most miscellaneous character—interrogative, critical, and exclamatory. To read only a few of these over Herr Pappenburg's shoulder:

"Sybil says 'bitter' for 'bitte.' So idiotic! As if it was difficult to say 'bitty.'"

"Do you like Flo Cowley? I consider her so conceated."

"I hate that poem, 'Das Schloss am Meere,' don't you? One can't help saying 'alosh.'"

"I am glad I am not Edith. Fräulein can flair up, can't she? Serves E. right!"

"Fräulein's eyes are blue, not gray. I call them lovely. Amy says 'seraffic.' Sentermental, I told her."

"That was a joke of N.'s, saying 'donkey' for 'danke.' Awfully stail."

"Is it 'blieben' or 'bleiben?' Just anser beside this. And does it go 'blieben, bliebte, gebliebt?'"

"Do you reconise this photograph?"

Whether it was the spelling of the English in the above, or the conception of German pronunciation, or the virulence of the critical part, or the appreciation of Fräulein's eyes, that moved the German to mirth, I cannot say. Doubtless it was the combined effect of all. Alone as he was, he laughed till the room rang again; laughed, Kingsley would say, as only a German could laugh. Then he looked at the "photograph," a sturdy pencil-sketch of a lady's head. That it was Lina Benzel's he was convinced. Whatever age that lady might be, Laura Taylor had made her "sweet and twenty."

Herr Pappenburg sat looking at the picture. With his eyes fixed on it he fell again to dreaming, and this miracle took place. The pencil-sketch became life-sized and colored, and he saw no longer a child's work, but—such tricks hath strong imagination!—a girl with a halo of golden hair, with blue eyes and a saucy nose; a girl who could "flare up" upon occasion (and serve Miss Edith right!), who, owing to Heaven knows what combination of calamities, was thrown upon her own efforts for subsistence, and, albeit patently lacking that prime qualification of having been born in Hanover (she was a Southerner, like himself—almost the first word she spoke had revealed that fact to him), had come to London and there was earning her bread by teaching to England's youth the Ger-

man equivalents for the vocables forming such useful fragments of dialogue as: "*The birds are singing in the woods. Our friends are faithful.*"

"Poor little girl!" said Herr Pappenburg, turning over the leaves of the German grammar, and meaning—perhaps it need not be said—not Laura Taylor, but Lina Benzel; it being what Latin grammarians call "of the nature of man" always rather to sympathize with the hardships of sweet and twenty than with those of sweet and twelve, at which latter age the evidence supplied by her book went to place Miss Taylor. Imagine a girl with that head and "seraffic" eyes seeing the morning and evening meet over work like this; picture the girl whose voice told him her home was his South, having returned to her lodgings wet through and through with the fog. To fancy that, to picture this, so filled my good Herr Pappenburg with that feeling which etymologists tell us is but a modified form of "piety," while others whisper 'tis akin to love, that the upshot of his reflections was a sudden decision to take back himself next day to Fräulein Lina Benzel Laura Taylor's book, and see what Dame Fortune meant by making him meet on this day the first German girl he had met since setting foot on English soil.

CHAPTER II.

AH, the drudgery of it! Yes, Fräulein Lina Benzel had returned to her lodgings much about the same time as Herr Pappenburg had returned to his. Drudgery? Ay, truly. There is this difference between the life of earning men and earning women—that men work and women drudge. Don't frown, sweet reader, though I "moral" for a moment. To drudge, though grammarians say nothing thereof, is feminine for to work, just as to long, my brothers, is feminine for to hope. Women know this, but women do not write grammars, and if they did, you

would not buy their grammars, so how should you hear of these things?

When Fräulein Lina Benzel returned to her lodgings that evening, she did not find her supper laid, she did not find her fire burning, she did not find a lamp alight. What she did find, and that only after considerable searching, was a box of matches, whereupon she lighted the lamp, and now is the moment to look at her. She is more than twenty, she may be twenty-six, but more than twenty-six she is not. How I know that? "Just because!" as children say.

Pretty? I should think she was! How to describe her? there's my difficulty. If I had to sum up Lina Benzel in four words, I would say she was a *delight all over*, though she stand as now in a wet old cloak with a wearied young face in the full glare of a lamp. Shall she light her fire first, or change her dress? Or shall she sit down to her supper without a fire and without changing her dress? Her hat and cloak—these are thrown off in an instant. Her dress is quite dry. Why in the world then take it off? Because, untraveled reader, you have to learn that a lady of Germany, more especially of South Germany, most, most especially of Suabia, when living by herself is not so "proud" as to wear a dress all day long. Well indeed would Lina of Stuttgart look, sitting down to supper all alone in the gorgeousness of a frock! In the next moment she arrayed herself in one of those dressing-gowns, in hue reminding one of Heine's exclamation, "Melancholy, thy name is brown calico!" Thus arrayed, Fräulein Lina Benzel, standing before a mirror as she was, viewed herself with that satisfaction which commonly suggests Cinderella in ball-dress.

The next thing to be done was to put a match to her fire, and watch the latter wavering as to whether or not it should light, and then, in view of the circumstances that it was ill-set, the wood damp, the paper brown, and the coal bad, decide

that, with the best will in the world, it could not. Ah, well; the girl rose with a sigh. Fire wouldn't burn stick, that was quite plain. The fog made everything wet; it began to make her eyes wet, and for a moment the mist seemed to thicken round her. Only a moment; then she picked up heart again. "The man's courage is loved by the woman, whose fortitude again is coveted by the man." That was a good word, Coleridge! This picking-up-heart is the thing in which woman's "fortitude" shows itself. She must do without a fire to-night. Thus deciding, Fräulein Lina took from a cupboard a spirit-lamp, the spirit receptacle of which (I blush to have to record this) she filled with water, and then pensively poured the spirit into the kettle; a reversal of the ordinary process, of which she did not become aware until she had wasted some ten matches trying to ignite a fluid which no one has ever yet succeeded in igniting, or else that long-talked-of thing—the river being set on fire—would ere this have been brought to pass by one or other of the beings concerning whom a belief has been expressed at different times that he or she would achieve it. What caused Fräulein Lina Benzel to be so strangely absent-minded ask not of me. Possibly moistness of atmosphere produces mental abstraction. When she had lighted half a score of matches with the result that not one of them produced the customary blue flame when applied to the spirit receptacle in question, it struck her as time for her to collect all her wits about her, which having done, she speedily discovered her error, and laughed one of those sweet laughs unheard by any, and thereby reminding one of Wordsworth's unseen violets. Then tea was made, tea of a strength not likely to upset her nerves, and which, when she had poured it out, she sipped from a spoon, with little finger elevated, having not yet learned that to use one's spoon in imbibing soup, or chocolate, or even—even coffee, is not outrageous,

but that to carry to one's lips a 'spoonful of tea is—"most horrible!" whence, at this point, charity for the German maiden decides me to draw a veil before the former.

Having finished her tea, Fräulein Benzel turns to a desk and begins that labor of correction. Well done! the first exercise has not a mistake in it. To whom does the book belong? Laura Taylor. Ah! that was a pity! *Why?* you ask. Because (in parenthesis, the reason is Fräulein Benzel's) when a school-exercise has not a mistake in it, you are bound in justice to put "Excellent" at the foot of it, and if you happen to be a young female pedagogue it goes greatly against the grain with you not to be able to put "Exceedingly bad" beneath a piece of work, of whatever merit, sent in to you by a person whose conduct you "grieve" to have to pronounce as *ex-ceed-ing-ly* naughty. Now this distinctively applied to Laura Taylor. She was the individual whom twelve summers had not so ripened into wisdom, but she must make of her German Grammar a Complete Letter-Writer. Appalling to think of! This is what Fräulein Benzel's blue eyes had said, as, dipping them deep into those of the little sinner, she had, in a sepulchral voice, bidden her give up her book. Do not smile, dear sir. If the code of morality which you lay down for others be less severe than this girl-teacher's, dare one suggest that the one which you lay down for yourself is also more lenient? With puckered white brow, Fräulein Benzel continued her work, hardly once looking up till the pile of books on her left hand became a pile on her right, by the process of lifting one by one. Then she placed her books ready for the next day. What is this? That grammar! Not a sign of it anywhere. Has she lost it altogether, or could that German have picked it up in mistake for a book of his? If so, he would bring it back. Ah, no! he did not know her address. What a series of aggravations! She would have to buy a new one; to give a brand-

new book, besides an "Excellent," to a child *ex-ceed-ing-ly* naughty. Plainly an unjust world. A red little hand was drawn across the white brow. How tiresome that that man should—run up against her! If she, Lina Benzel, had the organization of matters terrestrial, no children but the good should have brains, no men should be out in fogs. The "something-in-this-world-amiss" aggregate of whatever ills it might be, would then certainly be lessened. If—. She pulled herself up. She had found by experience that contemplating life from the point of an if was not inspiring. So she went to the piano and sang a song—only she sang it in German—the refrain of which was,

"The thread it snaps, the wheel stands still,

What further haps, guess he who will."

The girl was still singing when she rose from the piano. "Guess he who will—guess he who will!" she went on lilting gayly.

CHAPTER III.

"PAPPENBURG? Pappenburg? I do not know that name. He has a book for me, you say. Ah, then I think I understand. What is he like? Old?"

Lempronia—this being the phenomenal name in which the maid in question rejoices—pauses before replying.

"Couldn' say, miss, exackerly. Looks as 'e might be your par. Called 'imself *Hair*" (asperating with an effort) "some-thin' wick all but set me larfin', for 'e 'as 'air 'angin' down as long as a young lady."

"Thank you," says Fräulein Benzel, fixing her eyes on the card which had been handed her, and speaking with as much dignity as she can muster in face of this description; "tell the gentleman I will be with him in a minute."

Exit Lempronia, with a meritorious effort at composing her features.

"The thread it snaps, the wheel stands still,

What further haps, * * *

Still that tiresome song in my head! Am I tidy?" Here a peep in the glass and rapid arrangement of that portion of the

hair which falls over the brow. The next thing she does is to pause before what she calls her pier-glass, being a wardrobe of dark polished wood, in the door of which, though not furnished with looking-glass, if your eyes be as good as young eyes commonly are, you can obtain a full view of your figure, and, if your soul revolt not at such vanity, arrange the æsthetic silk kerchief which you wear to set off your dress, or (may we express a hope that you will not shudder at this notion?) give your skirt that little jerk which makes it lie exactly as you want it to, instead of "ballooning." Now don't try to understand that, most venerated man-reader. Your dress never "balloons"—how should it?—"tight, succinct" as it is, "making you look as if intended for nothing but to dart backward and forward on matters of business, with as little hindrance to one another as possible." Different indeed woman's flowing garb.

"The thread it snaps * * *

still humming that tiresome song!"

In another minute she is face to face with her visitor.

"I have taken the liberty of bringing you back in person, Fräulein, a book of yours which I yesterday picked up by mistake."

"How good of you!" Then, with a sudden surprised look, "How did you find my address? The book is not mine, but belongs to one of my pupils."

Just the very slightest confusion on the part of Herr Pappenburg, as he replies: "I—I looked through it and—this envelope will explain."

Here a smile which he cannot keep back, and which meets with a blighting reception on the part of the young school-mistress, as she says with dignity:

"You understand, I hope, that the book is not mine. I took it from a child who, I found, wrote notes in it."

"So I saw." The smile on his face broadens. "Most comical notes!" Here

the German with the silver hair laughs outright. "I fear I must confess that I have read them all. Dare I add, Fräulein, that I should have known you from this portrait?"

Lina takes the book and looks at it, with difficulty keeping her countenance, and then suddenly flushes deep as her eyes catch the bit of criticism: "*Fräulein's eyes are blue,*" etc.

It has been stated before that the girl was a delight all over. It is only necessary here to add that her blush revealed that fact to Herr Pappenburg, and then again came the thought, "Poor little girl!" with a great wave of pity, as on the evening before, and, with it, another and new thought, that her life might be so different, that instead of a life of drudgery she might lead a life of queendom, as queen of his big heart. Don't call the manly thought vanity.

"Do you not find it dreary work," he said, "teaching our language?"

"Sometimes," with a little sigh; then, gayly, and with a bit of girl's mischief in her voice: "What, at times, I wonder, can make people want to learn German and French, after first simplifying both languages—and so cleverly—to form the one they themselves speak? I can never admire English too much, but—no! no! pray let us go on talking German" (Herr Pappenburg having intimated that, if it gave greater pleasure, he would talk English), "that is, if you have time to spare. You cannot imagine how strange and nice it is to me to talk my own language again with a native."

Herr Pappenburg winced. The girl's manner was so warm as to show she considered the gentleman with the silver hair old—old. And she did. To begin with, Lina Benzel had considered herself two years prior to the time here under discussion, as she put it, "*young no more.*" She had then reached the venerable age of twenty-four. Being now twenty-four *plus* two, she regarded herself as an "old box,"

to translate literally the German word for spinster; and as for the silver-haired gentleman before her, she certainly felt as little constrained with him as if she were talking to another "old box"—old, yes—very, very old—so old, in fact, that is to say, so much her senior, as to make her feel a little bit younger than usual. How well he talked! The conversation never flagged; and soon it turned on music.

"Did she play?"

"Yes."

"Sing?"

"Yes."

It was not "Well, yes, after a fashion," or "Oh! yes, a little." Fräulein Benzel's reply was simply to the effect that she *did* play, she *did* sing, and the inquirer was left to find out for himself whether she did so well or ill.

Now notice Herr Pappenburg's question.

"Would you, Fräulein, like to join a choral society which I think of organizing?"

Clasping of hands on the part of Lina, and a delighted "Ach!"

"Like to? I should be delighted. When? Where?"

Herr Pappenburg rises. "Ah, I will let you know more about it very soon. I have been forgetting the time, and find I must now be off in all haste."

"When will you let me know?"

A pause. He of the silver hair is wondering was ever hair quite so gold as the hair of this golden-haired lady? Were ever eyes quite so blue as the eyes of this blue-eyed lady? Having solved these two questions to his own satisfaction, he replies:

"Be sure I will not keep you waiting long. I am glad you like the idea. It will certainly lead to your meeting pleasant compatriots."

I would here point out that he said "compatriotesses," his language admitting of that distinction, unlike ours, in which our speech affords no clue to the hearer,

whether, in speaking of friends, we mean friends male or female; whether, in speaking of cousins, we mean cousins male or female; and finally, whether, in speaking, as did Herr Pappenburg, of compatriots, we mean compatriots male, or—as that gentleman meant, and made perfectly clear that he meant—compatriots female.

CHAPTER IV.

To Denmark Hill, a suburb of London, Herr Pappenburg straightway betook himself after leaving Fräulein Benzel.

Let me say what took Herr Pappenburg there. It was to ventilate to a German friend his plan of starting a choral society.

"Grüss Gott, Alter!" he said, bursting in on his countryman; and, were I to English that in the Carlylian manner, I should English it thus: "God greet thee, old man!" The truth is that when Herr Pappenburg hailed his friend, as stated above, he made use of a salutation which "old custom" has worn as dull as, alas! it wears most things, and which lies pretty near to our "Hillo, old fellow!" May I add that the reader will do well to consider something similar to apply to all that follows. Translated *verbatim*, the dialogue ensuing between Herr Pappenburg and his friend was as follows:

"What hast, my friend?" asked the German of Denmark Hill. "Wilt a pipe?"

To which Herr Pappenburg:

"Right gladly I will."

"And now to the thing!" adds Herr Pappenburg.

He means "to business;" this being what Germans, with a pretty vagueness, term "the thing."

"Dost remember that thou once spoked to me of a desire among the Germans of Denmark Hill to meet and musicise?" (I fearlessly use this word, which we woefully want in English.) "Would a choral society, thinkest thou, started by me, have success?"

"I think it, my worthiest. Hast taken any steps in the matter?"

"I offer myself as conductor. I have one female voice."

No answer from him of Denmark Hill, but a sharp, shrill sound, as of wind passing among trees or through crevices, or of steam or gas escaping through a small orifice, or impinging against the edge of a brass cup, or of breath making for itself a passage through compressed lips; a sound as the note of a bird, or the call of a sportsman; in vulgar parlance—a whistle. Then this:

"Friend Pappenburg, old patron, thou art in love."

To which Herr Pappenburg, stretching out both his hands:

"Brother of my soul, I am!" etc., etc.

There is, says a clever American, a species of poetry when quoting which you always break off with an "etc., etc." In my humble opinion, half the dialogues recorded in fiction should, near the outset, be broken off in the same way, and I constantly find myself tempted, in mercy to my reader, to have recourse to this inartistic expedient. My excuse (to the critics artistic) is in the present instance that Herr Pappenburg and the brother of his soul spoke in the above strain, almost without intermission, for two hours by the clock, this making it patently impossible for me in the space assigned me to give a full and particular account of what they said.

CHAPTER V.

A FORTNIGHT subsequent to that visit of Herr Pappenburg's to Denmark Hill the choral society which he then proposed to organize there was fairly started, the Denmark Hillites quickly responding to his invitation. Male voices were rapidly found; not so rapidly female voices, which was odd, said the friend of Herr Pappenburg, mentioned in last chapter, and concerning whom, truth to say, I care

not if the reader think that his main peculiarity lies in the circumstance of his having, like the famous wizard in Andersen, no name.

"It is odd, but let us have patience, and we shall find ladies," replied Herr Pappenburg. "Meanwhile 'tis matter for rejoicing that I have found one female voice."

He spoke with quiet gratitude, ignoring (mayhap intentionally) the fact that in each eye of his friend of Denmark Hill was—one masculine twinkle.

"Truly 'tis, Pappenburg," said he; and—truly it was. Other female voices were found in course of time. Once a week regularly, beginning with the first week in December, did Fräulein Lina Benzel go to Denmark Hill to take part in the choral entertainment organized by Herr Pappenburg. And, beginning in December, once a week regularly did Herr Pappenburg so contrive it that he and Fräulein Lina Benzel shared the same railway compartment, going to and coming from the said choral entertainment. Likewise did he escort her home after it, being obliged to pass her door on his way to his own rooms. This state of affairs continued for two months, then, in the second week of the second month of the year 1887, this happened: Herr Pappenburg one night told Lina Benzel what difficulty he had had in finding female voices, and that yet he had started his choir wholly and solely because of one—female voice.

Not "Oh, indeed," nor "Ah, indeed," not "Ach," but silence the completest from Fräulein Lina Benzel.

Upon which says my fiddler:

"Lina, thou knowest my meaning! Is that the yes-word?"

Now when a German says "the yes-word," he means a "yes" which is distinguished from all other affirmations; which is not "yes-please" nor "yes-thank-you," but these both rolled in one, and then wrapped up in tears and smiles, and

then bound fast with love; surely the oddest of possibly odd yeses; surely, surely! the sweetest of possibly sweet yeses.

Such was the one my fiddler wanted, such the one that he was given. There were none in sight. Stealing a glance at

the girl beside him and reading permission in her eyes, he bent his face to hers and kissed her, and then he took her arm and linked it in his, holding the hand. And then this couple walked on, saying nothing, because there was so much to say.

ELSA D'ESTERRE KEELING.

GRIEF-BORN.

IF I had never sung thy dread—
 Had never sung thy bitter woe—
 Fair world, and had my heart not bled,
 Thy holiest joys I could not know.

For hearts which have not felt life's sting
 In highest rapture cannot beat;
 The souls that conquered everything
 Were those that understood defeat.

So has it ever been on earth,
 And so it will forever be,
 A crucifixion was the birth
 Of mankind's faith and purity!

Then sigh not, friend, and dry thy tears;
 Grief is the soil where angels sow
 The seeds which will, in after years,
 To sweetest earthly flowers grow.

FELIX N. GERSON.

THE "KNACK" THAT DOLLY HAD.

JOHN JONES was a farmer, and Dolly Jones was his wife. She was a dear little duck of a middle-aged woman, and the name of Dolly—shortened from Dorothy—was very becoming to her.

She was one of those women who have the "knack" of saying and doing the right thing every time. John was good, too; he had a tender mother and loving sisters, but he was one of those men who have to be "managed."

You wives, who read this, understand, you certainly do if you have the "knack."

Old Bobby Furgeson's land joined them on the south. He bought it when the Widow Jarvis died, and her heirs made a fuss about the property. The line fence between the Joneses and the Jarvises had never caused them any trouble, like such things do, sometimes. One year one man would fix it, and the next year the other man would.

But one day John Jones came into his house, chewing his tobacco vigorously. The brim of his hat was tipped back away past his forehead, and his eyes gleamed out keenly from under the heavy brows.

Now his wife knew she had a little job of "managing" on hand—just as jobs of mending mittens or patching grain sacks or any other bit of work.

What did she do? She said never a word of probing. She knew, "Least said, soonest mended," was one of goldenest of the adages. She just smiled like she always did. She put on a fresh apron, brushed her hair back off her temples,

turned the blooming geranium round so that the flowers would show their very gayest, moved the bird cage to where only a pale sunshine would reach it, and then she set about getting dinner.

Now, there was no pie under the sun that John liked half so well as lemon-custard, so lemon-custard it should be. And there was no way of cooking fish that he liked so well as to have them wrapped in a piece of muslin, tied up neatly, laid on a plate in the bottom of the kettle and boiled, then dished on to a hot platter and served. He said it looked pretty and appetizing, too, and made him think of the times when he used to go a-fishing in Silver Creek and sit on the grassy banks under the sycamores and willows.

When dinner was ready she set the table by the open window, below which was a box of mignonette. John still looked grave and worried. Before he sat down to the table he hung his hat on the grape-vine on the porch and washed his hands and face at the pump. Dolly, in a bright way, took the brush and said: "Here, John, let me toss back your hair after the fashion you used to wear it, when Johnny did a-courting go."

He bent forward, and a few deft touches made him look like that other John of a good many years before. He grew a little more placid in expression, and then the wife drew his arm into hers and they walked to the table together, cheerily, on her part.

Well, before dinner was over, about the time he was pouring the cream lavishly into his second cup of coffee, he spoke.

She listened, smiling in a good-natured way.

"I am afraid Bob and I will not get along as smoothly as I did with the Jarvises," he said, slowly. "Wouldn't wonder but he'd be a crooked stick of a neighbor yet. He is so set in his notions. He wants everything his own way. He don't make allowances for anybody."

"Ah!" said Dolly, just as pretty as a posey and as respectful as if her husband was old King George, instead of plain farmer Jones, whose bottom lands lay in the "Big Run" Valley in full view of the church spire at Dudley's Corners.

And then she cut the quivering lemon-custard pie, laid a generous quarter of it on a china plate, and handed it to him with a little triple-plated silver knife, smiling all the while, and bowing with courtly grace as he took it. Dolly, just naturally, was given to smiling and bowing, and the dimples in her cheeks and chin were dimpling and showing themselves all the time.

John went on talking, looking down at the pie that seemed to be saying, "Come, eat me, John." He said: "I told Bob there would have to be some new fence posts and boards down there where the brook crosses the lot, and for his share he could get them and I would make the fence and take out the two old maple stumps and fix that place where the drover's cows broke in, and he up and said he hadn't time for any extra work, and I told him I hadn't either, but I was willing to do my part in a good, neighborly manner. He said his wife had been dinging at him to help whitewash and to fix the fence and gate at home, and that he never got a spare minute but somebody was wanting him to hurry and do this or do that.

"Then I got mad—I could not help it, Dolly—and he was madder, and we had

a reg'lar spat, and I do s'pose that Bob and I'll never get along very well, now that the first breach has been made between us.

"Before we parted we agreed to leave the thing to arbitrators and let some of our neighbors settle it for us. I don't like the notion of having somebody called from their work to come and say just how Bob and I should do. It looks trifling. It don't seem manly. But if he won't do the fair thing, I see no other way. I always liked Bob. He is a kind neighbor, as I would wish for. I'm sorry it turned out so; still, it might have been a good deal more serious."

Dolly said she was very sorry—that people whose farms joined should live amicably—if they did not there was no end to the trouble and worry and vexation they would endure.

She said: "We must bear and forbear; we *will* be friends with the Furgesonsses, John. O John! we can't help but be good friends with poor, bothered Bob Furgeson! He comes very near to my heart ever since Nugget died. If I were to try I could not lay up one hard feeling against that man."

Here Dolly laid her knife and fork crosswise, in a meditative mood, the tears wanting to come into her eyes, but she smiled heroically; a little ripple of laughter came to her, and she said, in an embarrassed, shy way:

"I guess I never told you the incident, but I can tell you now. I often think of it, it was so pleasant. It was the time that you had to sell old Nell, and the cattle and the spring wagon, to raise money to pay on the bail debt of Howland brothers.

"I never told you how badly I felt, nor to what straits I was put to make things meet. I wanted to make the burden on you just as light as I could, to share the sorrow as much as was possible. That was the way.

"It was my wifely duty. Then when

you fell off the load of wheat sheaves, and that slow, painful hurt kept you crippled so long, I cannot tell you how sorrowful I was.

"You were poor and needed better clothes, and the time Uncle Timothy sent me a present of fifteen dollars, I wanted to get you a coat ever so bad, and did not know how to go about it. I couldn't tell what a good piece of cloth would cost, or if a coat was shoddy, or what to do. One day I saw neighbor Bob out taking up an apple tree, and I went to him to ask his advice.

"I pitied you so that I was nearly crying, and I said, 'Robert, I feel so sorry for poor John, limping about in that old bob-tailed guy of a wedding coat, that I am going to take my Uncle Tim's money and buy him a new one for his birthday, and I want your advice about it. Tell me what kind to get,' and then I began to blubber right out, and when I could look up, why, he was just wiping his eyes and smoothing down his face.

"I tell you, John, that really comforted me. Then he railed out in righteous indignation against men who will ask a neighbor to indorse their note and let them pay it, and said he would select the coat for you and he would get it at cost from his brother, the merchant, and he did so, and, John, I never will forget the kindness and the sympathy and the good deed.

"I never told you of this, but I tell you now. I want you to think of Bob in a kindlier spirit; the poor old fellow has his share of annoyances. They do say that Rachel Reed did not make as good a companion for Bob as we all hoped for. She is such a fussy, stirring fidget, and you know he is a man that takes things quietly."

John rose and took his seat in the chair by the open door. His face was very thoughtful. Pretty soon he said: "I allow maybe he'd had something to vex him just before we met this morning, and, come

to think of it, I might have approached him in a leetle gentler manner than I did.

"When he fired up I didn't need to be off like a flash. There is a good deal of powder in my composition, too. Yes, Dolly, there's thousands worse men to get along with than Bob Furgeson, but you see he ought to be willing to do his lawful, honest part, as neighbor with neighbor, and I guess he will; if he don't, then comes the arbitration."

"Yes," said Dolly, as she folded the napkins and laid them in the table drawer, and then, hesitating a little at the task of the peacemaker, she added: "How near it does make a neighbor come to have him good in time of sickness and trouble; you mind poor Bob when Nugget died? He was better, if possible, than any of our relatives."

"Nugget" was the nick-name of a lovely ten-year-old boy, their baby, who had died several years previous.

John Jones was one of the "eighteen forty-niners," one of the earliest of the adventurers who crossed the Pacific slope when gold was discovered in California.

His boy was a beautiful, fair, curly-haired child, and the playful name of "papa's Nugget" clung to him while his brief, bright life lasted. Nugget's last illness was lingering, and neighbor Bob Furgeson, then an unmarried elderly man, was unwearied in his vigils. He loved the pretty boy. He could not do enough for him. He forgot himself in his attention to the dying child.

Then Dolly Jones, with all a woman's true tenderness and faith in the friend of her angel boy, said, "O father! I will never forget one sight that came to me!"

"It was the morning after he died—you mind how he reached out his little, thin, trembling hand and felt of Bob's face as he sat at the bedside?—well, when Bob went to move the little dead body to wash and dress it, somehow I couldn't stay out hardly. I felt as if the mother ought to be there.

"I was in the bed-room joining, and no one saw me, and I opened the door a little ways and peeped out. Bob was crying softly, and uncovering the little emaciated body, all the time talking soft and low to it. He was saying, 'You precious child, you angel! how can old Bob's hard hands touch this beautiful form! Why couldn't I have died and let you live, you were so happy, my beloved boy!'"

And here Dolly paused to hide her emotion. Her husband leaned his head on his hands. The ticking of the clock on the mantel and the short chirp of the canary were all the sounds that broke upon the solemn silence.

Then Dolly continued: "When Bob turned the little body over he found a raw, red place on poor Nugget's spine, that had come from lying in one position. It must have hurt him that last night, if he were conscious of pain. Oh! when Bob saw that he just gathered the poor, limp, little body up in his arms and hugged him to his breast like a mother would, and he cried in pity, and kissed him again and again, calling his name lovingly! That was all I knew. I fell forward fainting. John! John!" and here she smiled with the tears running down her face, "we, you and I, the father and the mother of an angel, *must* give that man, Bob Furgeson, love, love, heaped up, running over, good measure, because he first loved our boy, our blessed little darling, and—Nugget loved him. Is it not so? Judge not, John."

And John Jones stood up. His face shone with a new illumination. His wife took his outreached hands in hers, and the kiss sealed a new compact.

The next morning the two men met in the lot south of the line fence. John said: "I've slept over the little breeze that we had yesterday, and I feel a good deal ashamed of the way I acted. I've been a-thinking how Nugget loved you, and that you have always been a good neighbor, and I've come to the conclusion that just whatever you say is right and fair and square in the line fence, why, I agree with you.

"I wouldn't fall out, and be little and mean in your estimation, for all the line fences in the Union. And whatever you say is my share o' the work, I say so too. As an old neighbor I value your good will, and here's my hand, and I want yesterday's doin's to be as if they had never been."

"Well," said Bob, "I didn't sleep over it; I couldn't. Fact is, I was too mad at old Bob Furgeson to sleep at all. I say just what you do. I feel as if we didn't need any fence between us, if it wa'n't for the breachy stock. It was all my fault, John. You see my wife had been pestering me about this and that, and I felt mad and 'bused and was ready to lock horns with anybody, almost without provocation at all. Sometimes another straw makes the load too heavy. And now, John, shake hands, and whatever you say is correct, I say so too."

And so Dolly, the true wife, the guide, helper, peacemaker, the one to encourage and lift up on to "higher ground," goes on smiling, and her pretty dimples make beautiful the woman gracefully growing old and thinking daily that

"The best is yet to be."

ROSELLA RICE.

THE TOP-RAIL CLUB.

THE last meeting was delightful. We have all become well acquainted and sometimes get so funny that we all talk at once, like the blackbirds one sees holding caucus meetings and indignation meetings in the top of one tree. One of the women said we'd better change the name from Top-rail Club to blackbirds' party.

Old Beriah Blair told his wife to find out how salt risin' bread was made. His mamma made it when he was a boy, and he said it was the sweetest bread he ever ate, and after all these years he'd like to revive the old memory.

So we sent him the recipe. We remembered how it was made. In the neighborhood he is called "Uncle Briar," 'cause people don't take the time to say Be-ri-ah.

This way: Take a perfectly sweet bowl or pitcher and scald it with hot water; then take of water that has boiled and cool it till it is milk warm; put in a bit of soda as big as a pea and a pinch of salt; then thicken in flour until it is thick batter.

Set the vessel in a kettle of warm water that will reach up quite to the top of the bowl; cover close; set on the stove-hearth or in a warm place and keep an even heat. Do this early in the day, say as soon as convenient after you get up. Stir once in a while. If it thins and water rises on top, add a little flour.

It may take five hours for it to rise, but it will come booming if you did not scald it and all things were favorable.

Mix your bread, mold well, and let it rise twice before baking, or once, just as you please. If the weather is not warm it chills easy and requires a good bit of attention, and for this reason we generally mold into loaves immediately after mixing and kneading. Let it rise in the tins till it rounds up and you will have fine-grained, white, good bread.

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It dries out quicker than yeast bread, but if it was the sort your mothers made, be sure it will give satisfaction.

Now women differ; but, "every road leads to London," all the same. Some do not use salt, soda, or sugar in the setting of the yeast, and some use one, and some another. We presume none of them are very essential. Just so the mixture reaches fermentation is all that is required.

Mrs. Howard wore soft old kid shoes slit down the front and merely caught up with the strings. She apologized. If she did not come in that slip-shod, comfortable way, she could not have come at all.

It was all right with us. And then one of the women, Mrs. Oaks, told how her feet used to trouble her. They ached all the time. At night they burned and were so tender that one would not permit the other to lie touching it. They were hard and horny on the soles, and ridged, and the toes crowded together, and ached, and crept under one another, contrary and ugly.

She bathed them in warm water and rubbed them with a crash towel and bent them back and forth, and still they ached and felt like boils that needed attention.

Finally she took the advice of Grandpa Appleman, the nice old man who lives with them—not a hard cure, but one that a tidy house-wife would hesitate to do—and her feet got well, and to-day they are the youngest members of her body.

Only this: In the morning before clothing the feet rub all the horny places, the ends of the toes that crowd, the ridged, thick places about the heels and the balls of the feet, and the corny places, and the nails, with lard or some kind of softening grease. Rub it in well. Turn the hose so as to go half way down the foot and then slip the feet in, rubbing off as little as possible, and it will not be one week

until your feet will be easy and comfortable, day and night. It will be a pleasure to walk, and you will scud off as lively as a frolicsome boy.

And then another thing. Have two pairs of shoes. It rests the extremities to have a new range. All this, with the usual bathing, rubbing, and attention, with the friction of a coarse towel at one time and the friendly touch of the hands that should not forget the tie of cousinship.

Our faithful feet, the best servants we have, the readiest and the kindest, are not as well paid as their services demand.

They never "go back" on us. They never falter or put in a plea of disability or unwillingness, nor do they complain of their outfit unless their rights are imposed upon.

Mrs. Beebe told us how she manages when she cleans house. Some one had asked her why her rooms always looked so fresh and new. She said she and Almira, her daughter, always do the work themselves. No soap and sand and scrubbing-brush. She said, "Yes, I know the newly scrubbed paint is clean, but it soon looks dull and dingy, with here and there about the door-knobs the depraved wood or the old paint showing through.

"Now we just wipe off with a cloth wrung out of water that has just a little ammonia in it, then we put on a thin coat of new paint. It dries in a day.

"Then the paint all over the house is new and fresh and nice. We do this every year in the rooms that need a refreshing.

"This saves the expense of hiring a man every few years to go over the house.

"The natural walnut wood-work is only oiled in one room, and in another is treated to a coat of varnish.

"We use the tinted paints. They cost no more and come in little boxes holding from two to five pounds.

"We are careful on the edges of the wood-work next to wall or wall-paper.

"This year we painted all the doors but the front one, and we got a good deal of praise over our work."

Mrs. Beebe gave us her famed recipe for white fruit cake. She had just made one the week before for Fanny Murphey's wedding, and its fame had gone forth.

One cupful of butter, two of sugar, two and a-half of flour, two and a third cups of sweet milk, whites of six eggs, one and a-half teaspoons of baking powder, one pound of blanched almonds, and one of citron. Beat butter and sugar to a cream, add milk, then stir in the flour after the baking powder has been well sifted in. Next add whites of eggs beaten to a stiff froth, and when well mixed stir in the citron, sliced and lightly dusted with flour, and the almonds halved or sliced, as you prefer. Two medium-sized cake tins with buttered paper, pour in batter and smooth over the top and bake slowly till done.

The Mount Moriah parson's wife asked how almonds were blanched—the poor girl-wife! Answer: Pour boiling water over them and let them stand two or three minutes, so the hard, brown skin would slip off. Then dry them off. Butternut meats for all uses should be blanched likewise. Seeded raisins do not discolor cake as if seeds were left in.

One woman recommended the wire dish-cloth, or cleaner, for kettles. She found it invaluable for cleaning the bottoms of kettles after meat had burned fast, or potatoes, or mush, or scalded milk porridge, or thickened milk, and so did we, Pipsey, and Mrs. Oakes and Susie.

Pelter's baby got hold of ours one day and dropped it in the cistern, bad luck to the little spalpeen, and we sent off to the nearest city and ordered another right away. Only cost ten cents, and they save so much scratching and soaking.

It was not such a little thing as Nellie Lee called it, after all—about her experience in a post-office one time when her uncle was absent a month and left the office in charge of his wife and niece Nellie. She gave us some instructions that we will all remember. These:

In stamping a letter put the stamp on the upper right-hand corner. This facilitates the work of stamping. It helps the postmaster.

Do not use blue or dark envelopes. The directions are not easily read except under a strong light. This is a great hindrance to postmasters and postal-clerks.

When addressing a letter she said people paid the most attention to the part least important. First the name, beautifully written, then the post-office, perhaps

not quite so well done, then the county, hurried, and the State last, scrawled off and abbreviated, and down to one corner, and without close squinting one would hardly know whether it was Me., Mo., Md., M. T., Mass., Miss., or Minn. And so with the States beginning with the initial I.

This made trouble and delay. The name of the State should be full and plain and clear. It is of the most importance in the handling. The number and street are important, and no letter should ever be sent off without the writer's name inside in full with the address, in case it should by some mishap go to the Dead-letter Office.

And then we women all said we would be careful and remember hereafter. It is gratifying to be able to help postmasters, clerks, and carriers.

Mary Bennett took out of her pass-book a favorite poem of her grandfather's, one that he always wanted to hear her read whenever she went over there. He is a dear old man and his life has been full of good works and good deeds. He lives at the old homestead in the shades of the giant trees where Walnut Brook runs into the river below the mountain.

How pretty Mary looked as she stood up, the wind tossing her curls, while she read:

THE CITY OF PEACE.

When I am weary, and 'tis often now
Since I am growing old,
I read a letter, written long ago,
And worn at every fold.

It came from a far country, and it tells
Of one more distant still,
In whose broad mansions He who sent it
dwells,
As all who love Him will.

I read of thee with many a loving note,
O country fair to see!
And pondering here, thy palaces remote
No longer seem to me.

I know the way so well; and there is one
Who, in His place afar,
Shines in thy light that comes not from the
sun,
Dearer than others are.

O rest and peace! O city far away!
Thy gates wide open stand!
Thou hast no night; in thee the endless day
Of God is now at hand!

Pilgrim I am, slow toiling through the dust,
Where He I seek hath trod,
To find, some morn, when sight shall conquer
trust,
The city of my God!

The home of Him who sent my letter old,
Whose promises divine
Are more to me than all this earth can hold,
For all He has is mine!

One of the girls wondered what would be the best dressing for the hair when she wanted it to be fresh and bright and smooth.

The answer was, glycerine and soft water, one ounce of the former to a pint of the latter.

The parson's wife had lovely hair, long and soft and silky, and the coil was almost as thick as her wrist. She took good care of it. She gave her method of treatment. She learned it from a bright German girl who attended the same seminary and whose hair was marvelously beautiful.

About once in every three weeks she took a handful of wheat bran and boiled it a half hour in a quart of soft water, then she strained it into a basin to cool. Then took a little fine, white soap, dipped the corner of a soft towel in it, and had some one wash her head thoroughly with it, parting the hair gently so as to wash the skin. Then she had the yolk of an egg, a trifle only, rubbed well into the scalp with the fingers, and after this it was washed off well with a cloth dipped into warm water. Then the head was wiped dry as possible with a soft towel, and the hair combed up high, combed and brushed, and if any dressing was needed it was always a harmless one. No sort of animal grease was ever used, because they are invariably injurious and incline the scalp to dandruff and scurvy. Vegetable oils are preferable. That of the castor bean is conceded to be the best.

Her hairdressing was made from this formula: Pure, fresh castor oil, two ounces; cologne spirit (ninety-five per cent.), sixteen ounces; perfume according to fancy.

This dressing does not dry rapidly, and after taking on the chemical changes which occur in all oils on exposure to light and air, no gummy, offensive residuum appears. It is best diffused by the agency of strong spirits, in which it dis-

solves. The alcohol rapidly evaporates and does not in the slightest degree injure the texture of the hair.

Women were all pleased with this, and voted the Mount Moriah parsoness a "splendid woman."

Ever since the Club was organized we have not had such a treat as came to us from the little milliner in the village. In her native city an editor offered a prize for the best Christmas stories, to be contributed from the public school. He wanted to see how the children would write stories. He gave a few extracts from the "rejected" ones, so quaint and droll and ingenious that one must read for himself to understand. We will give some of them as she read them:

"Cora Brown was, fortunately, the possessor of a birthday, for she was the daughter of rich parentage and friends."

"When my brother was eleven years six months and but ten days old he was obliged to go to work."

"They had something better in their hearts than a Christmas tree. They had Jesus in their hearts, and a few potatoes and some salt."

"Norman was a bright, dear, but thin, little boy."

"Let us look back to ten years after."

"Grace Whitney was a light blonde, with golden hair, sky-blue eyes, and a very fair complexion."

"Two carriages were strolling with great speed."

"In walked the stately dressed gentleman."

"She forgot the Lord and all His blessings and after that she went and got married."

"He walked down one of the main streets in Scotland."

"The only heat they had was from the end of a candle that a poor woman had given them, and it was rather cold."

"You will suddenly come upon a large building six stories high and one square block long."

"She launched herself into a torrent of invective from which she could not recover herself."

"But all this time a cloud was gathering over Mrs. DeLany, which grew large as years went by, and that cloud was full of grasshoppers."

"The widow immediately fainted. Bob got the pepper-box and held it under his mother's nose, which brought her to."

"One by one the shades of night arrived until at length they were all in session assembled in their vast halls discussing mysteriously the destinies of man."

"Frank's mother said it was the happiest Christmas she had spent since the day her daughter died."

"My father desired me to marry a bank president, a handsome, reckless man, fond of naught but the gaming-table."

"She threw her arms around his neck, and George blew his nose to hide his embarrassment."

"As Providence would have it, the cow, their only support, died. The widow was in great sorrow and prayed for help. Then they heard the mooing of a cow. They quickly lit a lantern to see whence the sound came, and they found a cow tied to a tree with a card around his neck, bearing this inscription, 'I wish you all a merry Christmas.'"

"They began to have hard times. Henry died, the horse was stolen, the barn got burnt, and all that remained was the faithless dog."

"'Bot I dell you, vat I dell you!' said the Irishman."

"She fell down, scattering her senses in every direction."

"His mother had died a few months before in a very poor state of health."

"She suffered terrible with her arm, which was sprained and not broken, which was owing to her delicate constitution."

"Eva was a pretty little girl, but not smart, being the only child."

"Do you think, little reader, that Jesus hung up His stockings? If you do, you are mistaken. And why? He had none. And why? He was born in the Torrid Zone, where stockings are never used, not even to this day."

"The minister's wife had nine small children, each of which was one year younger than the other. Though poor, she was a diligent woman."

"At seven o'clock, Christmas Eve, it started out for a cold, frosty day."

"The bells tolled merrily."

"Drifting suns and winds."

PIPEY POTS.

MOTHERS.

BABY'S TABLE MANNERS.

FORTUNATELY many of us mothers are not able to turn our offspring into a nursery, to be secluded as much as possible from our sight and that of our friends, until they reach years of discretion and good manners, but, on the contrary, they are an active part of the domestic machinery. They are of and with the family, and cannot be extinguished or banished from contact with the family friends. They flit through the rooms, they hear and see and hesitate not to talk. Their education begins at the cradle. Well for them that it be from the mother instead of from an uncultured, possibly a vicious, nurse-maid. But even mothers often think baby, just promoted to a high chair at the table, too young to learn manners. No greater mistake could be made. The little, plastic mind is just in the right condition to easily receive and retain impressions.

Why not, then, teach baby the use of fork and napkin as well as of spoon? To take its food and drink carefully and neatly, and not to play with it? It is really just as easy, if it is taught from the very first. Baby very soon learns to trot up to have his bib tied on or taken off; he will learn quite as quickly other neat habits. A little table-pan to slip upon the table at baby's place to guard against accidents, a thick, large bib to protect the clothes, and he is equipped for his first lessons. A gentle word from mamma now and then, a little showing, and as quietly and surely as the leaf unfolds in the sun, the little one acquires his new education.

Many mothers make their first blunder in "waiting till baby is older." Never wait a day after he first puts his own spoonful of food to his mouth. He is ready that day to begin.

I have often been a guest at the table

where a baby was an unmitigated nuisance from first to last. It has screamed for what it must not have, and refused to accept anything else. It has kicked, and clutched, and slopped and spread, until it had to be borne off by force, to the great relief of those left behind. At a minister's table I saw their little child two years old take spoonfuls of her own much mixed plateful of food and transfer it to her mother's plate and the reverse, try to put her spoon into her mother's mouth, and rub it into her face and upon her hair and clothing, and receive almost no attention for the performance; certainly nothing definite enough to cause her to think she was doing anything wrong—"Oh! don't, baby!" being the extent.

Another child, a boy three years and a half old, whom I often see, knows nothing of fork, napkin, or neatness. His clothing, chair, face, and the table as far as he can reach is a sight to take away the appetite of any one having the misfortune to sit at the same board. He has his tea and coffee—and his own way! Yet his mother is one of the paragon housekeepers! I hope she will learn something before she has *ten*—our grandmother's number.

Now, my children are not more tractable or easily taught than others. They are active and mercurial. So I know that others may be as easily managed as they. Therefore let me say without egotism, that at eighteen months of age my little ones were no annoyance at table, and at two years are no more likely to do disorderly things than are their elders. They use spoon, fork, napkin, glass, and proper dishes—not yet a knife—as readily as they ever will, and make neither slops nor spots, nor *ever* touch, from the first lessons, any article not belonging to their own place, nor have them placed out of reach. And let me add one thing more—this has been accomplished, and may always be, without

a cross word, a blow, or any other means except quiet teaching and showing, the only punishment being to draw the high chair back from the table at any misdemeanor until baby was willing to try again.

Pardon my reference to my own children as examples; doubtless many others have succeeded as well, and all may—but we speak best from experience and practice, not mere theory.

S. P. S.

BOYS AND GIRLS.

WRECK AND HIS MASTER.

WRECK was a beautiful black and white spaniel, and he belonged to Jack. Perhaps some may think Wreck an odd name for a dog, but Jack did not think so, and as he was his property it did not matter to any one else what he was called. I question much if ever boy bestowed such an amount of affection upon a dog as Jack did upon his spaniel. And yet he had only had his pet about six months and did not even know his past history. Jack's father was a fisherman, and his home was on the coast of the Baie des Chaleurs (which separates the northern shore of New Brunswick from the Province of Quebec), on a large common, a short distance below the little town of New Carlisle, where a great many other fishermen lived also who were not any better off than Jack's father. But they did not all drink as he did, so their houses were not all quite as wretched as the poor little cabin close to the water's edge which Jack called his home. He could remember days when he thought himself very miserable indeed, but now that he had Wreck he considered himself a fortunate boy. For did he not love his dog? And did not his dog love him? Yes; he was sure of it! Could the gentle spaniel have spoken he could not have said so more plainly than he did when he would poke his pretty white nose up into his master's face looking so full of sympathy. Jack could talk to him and he knew he understood and would have answered if he could. Jack had no one else to love now. It was almost a year since his mother died, and

he was left to get along as best he could with his father, of whom, even when sober, he stood greatly in awe. The loss of his mother, the only person who had ever cared for him, seemed to leave his life a blank, and he was still grieving over this blow when Wreck came to him. One day in a great storm at sea a vessel had been wrecked on a dangerous part of the coast not far from where Jack lived, and several lives lost, but among the things picked up by the boats which were sent out to the rescue was this little spaniel, who had been taken up when quite exhausted by swimming, and when the land was reached, thrown on the beach as dead, where it lay unnoticed amid the bustle and confusion until discovered by Jack, who was there, like the rest of people for miles around, to see what was going on. A wretched looking object the poor dog was then, but Jack, naturally tender-hearted, was moved with pity at the idea of his being left there, and he carried him off, thinking he would bury him the next day. However, by the time he reached home, the dog, warmed probably by the pressure of the boy's arms about him, began to show signs of returning life, to Jack's great surprise and delight. He took him into the little cabin, and covering him up to protect him from the cold, proceeded to kindle a fire, pausing occasionally to listen, for he well knew what the consequence would be if his father was to return and find him wasting their scanty supply of fuel. But anxiety for the dog made Jack brave, and the chances of his father returning home that night were extremely small, for he was a good

sailor, and had been one of those chosen to assist in the boats, and when all was over, Jack could guess pretty well where he would go. So he continued his operations and in a short time had a bright fire, to which he moved his charge with very good effect, for the dog seemed to revive when he felt the heat.

Jack rubbed him dry with as much skill as though he had been accustomed all his life to resuscitate half dead animals, and then looked about for something to give him to eat; but, alas! food of any kind was none too plentiful there, and as for milk, which he felt would be the thing, they never saw it at all. "Poor little fellow!" Jack said, stroking his head and getting in return a feeble movement of the dog's tail, "what will I give you?" He went to the cupboard, as did Mother Hubbard of old, and his search was scarcely more successful. There were only a few cold potatoes and a piece of herring, the two staple articles of food among the fishermen on the Baie des Chaleurs. Herring, he felt, was not the food for a sick dog, so he softened some of the potatoes, warming them at the fire, and succeeded in getting him to taste them; he then offered him some water, of which the poor creature drank greedily and appeared much better for it. From this time Wreck improved rapidly, and as he grew stronger Jack was astonished at his beauty.

He was never tired of admiring him, and every day became more attached to his new friend. To be sure, he had much to put up with on Wreck's account, but he would have endured almost anything in order to keep him. In the first place, he was obliged to conceal him from his father, for he knew he would not be allowed to keep a dog when they had little enough for themselves to eat; so he made a small box which he placed in an out-of-the-way spot in the house, and Wreck, who was really a very wise little dog, soon learned that he must hide himself whenever Jack's father was in the house. It is wonderful how much a dog can be taught to understand, especially when he loves his master! And yet Jack was in constant dread at first all the time his father was at home, but he found Wreck was to be trusted. Fortunately for them both, the hours spent by Jack's father in the house were not many. At times he would be

away for days together on a fishing excursion, leaving his son to manage as well as he could alone. Another thing that troubled Jack was getting food for his dog. It was evident that he had been accustomed to better fare than his master lived on; in all probability he had belonged to some lady who had perished with the ill-fated vessel. However this may have been, Jack found that he would no more partake of herring in health than in sickness, and it was only when extremely hungry that he would eat potatoes. The boy saved all the bread he could get for him, never even tasting it himself, that the share set aside for Wreck might be larger.

Then again the poor boy was much oppressed with a fear that his pet might be stolen from him, for every one who saw the dog admired him, and the first time he appeared in public Jack had had many questions to answer as to where he had got him, some even accusing him of having come by him dishonestly; and once or twice he had been asked to sell him.

But no offer could induce Jack to think of such a thing, and he was never more pleased than when people would stop to look after the dog and make remarks on him.

Jack did not go to school. He had done so during his mother's lifetime, and, being clever at learning, had picked up a good deal of knowledge for the short time he attended; but now he had no clothes fit to go, and even if this obstacle had been removed, he was obliged to spend all his time providing for the wants of the house, for of late his father was not to be depended on for supplies.

Frequently he would go off on a fishing trip without troubling himself whether there was any food in the house for his son to subsist on or not, and the boy understood him too well to remind him of his wants. He was accustomed to run around looking for odd jobs of work, which often gained him a meal, or brought in enough to purchase a small loaf of bread. At a short distance below the common were two large fishing firms which gave employment to many hands, and here Jack generally could get something to do in the way of running errands, etc. It was a strange life for the poor little boy, but he had been used to help-

ing his mother and doing what he could to supply her wants, although his father had never been so neglectful when she was alive as he had been since. So Jack had plenty to occupy his time. He never grumbled, for the good reason that there was no one to listen to him, but sometimes after his mother's death he would shed a few solitary tears when he was very hungry. Since Wreck had been with him though, everything seemed changed; it was astonishing how much happier his life was.

Now he had a double motive in earning money, for his dog should have the best food he could get for him. If he was successful, he and Wreck would have a gay feast, and if not, the dog was there to listen to his troubles; and very wise he would look with his little head on one side, as though he understood all about the matter. But it was not often that Wreck went hungry, for when Jack was sent on errands to different houses, and his dog was admired, he would make him perform many little tricks which he had taught him, and in return people would throw the dog something to eat, never guessing that his master was quite as hungry as he was. But Jack never spoke of that: his mother had taught him to depend on himself, that he had no right to expect anything for nothing; and he was only too happy to see Wreck fed. One day he chanced to overhear a remark made by a young lady to her companion, who had pointed out Wreck, saying what a pretty dog he was.

"Yes," she answered, adding sarcastically, "it's a pity he has such a disreputable looking owner," glancing at Jack, but not thinking he heard her.

The boy's face flushed very red with shame.

"Was he like that? What would his mother have thought to have heard him spoken of so?" for she had been most particular that he should always try to look decent, even if they were poor. He had forgotten in his anxiety for his dog about himself.

He rushed home very fast, and the first thing he did was to hunt up the only piece of looking-glass the place afforded. What a sight! Jack blushed as he looked, for the thought occurred to him that perhaps Wreck was ashamed of him—and

he was so handsome himself that it would be no great wonder if he was ashamed of such a master. You will be inclined to smile at this idea, my readers, but remember that Jack regarded the dog as his friend, and the only one who cared how he looked. The image reflected in the little glass was certainly not very attractive, for though the face was naturally bright, it had a neglected look, and the mass of rough, tangled hair which tumbled over it half-concealed any good features that might have been there; then his clothes were ragged and torn in the extreme.

The result of this investigation was, Jack paid a visit to the barber in New Carlisle that very day, and in return for several little services he persuaded him to cut his hair, which made a vast improvement in his appearance.

He also resumed a habit he had dropped, of bathing in the bay whenever the weather would permit. As to his clothes, he could do nothing.

There was an aunt, his father's sister, who lived in one of the cottages on the common, and sometimes washed his things, but she had a large family of her own, and he felt it would be of no use to ask her to mend for him.

"If we could only make enough to buy a new jacket, old doggie!" he said to Wreck, who wagged his tail and looked ready to assist in any scheme which his little master might propose in order to obtain the desired garment. Things went on in this fashion until one day it occurred to Jack's father that his son might as well be of some use to him, and he ordered him to be ready to accompany him the next time he went to fish. Jack was quite taken by surprise.

What was he to do? Not that he disliked the idea of going, for he had all the love for the sea which a boy born and brought within sight of it feels, but there was Wreck to be considered. What to do with him was the trouble. He could not go with them, and he would starve if he was left alone. He endeavored to change his father's mind by representing to him that there would be no one to look after the house if they were both away, but to no purpose. His father stared at him in surprise that he should offer opposition to his wishes and declared that the house would not run away; he must be getting pretty

lazy to make excuses of that sort; it was time he did something useful.

There was no help for it, and Jack began to rack his brains for some means of providing for his dog. He might leave him at his aunt's, but she would be sure to tell his father, and then there were so many children there that poor Wreck would certainly be half killed among them.

Jack never forgot that Wreck was a delicately brought up dog, and not accustomed to the hardships of a fisherman's life.

After much consideration he decided upon asking a kind-hearted old man and his wife who lived three doors from them to take charge of his pet. But they were very poor, and Jack knew that they could not afford to give bread to his dog, so that when they at once agreed to look after him, he was ashamed to mention Wreck's peculiarities, and felt he could do no better. They were away for three days, and all this time poor Jack worried about his dog, and acted, as his father said, "like a good-for-nothing." The boy did his best to help, but he was new at the business, and his heart was not in his work, so that he was not sorry to hear his father say he should stay at home for the future if he could do no better than that.

It was almost dark when they came to shore on the evening of the third day, and the father allowed Jack to go home while he went to see about the disposal of the fish, saying he would get his supper at the nearest tavern. Jack's feet flew over the ground, never stopping until he reached the house where his thoughts had been for the last three days. In a few moments he had Wreck in his arms, who seemed overjoyed at the sight of him.

"But, ma laddie," the old man said, "he's fretted for ye; we could'na get him to eat naught." Ah! Jack's fears were true, then. He thanked the old couple for their kindness, and carried his dog quickly home, talking to him, petting and caressing him all the way, and telling him what a good time they would have together. It was a cold, bleak night, and Jack hurried to build up a fire in the desolate little dwelling, but the wood appeared damp and it was some time before he could get it to burn.

When he looked round for Wreck, he

found he had gone to his box and lay there shivering without making any movement to get up when he was called. Jack brought him to the fire and tried to coax him to play, but without success. "He must be hungry," the boy thought, "and what's left to eat?" running to the cupboard, as he had done once before when Wreck was in need. Alas! it was evident the poor creature was in worse condition now than he had been then, for he would not even lift his head to take a drink of water.

"He's sick, and he's going to die!" poor Jack cried, in great distress. "Oh! what'll I do?"

For a long time he worked with the dog, trying to warm him and get him to taste something, but Wreck lay quite still now with his eyes shut. Again Jack thought of milk, as he had done before, but this time he determined that he must get some or Wreck would certainly die. He took off his ragged little coat and spread it over the dog, moving him to his old hiding place, and telling him to stay there and he would bring him some milk, he rushed out into the dark, cold night.

In a very cozy little apartment the same evening a young man sat looking over some accounts, but to any one watching him it would have been evident that his task was a self-imposed one, for he whistled softly while he worked, and frequently stopped altogether and gazed into the bright fire which he had burning on account of the chilliness of the evening. This was Walter Durante, the head book-keeper in one of the fishing firms in Paspebiac. Any one who knew him might have guessed that his thoughts were across the ocean with his friends, for he was from Jersey, as almost all the hands employed in the firms were. Presently he paused in his work and listened, for he thought there was some one at the door.

The faint knock was repeated. Walter rose and opened it, and there stood our friend Jack.

"Come in, my boy," he said. "Why, you're half frozen! Come to the fire," for Jack was shivering in spite of an effort to appear indifferent to the cold. "Did you want me, my lad?" Walter asked, wondering what brought such an odd looking little chap out at that hour.

"I wanted—please, could I do some

work for you?" Jack began, stammering a little as it struck him this was rather a queer time to ask for work.

"Work! at this hour of the night! or did you mean for to-morrow?"

"To-night," Jack answered in a low tone, for he had already met with several refusals, and his spirits were fast sinking. Indeed, it was all he could do to speak at all when he thought of poor Wreck all alone in his box.

"But what on earth do you want to work at night for? Are you getting so industrious that the day is not long enough for work?" and Walter laughed, for the fishermen along the coast are noted for their indolence and shiftless habits.

"I want to get money. I must have some milk right off!" Jack burst out at last, feeling that the time was passing.

"Are you so hungry?" Walter said, his face changing to a more sympathetic shade.

"It's not for me, it's for my dog; he's very sick and—" but Jack broke off for he could not bear to think of Wreck.

"Oh!" The young man gave a long whistle, and very nearly laughed again. He was hard-hearted enough to doubt this story, for it was no new thing to see boys as ragged as Jack running about, and to hear tales invented to gain money which sounded as clever as this one.

"Well," he said, after a pause, "I cannot find you anything to do at this hour, that's one thing certain."

"If I do the work to-morrow, will you pay me to-night?" Jack asked, reddening a little, for it was not like him to make demands of this sort, but he felt that it was his last chance.

Walter, of course, knew nothing of what was passing in the boy's mind, and thought to himself, "What an amount of brass the little rascal has got!" Aloud he said, "Why, that would never do; I never pay my men before they do their work."

"He'll die then!" poor Jack cried, turning his face to the wall and bursting into tears.

It was the outpouring of a storm of grief which had been gathering ever since he had carried his dog home, and discovered that there was something the matter with him.

Walter Durante began to feel some-

what embarrassed, and see that this was a case of genuine distress, and as his heart was none of the hardest, the sight of Jack's tears made him uncomfortable, to say the least.

He, thought, too of another boy about Jack's size, his young brother in Jersey, who had all the milk he wanted, and everything else too, for that matter.

"See here, my boy, is your dog really so sick? Suppose you bring him to me, and I will see what I can do for him! What's your name?"

"Jack Travers," looking up with a gleam of hope in his face.

"What! the little lad whose mother was buried last summer?"

Jack nodded, and said at once that he would run and bring his dog.

"But where do you live? Is it far?"

"Over on the common, but I'll not be a minute."

"A mile, if it's a step," Walter said.

"And are you going to run all that way and back in that state? Why, you've forgotten to put your coat on." Jack flushed, but did not speak, only prepared to go out.

"Here, stop a moment! take this!" catching up a heavy shoulder cape of his own, which was lying near, and putting it round the boy.

"It will do to cover the dog," he said, as Jack would have declined it, and the lad said no more, but looked up with a grateful smile, which caused Walter to reproach himself again for his mistake. When he was gone, Walter inspected the state of his own supplies, and produced a pitcher of milk and several articles of food, which he placed on the table in readiness for the return of his strange, new acquaintance. In a very short period, before he could have believed it possible, the boy was back with his burden.

"Put him here," Walter threw a soft skin on the floor by the fire, and helped Jack to unwrap him; then again a feeling of shame came over him when he saw the ragged little coat, which was still round poor Wreck, and understood why the child wore none.

"Hello! What a beauty!" as Wreck came to light. "It's no wonder you're anxious about him. He does look pretty sick too. What is the matter? Did he get hurt?"

Jack hesitated a little about explaining at first, but there was no help for it, and when he told of his absence from home he found he had to tell much more, and gradually Walter drew from him the whole story of Wreck's advent, even to the fact, unwillingly confessed, that it was often difficult to obtain food for him.

And as he examined the dog and listened to the boy, he wondered if there were many children on the coast like this one, who never seemed to think of his own wants.

"Well, cheer up, my lad!" he said, brightly, as he poured out a saucer of milk. "I dare say all he wants is something good. But tell me why you like to keep him when he gives you so much trouble? You could easily sell a dog like that."

"Oh! no," Jack cried out quickly, fearing Walter was about to offer to take him off his hands; and then he faltered, apologetically, "He's all I've got. There's no one else at home."

"No one else," echoed Walter; "do you mean to say you have no brothers or sisters?"

Jack shook his head.

"And who stays with you when your father is away?"

"Nobody; till Wreck came."

Walter did not give expression to the thoughts that were in his mind; he only bade Jack speak to his dog and see if he could make him drink.

After a considerable amount of coaxing, Wreck was made to understand that at length the good things of life were before him, and when he was induced to taste the milk he soon finished the saucerful.

Jack was delighted, and, forgetting that he was not alone, he began to caress his dog and talk to him in a style which enlightened Walter as to what his reasons were for keeping him. But when the young man cut some scraps of meat and told him to feed Wreck, his admiration for his host knew no bounds. "And now, my boy, I don't suppose you are a bit hungry yourself, but I want to get this plate of biscuits finished up to-night, and you might help me."

Biscuits! Jack remembered for the first time that he had tasted nothing since he came on shore with his father.

Walter poured out a glass of milk and insisted upon his eating all he could.

"So you keep the dog for company?" he said, helping himself to a biscuit to encourage the boy.

"Father's away most all the time," Jack said, seeming to think the remark called for some excuse.

"Why, you're something like I am. I've no company here, and sometimes it's pretty lonesome."

Jack looked up quickly at his host to see whether he was in earnest in making such a comparison, but Walter's face looked more serious than he had yet seen it. "Yes; but"—he stopped and looked round the comfortable apartment, with a glance which said a good deal.

"Ah! you think I have the best of it. Well, perhaps so, but comfort is not everything," he added, half to himself, with something which sounded like a sigh. "Why don't you put your coat on? I'm sure you cannot be any too warm here," when Jack finished his meal and went over to the dog to see how he was. The boy said Wreck would need it going home, and prepared to wrap him up in it.

"Oh!" Walter cried, "you can never take that poor little creature out again. It would be the death of him. You had better leave him here to-night, and he'll be all right in the morning." Jack looked at Walter in extreme perplexity. He, in his turn, began to doubt. What could he mean by making such a proposal? and he had been so kind, too! but Jack had had so many demands for the dog that it was small wonder if he was suspicious.

"What's wrong, my man? Are you afraid to trust me. I'll be as careful of him as if he was gold."

Jack looked a little ashamed, and asked if he could get the dog in the morning if he left him.

"As early as you please," Walter said, an idea of what the trouble was beginning to dawn upon him. While Jack was taking leave of his pet, Walter went to the door and looked out, and when he returned he said, "I don't like to let you go out in this weather. There is a dreadful storm coming up."

"I won't take long getting home," Jack replied, putting on the well-worn little coat, which made small difference to him

as far as warmth went, while Walter walked up and down the floor as if uncertain what to do, and at last said, "Will your father be at home when you get there?"

Jack shook his head, but did not speak. He was not fond of discussing his father's failings.

"And I suppose the house will be all cold and dark, and you propose to travel that distance with next to nothing on you in this storm! Well, you are a boy with some pluck, surely!"

"Oh!" Jack burst out, suddenly, "I do not care for that when you've been so good to Wreck!" and again Walter was treated to a smile of gratitude, which decided the point he had been turning over in his mind.

"Look here, Jack, I do not think it safe for you to go home to-night. If you can sleep on the sofa, you may stay here with me and take care of the dog. I can't be bothered looking after him in the night, you know," Walter said, trying to hide his kindness with a show of selfishness, and quite forgetting he had just promised that Wreck should have the best of care. But Jack was not by any means deceived, and his gratitude surprised the young man, after his slow acceptance of a shelter for his dog. He assured Walter that his father would not mind if he stopped away, and there was no reason why he need return, as the fire he had made was completely extinguished when he left, and finally repeated his offer of working on the morrow for his benefactor, and this time without any pay.

"Work for me!" Walter's laugh rang through the room as he caught the boy's meaning, and liked him all the more for his independent spirit. "Of course you will! I mean to get the worth out of you to-morrow, my lad, so you had better make the most of your bargain to-night."

And Jack laughed, too, for at last he felt happy and free from the cares which had burdened his mind, and, above all, the poor little desolate heart was beginning to feel a confidence in the only person who had shown him any real kindness since his mother's death. He forgot his shyness when he found his new friend was really interested in him, and before he went to bed that night he had related to

him the chief events of his lonely little life: how he had gone to school when his mother was alive, how he had missed her when she died, and how his great desire was to get some steady employment, so that he could buy some new clothes.

I think after that night Jack's worst struggles were over, for Walter liked the little lad, who in spite of his troubles had pluck enough to desire to improve himself, and he determined to do what he could to help him on. He began revolving in his mind the possibility of getting him some situation in the firm.

Could this be done, Jack's difficulty about clothing would be overcome, for there was a dress provided, which all the boys employed in the firm were expected to wear. But Walter knew it would be no easy matter. The boy's Canadian parentage would be against him, as well as the fact of his being the son of a fisherman, for too often, there, the children were trained to the shiftless habits of their fathers. And yet there were boys in the firm, Walter felt sure, who did not possess the sense of honor this little fellow had shown. He questioned Jack as to what he could do.

"I can work," the boy said, "when I can get anything to do."

"Yes; but can you work steadily, and keep at it, I mean? You know if I got you a place and you did not work well, what would people think of me for recommending you?"

Jack looked serious for a moment, and then he said, with one of his impulsive outbursts, which rendered it difficult for Walter to keep his countenance, so much in earnest was he, "If you'll find me a place nobody'll never be sorry they took me. You'll see I can work."

"And your father, what would he say if you had to be away altogether?"

"He would not care," Jack said, in a low tone.

Walter did not mention his scheme in case he might not be successful, but his heart was set upon it now, and he resolved to speak to the manager at once and find out if there was any chance for Jack.

With this purpose in view, he told him the next morning to remain where he was and look after Wreck until he should return and tell him if he succeeded in getting anything for him to do.

"You know," he said, excusing his thoughtfulness after his usual style, "I would not like to leave the place alone with a dog like that in it."

"Oh!" Jack cried, "I'm sure Wreck wouldn't touch nothing."

"Perhaps not, but still it is safer to leave you in charge."

He went at once to Mr. Le Marque, the manager, and told his story. He was a genial, kind-hearted gentleman, with whom Walter was somewhat of a favorite, and he listened patiently to all he had to say, only smiling once, and asking if he was sure he had not been taken in.

"No," Walter said, "I could not have the boy with me over night and not find out something of his character."

"Well, I trust you are right. What is his name?"

"Jack Travers, he calls himself. They live over on the common."

"Travers! Is it possible? Yes, it must be the same; that was where they lived. That accounts for any good the boy may have in him: he has got it from his mother. I knew her once; she was a good woman. Ah! Durante, she was not always a fisherman's wife! Poor thing! poor thing! to think of her ending her days there." He seemed much disturbed, and Walter longed to know more about the matter, but did not like to ask, and Mr. Le Marque went on: "I must see the boy! Yes, of course I will help him, even if he is good for nothing. Where did you say he was?" Walter explained, and added, if he was taken into the employ he would like to have him remain with him, if there was no objection to his doing so.

"No, certainly not; you are a good fellow, Durante, and I will see that it is no expense to you," Mr. Le Marque said, heartily. "What! is your time up?" as the young man looked at his watch and found he ought to be at his post. "Well, good-morning; I will not forget about the boy."

Walter had not time then to return to Jack, and for several hours he was kept busy at his desk; then he felt some one touch him on the shoulder, and there was Mr. Le Marque, with a queer smile on his face.

"Durate," he said, "will you go to your room and tell your young friend

to come to me; I want a word with him."

Walter found Jack playing with Wreck, who appeared to have quite recovered. He told him to go at once to Mr. Le Marque, hinting that there was good news for him.

"Why," Jack said, preparing to obey, "he was here just now."

"Who? Mr. Le Marque? then you have seen him?" he cried, in surprise. "Are you sure it was he?"

"Yes; and he wanted me to go with him then."

"To go with him! and why did you not go?"

"You said I was to stay here till you came," Jack said.

"O you silly child! did you tell him that? What would he think of you? I'm afraid you've spoilt your chances now!" recalling Mr. Le Marque's smile.

"Didn't you mean I was to stay?" Jack asked in a troubled way. "I thought you said that."

"To be sure I did," Walter replied, much embarrassed with the way Jack had innocently cornered him, and divided between amusement at the fidelity with which he had carried out his directions given in fun, and alarm lest he should have offended Mr. Le Marque. "Well, never mind," he said, "you must go at once to Mr. Le Marque. Come, I'll show you the way."

He did not see Jack again all through the day, although he thought a good deal about him and wondered what success he would have, but no opportunity occurred of leaving his work to find out. Even when he went to his lunch there was no sign of him; but that evening after the duties of the day were over, and he was thinking of going to make inquiries about him, there was a knock at the door, and in answer to his summons a boy came in.

A boy—but could it be Jack? Walter took the lamp from the table and held it very high, surveying him on every side.

"Hello!" he said; "who is this? I am afraid you will have to tell me your name. I have not met you before."

Jack blushed a great deal, and had he been in tatters, instead of the bran-new suit he wore, he could not have looked more ashamed.

"Did you say I was to stop here?" he asked, shyly. "Mr. Le Marque said so."

"Oh! it's Jack! Why, yes, my man, I want you here. But how did you get to be so grand? You must be in luck. I declare, I had no idea you were so good looking, Jack; but fine feathers make fine birds, they say, and it must be so. Well, you don't look as though you had grown any since the morning!" for he was surprised to see how much smaller the boy seemed in his new clothes, and for a moment a doubt crossed his mind as to how far such a child was to be relied upon. Just then Wreck came snuffing and smelling round his master, who, in his delight at seeing the notice he took of his new garments, forgot his embarrassment.

"He doesn't know me!" he cried out, reproachfully. "Why, old doggie, it's me. Don't you know me? You won't be ashamed of me any more," with a happy little laugh. Then he told Walter about the events of the day. Instead of being annoyed, Mr. Le Marque was much struck by Jack's refusal to leave what had been committed to his care, and at once decided that his conduct was sufficient proof that he was worthy of trust. He had gone with the boy himself to his father and offered to receive Jack permanently into the firm.

Travers was much surprised, but agreed at once, only too glad to get him off his hands, as he said, and the bargain was concluded.

Now came many happy days for Jack; and, indeed, I may say for Walter also, for he was a sociable fellow, who liked company, and not having been long in Canada, had made few friends, so that he soon grew fond of having Jack with him. He took up the thread of his neglected education, and the evenings spent in teaching the child came to be of much interest to him, for Jack was by no means a dull pupil, and his one great aim now was to please his benefactor.

There was nothing Walter could have suggested that he would not have tried to do; he was always on the lookout for an opportunity of showing his gratitude toward one who had been the means of bringing such a change into his life, for Jack, brought up in a school of hardship and trial, and living so much by himself,

had become grave and thoughtful beyond his years. Perhaps it was this that attracted Walter to him, and induced him to make a companion of one so different to himself.

However this may have been, they seemed suited to each other, and so faithfully did Jack forestall all Walter's wants, and so many were the steps he saved him, that the latter at last declared people would fancy he had hired him for a chore boy.

Nor did Jack forget his promise of doing his best in his new situation. He carried about with him the impression that Walter was responsible for the way he worked, and this thought was quite sufficient to stimulate him to great exertions, and "Durante's little lad," as he was called, came to be favorite with all hands. As to Wreck, he was not less happy; he still continued to be the light of his master's eyes, and grew more handsome than ever; always at Jack's heels, he soon became known far and wide.

One evening, about six months after Jack's good fortune, when Walter was relating to him, as he loved to do, stories of Jersey and his home across the sea, the boy informed him that his mother had once lived in Jersey, and sometimes told him about it.

"Why, Jack! and you never mentioned it before," Walter cried, in great astonishment, thinking of what Mr. Le Marque had said about Mrs. Travers not always having been a fisherman's wife. "You must have relatives over there, then, old fellow?"

"I don't know; mother never spoke of any."

"Of course," Walter said, "there must be some one, and when you've made your fortune you will have to go over and hunt them up. How would you like that?"

Jack thought nothing would be nicer, but stipulated that Walter should go too.

"I should think so! the idea of your going to Jersey and my staying here! No, indeed! we will go together. Some fine day we will sail away and leave Canada behind us, and then I can show you my home."

Thus they went on making bright plans for the future, which were destined never to come to pass, as far as one of them was concerned.

It was only the next day that Jack was sent with a message down to the wharf, where a vessel was being laden ready to set sail.

He had gone aboard and delivered his message and was about to return, threading his way skillfully through the accumulation of freight on all sides, and crossing the gangway just in time to avoid an immense barrel which came rolling down into the vessel. But poor Wreck, who, as usual, was close behind, was not so fortunate, for the great cask came with crushing force against him, at the same time knocking him over into the water.

Jack instantly plunged in after him, for he believed him to be injured and unable to help himself. There were plenty of spectators, and some laughing and cheering at the prompt manner in which the little fellow followed his favorite without showing the slightest sign of fear; but as all knew he could swim well, no one thought of danger to the boy. They stood watching for him to come to the surface, but it was some minutes before they caught sight of him, and then, to the horror of all, the water was dyed with blood, and it was evident the boy had lost consciousness. In a very short time he was got out, but he was insensible, and a deep wound was discovered on his head, which bled profusely; it was conjectured that he must have struck against some part of the vessel.

He was borne up to Walter Durante's room, and a physician summoned at once, who examined the wound and pronounced it most serious. He might recover his senses, but could not possibly get over the effects of the blow.

Poor Walter was completely stunned. He had become greatly attached to his little companion, who, with his grave, old-fashioned ways, had gradually slipped into the place of a friend, and it seemed impossible to realize that he was to lose him altogether. It was near evening when Jack showed signs of returning consciousness. Walter was watching by him and noticed the change at once. His first words were to ask for Wreck.

Thinking the truth would best satisfy him, Walter told him gently that the dog had not been saved; no one had thought of him. The boy was silent for a moment, and then he said in his weak voice:

"Am I going to die too?"

"I am afraid so, laddie," the young man answered, bending over the boy to hide his emotion, and calling him tenderly by the name he often used when especially pleased with him.

"Will I go to mother?" he asked again.

"I think so, my boy," Walter answered. "I am sure of it," as he remembered the life of hardship and continuous self-sacrifice which the child had led. He walked rapidly away to the window, utterly unable to control his feelings. When he returned he said, trying to speak lightly:

"You foolish boy! What made you jump into the water? Don't you know that dogs can swim far better than we can?"

"Yes," Jack said, earnestly, "but poor Wreck was hurt: he couldn't swim; he was all crushed." His eyes filled with tears at the remembrance, and Walter, fearing he would excite himself, hastily hushed him up, saying he must not talk any more.

All through the night Jack lingered, but most of the time he was unconscious. Walter had many offers of assistance, for all the hands were anxious to do what they could for the little fellow, who had become such a favorite in the firm, but he insisted upon attending to him himself. In the morning he was sensible of what was going on, and asked if Mrs. Morton would come and see him.

"Of course, laddie. Why did I not think of it?" Walter said, glad to have something he could do for his little friend, who was fast going away from him. Mrs. Morton was Jack's Sunday-school teacher. After he came to his new quarters she had found him out, and from that time he had always been in her class. Because she treated him kindly he immediately placed her with the few he held in great esteem. She came at once when she heard about the poor boy.

Walter also sent for Jack's father, thinking he ought to be told. He was able to speak to them both, and recognized Mr. Le Marque and some of the boys in the firm who came in to see him, but when the feeble little spark of his life went out, it was with his hand clasped in Walter's and his eyes fixed on the face of the one who had done so much for him.

And so finishes the story of poor little Jack and his dog. One found a grave in the waters of the bay; the other was buried beside his mother in the churchyard at Paspébiac.

And as to Walter Durante! The poor fellow scarce seemed to know what to do with himself, so wretched and unsettled did he appear, until one day Mr. Le Marque, in the kindness of his heart, asked him if he would like a trip to Jersey.

"I am obliged to send some one," he said, "and if you care to go, your situation will be open for you when you return."

Walter thankfully accepted the kind offer; but with him went the memory of the little friend who had grown so dear to him, and his future was all the better for the influence which the remembrance of the unselfish child-life exercised upon him.

PAULINE.

HOME CIRCLE.

REFRESHING BEVERAGES FOR SUMMER.

IF we are out of the range of the popular soda fountain of cities, we can manufacture some very wholesome and delicious beverages in our country homes.

Strawberry and raspberry vinegar, for instance, are exceedingly refreshing and palatable drinks in summer. They are easy to prepare, and if made with pure, strong cider vinegar, will keep indefinitely.

Take any amount of strawberries you can conveniently get, put them in a bowl, and pour over them enough vinegar to cover them. Sometimes strawberries, from being gathered over-ripe, or from being carried a long distance, become so soft that they are scarcely fit for table use. In this case it is a good plan to take them for strawberry vinegar. After letting the strawberries stand in vinegar twenty-four hours, squeeze them through a bag and pour the strawberry vinegar over a fresh relay of fruit. Let it stand twenty-four hours again, then strain the berries as before and pour the juice over a third supply of fruit. After straining a third time, you may bottle the strawberry vinegar, and it is ready for use.

Raspberry vinegar may be made by exactly the same recipe, and a similar preparation may be made of dewberries and

blackberries. The red Cuthbert raspberries, with a clear, light-colored vinegar, make an especially nice beverage.

Some housekeepers sweeten their fruit vinegars with the best white sugar, after straining the fruit a third time, but I think there is no occasion to add sugar until you prepare the beverage for drinking. Nothing could be more refreshing on a hot summer day than a pitcher of iced strawberry or raspberry vinegar. Allow about a wine-glass of the vinegar to each glass of the beverage.

Strawberry or raspberry acid may be made with water acidulated with tartaric or citric acid, two ounces of either of these acids to a quart of water, poured over three pounds of the fruit. Let it stand forty-eight hours, then strain the fruit and add fresh. Strain again after forty-eight hours and add a pound of white sugar to each pint of juice. Some housekeepers boil this preparation, whilst others make it cold.

A very refreshing and wholesome drink may be made of Jamaica ginger. Put about two teaspoonfuls to a goblet of ice and water, and sweeten it to your taste. If you should find yourself off in the country, "twelve miles from a lemon," you can make a very palatable drink of lemon vinegar. When you have lemons, peel them very thin, and put the peelings in a bottle or glass jar, and cover them

with cider vinegar. In a few days the vinegar will acquire very much the flavor of lemon juice and will make a very refreshing drink, mixed with ice water and sugar. Lemon vinegar is also very useful for flavoring.

Lemon beer may be made as follows: Slice several large lemons and lay them in a jar; add a gallon of hot water and a pound of white sugar. After the mixture has cooled off, add a teacup of yeast. Let it stand till it ferments and then bottle it.

MARY W. EARLY.

THE TABLES OF THE POOR.

THE heroines of the old-fashioned Sunday-school book sought to convert the poor by encouraging them to go to church in patched, shabby clothing, and frowning down any attempt at adornment in their homes. Poor women must be contented with their lot—bare tables or boards covered with dingy oil-cloth were good enough, provided they were clean. But we have changed all that. The modern heroine, charitably inclined, preaches a leveling upward, and delicately advises those who look to her for aid or counsel to improve their surroundings by every means possible. There is no other way of fostering self-respect.

In these days, it has become a difficult thing to advise. The so-called "poor" may know just as much as you do, and have better ideas on many subjects than you have yourself. But there does seem to be a class who need to be told, even if they may not absolutely require a second telling. I think I can suggest to a modern heroine a line of work among people of this order.

I once heard of several cleanly, industrious women who had never had such a thing as a tablecloth in their houses. They would have thought it extravagant to buy the linen, and it never occurred to them that they could have any covering for their bare boards—until, one fine day, a lady visitor suggested that they open and hem salt-sacks. Every woman of them all adopted the suggestion. The sacks, washed and ironed, were brown, certainly, but they were neat and clean, and quite an improvement over dingy boards or oil-cloth.

People so poor as this scarcely know the use of a napkin—but it is surprising how soon they learn. What wonder, then, if one made herself a set out of scraps of bagging, and another took a lot of little salt-bags for the purpose, carefully bleaching out the blue? Now, why cannot *you* take the good pieces out of your old tablecloths, cut them into squares, and give them to your washerwoman? Depend upon it, she will find some way to have them hemmed.

These very same people might have one or more sets of table-mats, if they knew enough to crochet plain stitch, with a bone hook. Very many Irish women do. They could use for this purpose the ordinary white string from the grocery-store, which in so many families is burnt or thrown away. But it will wash out as white as tidy cotton. I am not sure that this idea is altogether beneath *your* notice. But if you want rather better mats, at little or no expense, cut out a set of squares from coarse, brown coffee bagging, fringe them all around, and ornament them with a simple border in cross-stitch, in shaded red, brown, or black zephyr. You need not object, if your seamstress copies them. If you want them to do all the good of which they are capable, present a similar set at Christmas to each of the members of your Sunday-school class—particularly if they are mill-girls, or young married women who have been servants.

There are those who look upon the cheaper grades of silver-plated ware as something altogether contemptible, ranking them with paste diamonds and gilt jewelry. People who have them, say these critics, are hopelessly vulgar—there is nothing worse than pretending to be richer than you are. Of some of the larger pieces, I would think the same myself—but I cannot think it of knives and forks and spoons. Small articles of plated ware may be little less than means of grace. Have you ever thought of the difference made in the flavor of an article of food by a rough pewter spoon and one covered with a thin shell of a better metal? Are not steel forks sharp and barbarous? What poor dressmaker can spare the time required to polish steel knives to the degree of brightness without which they are absolutely disgusting? Who would not have a dainty little implement

in the sugar, salt, or butter, rather than a clumsy, rusty one? Besides, many people do not buy these things for the sake of pretension—but only to tide themselves gracefully along until they can afford something better.

So, then, do not find fault with your poorer relatives and friends because they spend their spare cash for low-priced sugar-shells, when, according to your judgment, they are in greater need of flannel petticoats and gingham aprons. Don't you know that the half-worn petticoats and aprons will answer, many times, when the dingy pewter spoon will not? Would you like to put one on your table for company? Then why should other people? How will the company ever get to know that the petticoats and aprons have been mended? Why not, then, at the next festive season, show your appreciation of somebody of refined instincts by presenting a butter-knife to match the sugar-shell, instead of the contemplated gingham and flannel? You may be sure that if the same somebody considers these last necessary, she will find a way to get them.

Some people, varying in degree from the very nice to the barely respectable—which classification may include the very rich or the very poor, without embracing those sufficiently instructed to guide others—may be trusted in their choice of silver or table linen. No matter how costly, no matter how inexpensive these may be, they are good of their kind, and judiciously selected. But the same people display a surprising lack of taste in their glass and china. Yet there is no reason why even the poorest should go astray.

You can tell them, by influence and example if not by word, that plain white ware looks very much better than china painted with a stencil. Some of the roses and gilt letters upon gift cups are hideous. Gold-band china is not elegant, as the gilding does not wear well. Unless a lady can paint, or is prepared to pay a good price for painted ware, she would do much better by having upon her table pieces absolutely plain. Remember this, if you are ever tempted to purchase a gorgeous plate or mug for your tenant's child.

Very fine majolica is made in this country. Some of the specimens turned

out by the pottery at Phoenixville, Pa., are beautiful. But, strange to say, as the superintendent himself told me, only the ugly designs are in demand. It scarcely pays to duplicate the pretty little sunflower plates, and individual butter dishes, representing tiny begonia, ivy, and geranium leaves. Now, if people only knew what they could get for a few cents, they could soon kill out the caricatures seen almost everywhere. It would then become more common to present a humble bride with a dozen perfect leaves in the way of little dishes than a pair of loud vases of the style peddled by the old clothes man.

Expensive colored glass is now imitated in low-priced grades. But some people do not seem to see that because it is colored it is not necessarily pretty—on the contrary, some of the greens and blues are positively ugly, while the yellows are not much better. The only shades that are at all bearable are a ruby and an amber, which are not found in the very cheapest kinds. Uncolored glass is by far the safer—even if it is not cut, it need not be coarse, and may be quite clear. Tell the woman who does your house-cleaning that with care even ordinary glass may be made to give the effect of pure crystal. She will practice the lesson in her own home.

Plated silver napkin rings are really objectionable. They are usually too heavy to look genuine, and the designs most sought for by the general public are far from artistic. But growing school girls, particularly the daughters of parents whose social position is uncertain, think they must have napkin rings, and only silver, or make-believe, will do. Why not tell them that many cultured families do not use them? I have seen a napkin ring made of a strip of India shawl; another of birch-bark, upon which was painted a spray of blossoms; another of embroidered canvas. The numbered sets of bone or enameled *papier-mache*, the odd ones of sandal or satin wood, are so neat and at the same time so genuine as to recommend themselves, even were expense no consideration. And now you have a hint of which you can make use on the birthdays of your pupils; teachers can often reach the doubtful classes better than any one else can.

Do you not begin to believe that the tables of the poor could be improved?

I have already advocated the use of flowers, wild or common ones rather than none. As to teaching the masses how to substitute a dainty *ragout* for a coarse hash, to turn the cold potatoes into salads, and to make soups and desserts from the scraps, I leave this task to more competent hands.

Before I close, I would like to ask, why are not the children in Homes better served at their meals? I have no doubt that any number of "lady managers" will see this. I hope to make my suggestions available for public as well as private charity. I do not know how *all* institutions are conducted, but in some that I have visited, the children eat from bare tables and tin plates, and drink from tin cups, as if they were supposed to be not much better than animals, to be fed from wooden troughs and watered from tin buckets. How can you expect the graduates of such asylums to be otherwise than coarse and vulgar if they are thus taught? Even if the majority of them can never be anything but servants, are they fit to serve refined families? And if some of them turn out to be princes and queens in disguise, is it fair to lay a single straw in their way by fastening upon them the slightest improper habit, of which they will be ashamed when they take their true position in society? I have been told that there is not much difference between a charitable institution for children and a boarding-school, but I have observed that the pupils of even the cheapest boarding-schools are required to bring a silver spoon and fork.

Surely, any institution ought to be able to afford low-priced tablecloths and napkins, plain white ware, inexpensive glass, plated spoons and forks, and celluloid napkin rings. The essentials are all there, let elaboration come later. Teach unfortunate children table manners as you would desire to have your own taught. Some of these very children may live to become honored guests at your own table some day, while the same may be said of those whom you have privately helped. Remember that, and you will probably have no need to blush for your company. I trust you never may.

MARGARET B. HARVEY.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENTS FOR THE FIREPLACE.

ONE summer day I went to make a call at the house of a neighbor. On being asked into the sitting-room, I burst into exclamations of delight and admiration as I looked at the fireplace. Instead of being hidden by a screen, it had a wooden box fitted into it, out of which grew beautiful ferns, whilst graceful vines trailed down the side of the box turned toward the room. The hearth was covered with delicate, feathery green moss, over which were scattered a few white pebbles and seashells. This arrangement was a hundred times prettier than the most elaborate screen, and the ladies of the family said they had not found it difficult to carry it out—of course, the ferns and moss had to be freely and frequently watered, moisture as well as shade being essential to the welfare of ferns and moss, but this only rendered the air in the sitting-room cooler and more pleasant in the heat of summer, though the moisture might have been objectionable in a bedroom. A pretty, old-fashioned way of adorning fireplaces in summer is to fill them with green asparagus boughs. These are really ornamental when they are covered with red berries. Boughs of ivy, too, look pretty, placed in a bucket of water. But if you cannot have anything fresh and green for your fireplace in summer, it is very easy to make a showy screen with the numerous pretty Christmas, Easter, and advertisement cards now in circulation. Take some dark or neutral shade of lining jeans or silesia to cover your screen with, as this makes a good background for the brightly tinted pictures. Any one with taste and a correct eye can group and distribute these so as to produce a pretty effect, and it is an excellent way to utilize your old Christmas and Easter cards, as well as pretty advertisement cards and calendar pictures. I have seen ladies make a nice little dressing-room in one corner of their chambers by means of a screen with two or three compartments fastened together by hinges and covered with bright, pretty curtain calico. In the inclosure made by this jointed screen they would place their washstand and bath tub, whilst around the top of the screen were hooks on which they could hang their clothing. This ar-

rangement is very desirable, both on account of its simplicity and its convenience. Any ordinary country carpenter could make the frame for this kind of screen in a few hours.

M. W. EARLY.

A RAMBLE IN THE WOODS.

DID you ever go to the woods for a whole day's ramble? It is restful, if you are mentally tired, to get away with a basket and trowel and a good old Botany with you. I often wonder why it is that more school-teachers do not avail themselves of this pleasure during their vacations, instead of spending the whole of the time in stitching on some trimming for the last new dress, or trimming up a new hat. One whole, long day in the woods would give them food for thought for many months, and would pave the way for many very instructive talks to their pupils when assembled after the vacation. I know whereof I speak, having tried it. There are so many beautiful things in the woodland world, that you can scarcely step without finding something lovely in fern or flower lying at your very feet. The simple unrolling of a fern frond is interesting to one in love with nature. And then the daintiest flowers come peeping from the ground. I have carried great basketfuls home to transplant to my "wild garden" in the shadiest part of the garden. The trelliums, erythroniums, dicentra cucularia, or "Dutchman's breeches," as we were wont to call them in our little-girl days, "shooting stars," and the beautiful moccasin flowers all transplant and grow very readily. Bloodroot is so lovely in early spring, and if you have transplanted a great many of the roots is a perfect mass of white blossoms for days. Then the leaves of so many of these wildlings are really beautiful. The bloodroot, is so pretty; so too is erythronium or adder's tongue, leaves very dark-green, spotted brown. I have never seen the yellow flowered, though the white and flesh tinted grows here in Iowa. I believe the yellow flowered is not to be found on the west of the Mississippi River. The bulbs of erythronium penetrate very deeply into the ground, and must be very carefully dug to secure good specimens

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and to insure their growth when they are transplanted. Always transplant into a soil as nearly like that from which the plant has been taken as possible. If not too far, have some of the wood's soil taken home; this will more surely insure the growth of the woodland flowers you have discovered in your happy, care-free wanderings on this April day. Even the dainty green moss at the foot of that towering oak is a temptation to use the trowel. Examine it closely; is it not delicate and wondrously fine and soft? Near by grow great clumps of nodding "blue bells," and further on a graceful maiden-hair fern. Lower down, on that bank, on the margin of that running brook, are immense "brakes," as they call them East, but they are only ferns of a coarser nature.

We gather great armfuls, take up some roots, fill the basket full to overflowing—wish we had another basket—and end by wishing we could carry home the whole bit of beautiful woods. A day spent in the lovely woods is never a day misspent; 'tis a day to be remembered long as a "red letter" one—one day filled to brim of happiness, pure and unalloyed.

Try a woodland ramble at any season of the year and you will not regret it.

HYACINTH.

AN EXPERIENCE LIKE UNTO PIPSEY'S.

PIPSEY'S papers on authorship have interested me much, especially now, that at this very moment a good little woman and a kind friend is *cool* with us because we gave our real and honest opinion concerning her idolized daughter's talent for writing for publication.

We see yet the flash of the black eyes as plainly as when we said, firmly, but tenderly:

"It is too much of an undertaking, and one cannot hope for success."

In answer came the contemptuously uttered—

"Don't you believe in helping young and struggling girls up to better things? And you carried off a prize some time ago, when cash prizes were offered for stories for young people."

Yes, I do believe in helping every-

body if possible, but—but—there are times when it is cruel to hold out false hopes of success to the untried young girl whom we *know* has not the first requisite of the requirements necessary to succeed in a certain undertaking.

First, this healthy, naturally modest, refined girl was our music pupil, and her father, an honest toiler, has never been able to buy a piano, though he could have paid for an organ, which was scorned as "too poor folksy."

In vain we talked of sweet melody and the capabilities in a parlor organ played by skillful hands. The truth is, there was no love of music in the soul, but an intense desire to sit at a fine rosewood piano and display plump, white hands, set off with showy rings.

Work is slack in this great city sometimes, and the unskilled laborer finds it difficult to find a "paying job," and Angelica was frantic to earn some money to buy a new bonnet and a wrap, and, if possible, rent a "pi-a-no." So, seeing a prize offered, several hundred dollars, for a *good* book for young people (religious, yet bright and winning), straightway Angelica and her mother came to us, showing us the notice.

"Oh!" said we, in our obtuseness, supposing they meant for us to try for that prize, "that's too much of an undertaking; it is a delicate as well as difficult matter to write good books that will interest lively, healthy young people. We haven't the spare time."

But the mother shortly informed me she thought that, "with a little help, Angelica could write an acceptable book, as she wrote a beautiful hand, and being a type-writer, could copy it in splendid shape."

"I'm sure," said Angelica, "that it will help me wonderfully if I copy it neatly in type-writing. I've often wondered that editors pay you—pay you—"

"Pay me for my pot hooks," we replied, thinking of the manuscripts we allowed her to copy for us, and it didn't please at all, the editor assuring us that it was "ideas that he wanted."

We explained to Angelica that the work she desired to do required a knowledge of so many things, besides being "smart in the head."

We knew that Angelica hadn't the

least idea of the style of work wanted, being the daughter of parents who seldom look inside a church and are wont to sneer at Sunday-school work, and the little woman knew nothing of love for others or for literature, as a magazine or newspaper had no charms for her, except when wanted to cover the pantry shelves or to do up her hair.

How often I had groaned in spirit when Angelica cabbaged my last magazine for curl papers.

"I've always despised to read, and it has so often vexed me to look at you with your nose continually stuck in a book," said Angelica, frankly, and then adding—"but I'm going to write now, as I see there's money in the business."

What could we say to the doting mother, who fondly believed her daughter could write just as well as a George Eliot. As we knew too well, if we urged any objections, we should be told that—

"We were envious, afraid of being eclipsed," and called "stingy, cranky, odd, queer, selfish, conceited, mean, hateful" and other endearing adjectives, but we spoke our real mind and said—

"You can have a clerkship in a dry-goods house, needn't go to work until half-past seven A. M., and be let off at half-past five P. M., and will be paid monthly twenty-five dollars. Accept it; save your money; buy fewer dresses, don't wear your nice blue surah one, and your green cloth down town through this deep mud, when your brown cloth and blue flannel ones are just the things for workdresses.

"Don't wear number two shoes on number four feet" and buy the thinnest of leather, narrow-toed concerns, which burst out in three weeks and would cramp a Chinese belle's feet.

"The work is not hard; salary sure; why not save up money for that coveted piano?"

"At least, lay by an amount sufficient to pay for envelopes, stamps, and paper that must be wasted before a publisher will 'take your book.'"

We were sorry to talk so discouragingly, as we mind the thrill of joy which filled our heart when we received word, one beautiful June day, that our simple story for girls had been awarded the prize.

But it wasn't the crisp check that made us glad, so much as the idea that *our*

words were thought by educated men and women to be worthy of a place in a periodical intended to make better the dear young people. If a thousand dollars were to be paid us to-day on the condition that we write something which would bewilder and trouble the young soul, or leave a doubtful moral, we could *not* write it. No! Again no!

Who can tell the lasting impression of stories read by the young or to them? When held in our mother's arms, we listened to stories told by T. S. Arthur, read aloud by my father, whose voice still sounds in my ear. Those stories linger yet in my memory. His willful girls and boys, and the gentler, more lovable ones, are acquaintances never to be forgotten.

Even humble scribblers like myself need to think well before they attempt to write.

We recall another friend, who for two months teased us "to help her get started into writing for the press." While we feel that we are *not* talented or capable of helping anybody, we could but wonder that our married friend, who was entirely too neat and clean to have around newspapers, and despised reading, and could not spell correctly the simplest words, would dare dream of getting even small pay for the manuscripts she could write.

We could not say "Yes, write," even when she offered to "give me *half* of her first earnings," which was a condescension, as my lady was proud, and thought me a "poor body," who had to work for a living.

But I meet those who ought to write; they love literature, and it's their work. A young boy friend working for a pittance as errand boy comes to me often to read my "books," and I say to him, "Read, study, write, when you have time." Poor lad! his time is not his own, schooling is denied him, but the intellect does not lie dormant; he has a future, we feel sure of it.

God help the poor women who feel that they must earn money, and that writing is "genteel, easy work." We find that plain, common-sense articles command more money in this day than love poetry.

ELLA GUERNSEY.

WHAT SHE DID.

MANY stories are told of the courage of the women of that early generation who first broke ground in the forests of Pennsylvania and Virginia. They were in constant peril from wild beasts and from hostile Indians, but with heroic patience endured hardships, labor, and disease.

An example of another kind of courage is preserved by the descendants of Christiana Dickson, the wife of one of the first settlers of Erie County, Pennsylvania. She was a small, blue-eyed, low-voiced woman, extremely timid by nature; on only one point she was resolute; she had a horror of drunkenness.

She lived in the days when the use of liquor was universal. Whisky was as common a drink as water among these hardy, hard-working pioneers. A temperance or abstinence society was unheard of.

But when her sons were born, she resolved, as far as she could, to put a stop to whisky-drinking in her home. Her husband being absent from home, her brothers called for the help of the neighbors, according to the custom of the time, to put up a barn needed on her farm. They all assembled and went to work, while she prepared a great dinner. After an hour or two, whisky was asked for. One of her brothers came to the house for it. She refused to provide it, to make her friends drunk.

Her other brothers, and at last an elder in the church, came to reason with her; to tell her that she would be accused of meanness. Without a word, the little woman went out to the barn, and, baring her head, stepped upon a log and spoke to them in a faltering voice:

"My neighbors," said she, "this is a strange thing. Three of you are my brothers, three of you are elders in the church, all of you are my friends. I have prepared for you the best dinner in my power. If you refuse to raise the barn without liquor, so be it. But before I will provide whisky to give you, these timbers shall rot where they lie."

The men angrily left the work and went home; the little woman returned to the house, and for hours cried as though her heart would break. But the next

day every man came back, went heartily to work, enjoyed her good dinner, and said not a word about whisky.

Afterward the use of whisky at barn-raising was discontinued in the county. Her sons grew up strong, vigorous men, who did good work in helping to civilize and Christianize the world; their descendants are all of a high type of intellectual and moral men and women. If she had yielded this little point, they might have degenerated, like many of their neighbors, into drunkards and spendthrifts.

Our stout-hearted pioneer forefathers redeemed the land and drove out the wild beasts and serpents; but there are still vices and malignant customs to be conquered, and for the work we need women of high souls and gentle spirits, like Christiana Dickson.

DEPRESSING PEOPLE.

THERE is nothing easier to do on earth than to speak pleasant, comforting words, and to carry a smiling, cheerful countenance. And in all life there are but few things with a stronger and sweeter power than these simple agents.

Notwithstanding this, there is a large class of people scattered over this world who delight in saying the most doleful things, and whose faces rival in gloom the dreariest winter day that was ever recorded.

If they see one in trouble they are sure to increase it by making gloomy predictions as to their sorrow. If they enter a sick-room they discourage the patient by making the worst of his symptoms, and by reciting similar cases of which they have known where death ensued. The influence they produce on others is much the same feeling that one experiences when going into a dark, moldy cellar. They view life only through colored glasses, and very dark ones at that. Their favorite subjects of conversation are of sickness and death, of disasters, sorrows, and trouble of some kind.

It was once my ill-luck to live near neighbor to a person of just this character. She was of such a sombre nature that the rising of a thunder-cloud was but little more depressing than her presence.

Her face, in consequence of her gloomy thoughts, was a most perfect picture of doleful misery. A dash of cold water on one in the winter-time would compare fitly with the effect of her conversations.

On one occasion she entered the sick-room of a young mother, who but a few days before had clasped her first babe to her breast. The delicate little mater was not "doing well." Unfavorable symptoms had appeared. When this gourmand of gloom learned of this, the corners of her mouth dropped lower, she shook her head, and gave vent to a deep-drawn sigh.

"Your symptoms are awful bad," she said, addressing the sufferer. "It's just the way my brother John's wife was taken after her third baby came, and she died in just two days. And Marie Mitchell was took in just the same way. She lived a week afterward; but lo! how she did suffer. Now most folks have a way of deceiving sick people and making them think they're better than what they are. But I aint one of that kind. I believe in letting any one know just how they are. When my last hour comes I want to know it."

I, who sat by the side of the young mother, saw the pale cheek grow still paler at these cruel words. The speaker might almost as well have stabbed her. The precious young life, drawn so near to the border of death, was so keenly sensitive to every influence, that whatever depressed her feelings in the least lessened her chances of living. Yet this indiscreet and melancholy person was so accustomed to making doleful speeches she did not hesitate to blurt them out on this occasion.

I well remember a visitor who once called in my own sick-room. I had been in frail health for a long while and suffered from a complete loss of appetite. On this day, the nurse caring for me had prepared some figs in a most tempting way for my diet. The subject of preparing figs arose between my nurse and the visitor, when the following needless and disgusting remark was made by the latter. "Figs are good for other use than eating," she said. "I used a great many with mother before she died. She died of cancer in the breast. Oh! such a can-

cer as that was! It ate away all the flesh. Well, I stewed the figs and split them open and laid them on the raw flesh, and 'twould ease the pain."

And then followed a description of that cancer and the sufferings therefrom, until my own sick body recoiled from hearing more on the painful subject. As for the figs, they were never tasted, and to this day I never see a fig that that woman's story does not come to my mind.

Disagreeable such persons are in all times and places, but in a sick-room they are positively dangerous. A very sick person is peculiarly susceptible to influences. Remarks that would be wholly unnoticed while in health would make a weighty impression on one enfeebled by disease. And so close is the relation between the mind and body that the most serious harm might result from anything that depresses the mind.

A gentleman of my acquaintance who suffered long from chronic disease said once, that during his illness the announcement of the names of certain persons would send a depressing chill over him. And always after a visit from one of them he suffered an unfavorable change. They would catechise him closely in regard to his feelings, and his bad symptoms were dwelt on as though his death would really have been a consolation to them.

While sitting in an assembly once, in company with a lady friend, my attention

was attracted to a couple, but little past middle life, whose faces, as perfect specimens of gloom and misery, deserved a place in a museum. I called the attention of my companion to the remarkable sombreness of their countenances, when she observed, "Those are old acquaintances of mine, and it seems an impossibility that thirty years ago that man was one of the handsomest and pleasantest looking men I ever saw. But he married a living hypochondriac of gloom. His wife never saw but one side of life; that was the black side. Her only pleasure is in something doleful. A laugh would be as much out of place on her face as would a dance in a graveyard. I have often compared her influence to the constant dripping of water that will in time make an impression on stone even. Her continuous gloom has so stamped itself on her husband that he has become almost as sombre as she is."

Life at the best is seldom free from trouble in some degree. And the most of lives are heavily burdened with sorrows of some kind. So why need any one throw a cloud over another heart by so much as giving a gloomy word or look! Let our presence in life be that of sunshine and not as a shadow. If we open our eyes and hearts to the cheerful things in life we will be sure to find them. And if we let our minds dwell only on gloomy thoughts, we will in time become as disagreeable and morose as a church-yard spectre.

NELLIE BURNS.

HOUSEKEEPERS.

MY LUNCH PARTY.

WILL and I decided we could not do better than follow the example of our great grandparents, and marry for love, not waiting until the bloom of youth was gone, heaping up riches which we might never be able to enjoy, but in the good old-fashioned way, quietly and modestly, start on the journey of life together.

My husband's income was exactly fifteen hundred dollars a year, and we resolved not only to keep from incurring debt, which is ever a destroyer of happiness, but to annually save three hundred dollars toward the home we wanted to call our own some day. Besides, there was our church and benevolent requirements, and we determined to lay aside yearly for these purposes one-tenth of Will's income. This being added to the amount we had decided to save, left us about a thousand dollars to meet all other expenses.

But we were young, and so much in love with each other it seemed easy to accomplish. Now, looking back, through this, our first closed year of married life, it has fulfilled, even having gone beyond, our expectation.

We concluded at once to enter upon housekeeping, knowing that our ancestors held boarding-houses in abhorrence, and we would be wise to copy the example of our elders. Besides, our wedding gifts had been not only numerous, but both costly and practical, and we wanted to establish them in a home.

Dame Fortune favored us here, for a daintier, prettier setting up of housekeeping than ours could never be found.

Will was fond of good living—all men are—and how I did exert myself to have

our table satisfactory, not only for my husband, but for occasional friends whom, sometimes unexpectedly, he would bring home.

I would often smile when praise would be lavishly bestowed on some new dish, the direct outcome of my own brain and the left overs of one or two days before. For I, possessing the housekeeping pocket book, watched with zealous eye the coppers, and would not allow them to follow each other too rapidly. So doing, all went merrily.

But during the month of May a desire seized me to entertain some of my dear, good friends at my own lunch table, before, later, they would scatter for the summer outing. So thinking, invitations were sent to nine ladies, making with myself ten people for which to provide, in a much more sumptuous way than my frugal lunch generally appeared.

No sooner were the invitations out, than I was filled with dismay over what seemed useless extravagance. But knowing how much I wished to see them, and how deeply indebted I was to each, I put the thought of extravagance away and determined to serve them a lunch which would be both pleasing and economical.

The appearance of the table was my special pride. And my grandmother's marriage gift being all the most fastidious could wish in the way of dining linen, I selected a spotless cloth and napkins to match, all of which, having been well laundered, gave satisfaction.

It was blossom time, and an out-of-town friend only the day before the lunch party had sent me a large quantity of apple-blossoms, which I guarded carefully. On one of the top shelves of a closet I resurrected an ornamental basket, which, filled with flowers, had been among my wedding

gifts. This now did service for the apple-blossoms, and was placed in the centre of the table, on either side of which and at proper remove was a low pink glass dish filled with some of my own confectionery.

My husband was quite a florist in an amateur way and had met with particularly good success in the early flowers, so I gathered pansies, tulips, violets, and lilies in profusion for the ladies' corsages, which, added to the fairy lights, cut glass, and silver, all wedding presents, made my table indeed attractive.

The summer before, on leaving the mountains, I had brought with me a quantity of birch bark. This I had prepared to serve the purpose of lunch cards, decorating a little with water colors. They each bore the name of the lady for whom destined, and the following suggestive poem:

"Spring is growing up;
Is not it a pity?
She was such a little thing,
And so very pretty!
Summer is extremely grand;
We must pay her duty.
(But it is to little Spring
That she owes her beauty.)

"Spring is growing up,
Leaving us so lonely!
In the place of little Spring
We have Summer only—
Summer, with her lofty airs
And her stately paces,
In the place of little Spring,
With her childish graces."

My friends were kind enough to give sweetest words for these favors, saying they were souvenirs to keep always.

Our menu was:

	Tomato Soup.
Creamed Oysters.	Crackers.
Lamb Chops, Breaded.	Green Peas.
Fried Chicken.	Bermuda Potatoes, au Naturel.
	Asparagus on Toast.
Lettuce Salad.	Crackers and Cheese.
Ice-Cream.	Sponge Cake.
Strawberries.	Coffee.

All of this was served as well as my one maid was able. The courtly grace and sprightly conversation of my dear friends covered whatever blunders or waits there may have been, so that even I, the anxious hostess, felt that the lunch party had indeed been a complete success,

while the loving kindness of the parting words which later came repaid me a hundred fold for whatever care had been mine, and made me question why all matrons do not oftener entertain.

The following recipes are inexpensive and among those used:

TOMATO SOUP.—Pour boiling water over twelve tomatoes, allowing them to stand twenty minutes; they will then be easily peeled. Cut up, throwing aside the cores. To this add two potatoes and one onion, all sliced. One small teaspoonful of soda. Cook till well done, then rub through a sieve. After which, return to the pot, allowing it to boil up, and skim. This being done, add one pint of cream, one cup of bread-crumbs, a piece of butter the size of an egg, pepper and salt.

I am indebted to an old lady for the recipe for creamed oysters; being in rhyme, it is easy to remember, and can be divided and subdivided, according to the quantity needed:

"One quart of sweet cream, fifty oysters in shell,
Butter, pepper, and salt to season them well.
Let the oysters in just their own liquor get hot,
But the cream you must heat in a separate pot.
When sufficiently cooked, skim, then carefully
fish
Out each succulent oyster and lay on a dish
To keep hot. Then the liquor and sweet cream
combine,
And thicken with cracker crumbs, powdered
quite fine.
Add the oysters, and season, then taste, and
you'll feel,
I'm sure, that this recipe's worth a good deal."

LETTUCE SALAD.—Cut up young lettuces; pile loosely in a salad bowl; sprinkle sparingly with powdered sugar. Pour over the same one-third as much oil as of vinegar, using judgment regarding pepper and salt. Mix all thoroughly together, and serve as soon as possible. It looks very attractive for the hostess to prepare this on the table.

SPONGE CAKE.—Beat half dozen eggs and one teacupful of granulated sugar thirty minutes. Then add a cup of flour, sifting in, and stirring slowly. Use half a teaspoonful of essence of lemon. See that your pan is well buttered, and bake from half to three quarters of an hour.

EMMA J. GRAY.

GOOD MANAGEMENT; OR, HOUSEHOLD ECONOMY.

THIS is so important a part of a woman's character, so necessary to her daily comfort, and so essential to the performance of the proper duties of a wife and mother, that it really ought to take the first rank in all the affairs of life.

It is not only an art, but a virtue to be a good economist, and yet so many persons are sadly deficient in the knowledge of household expenditures.

In fact, it is often neglected wholly in a young lady's education, and she is sent from her father's house to govern a family without the least knowledge of that which should best qualify her for the position, and although experience and attention may somewhat supply the want of early instruction, she may leave on the mind of her husband too strong an impression of inefficiency at the onset, ever to be entirely eradicated by any after effort.

The first and greatest point is to lay out a general plan of living in just proportion to one's position, for with right principles the danger of spending beyond the income often involves serious distress of mind.

No person can enjoy any degree of affluence unless they lay their plans considerably *within* the income, for where there is a growing family it is an absolute duty to put aside something every year, be it ever so little, to provide for the contingencies that *must* arise in a man's business life, as well as in the home.

It is a great pity that so few men acquaint their wives with the real state of their business affairs, for when not done, how can they expect that the wife be answerable for more than is intrusted to her? But we sincerely believe that a more free consultation on what *ought* to be a theme of *mutual* interest, where the husband sees his wife ready and desirous—if necessary—to give up her share of the vanities and indulgencies of life, would bring about a readiness to listen to helpful suggestions, which in nine cases out of ten would greatly promote the common good of the family.

Regularity of payments and accounts is most essential to good economy. All *housekeeping* bills should be paid at least once a week, and others semi-yearly if

possible, if not, once a year. If long trust is solicited, the charges *must* of necessity be higher, or the persons traded with be the losers. If people of means would only consider this they would often save the downfall of such tradesmen, which sometimes happens from sheer negligence and nothing else.

One must acquire skill in purchasing, too, to carry on a house well. In order to do this they must begin to know the price of things as soon as they stand at the head of a household, if they have not before—distinguishing the good from the bad, or, in other words, their *real* value.

In dress and table, as well as in other matters, aim at propriety and neatness, making the best of the income, whatever it may be. To go beyond it indicates a great fault somewhere. A due regard to what can be afforded, with good sense and observation in the minute of table lore, cannot but bring success.

Ladies who are fond of needlework are too apt to think that the "ultima thule" of good housewifery, and though to us it does not seem of *equal* importance to the due regularity of a family, yet it is a very necessary part of a woman's duty, and the saving of a good deal of expense. Many young married ladies make everything they wear, by so doing carrying a genteel appearance on very little.

This is most profitable work, of course, and as much of it as can be done, not neglecting other and important duties, with proper attention to health and the improvement of the mind, which a young housekeeper should never neglect, ought to be done—but do not impose on the world by your appearance! Better be less dressed than employ your whole time in its preparation! and, once made, when the apparel is taken off, if carefully dusted, brushed, and folded, and laid by in a safe place, it will retain its good looks for a length of time that seems almost incredible.

The art of repairing, too, where the income is small, is an indispensable part of the household economy, for much comfort in families depends upon the stitch in time, and its humble trophies are certainly far more valuable than the finest piece of embroidery that could be displayed. Many ladies of the present day look upon this service as a menial one;

but there is no worse breeding than to be ashamed of what it is our absolute *duty* to do!

Every woman, no matter what her degree, *ought* to take care of each practical detail in her home, and see that they are rightly conducted; nor should she blush to do anything which may please her husband, *promote economy*, or embellish the table.

As no one can work without tools, so every house should be furnished as far as possible with appropriate utensils, or there must inevitably be great confusion in domestic affairs. Borrowing of neighbors, leaving them no alternative between the injury to goods by constant use or removal or a refusal, which is decidedly unpleasant, perhaps to save the expense of a few shillings or even pennies, is uncalled for. Yet, on the other side, many handy things may be dispensed with, and the money they cost, if properly employed—which is the handiest thing of all—devoted to more useful purposes!

That house is only well conducted where there is strict attention paid to all these items. To do everything in its proper time, to keep everything in its proper place, and to use everything for its proper use, is the very essence of good management. The wife should be the ever watchful, genial spirit, filling the home with all-pervading comfort and rest. God and nature designed *woman* to be all this!

Most of the comfort of married life depends upon her, a great deal more than she is aware; and, if she is faithful to the interests of husband and children, let him be ready to pay a tribute to her womanly ways, earned through many an irksome, weary hour, while her children—if she have any—surround her, as the “evening shadows fall” upon her life, with a perpetual haze of kindness and love, banishing the hard, bleak outlines of her earlier life by taking into their own hands the oversight of the household as they have learned it, making the jellies and whisking the cream, not ashamed to be suspected of being conversant with the ingredients of a single dish.

So shall they, in their turn, be able to fill nobly a position in their own household whenever God in His good providence shall assign one.

MRS. G. HALL.

TO CLEAN LAMPS.

THE common cause of the smelling of lamps is the clogging of the tiny air-holes at the base of the burner under the cap and the crusting on the inside of the caps. The airholes may be cleared for a little while by washing the burner in hot soap-suds, but this will have no effect on the crust in the cap. It will be as firm as ever. To look at the inside of the cap there doesn't seem to be anything there, for the crust is burnt on to the brass so evenly and smoothly that it is, to all appearances, a part of the cap. To clean the burner thoroughly, put in an old tin which can be kept for this kind of work, cover with water, throw in a lump of washing soda about the size of a walnut, put on the stove, and let all boil together about ten minutes. Remove the burner from the water, and wipe dry with an old cloth or paper. If it has been neglected for any length of time, on the inside of the cap will be found the crust so softened that a slight rubbing with the cloth will remove it. When thoroughly dried, the burner will be as clean and nice as when first taken from the store. The soda very often turns the brass to a dark lead color, giving it an antique look which is liked by some, but, if the bright brass is preferred, this may be restored by rubbing with ammonia and whiting, or ashes. If soda is not convenient, boil it in good strong soap-suds, and it will clean it very well. If burners are cleaned in this way once every two weeks, which is not too often, they will not get out of order as easily and will last a great deal longer, besides insuring a bright, clear light free from any offensive odor. Try and arrange the work so as to clean the lamps the first thing in the morning after the breakfast dishes have been washed and put away, for, if they are left until afternoon, they are very apt to be forgotten, or, if remembered, they get a careless, hurried cleaning. Have a pair of scissors especially for trimming the wicks, and have them sharp. Dull scissors are never suitable for this work. Lift up the cap and cut off the wick close to the flat tube through which it passes, and it will be sure to be straight; then turn up the wick and cut a small piece from each corner, which when the lamp is lit, will give a broad,

round-cornered flame. It is claimed by some that chimneys washed in soap-suds break easier than those washed in clean water. To obviate this, if washed in warm soap-suds, rinse in clear water, and there will be no danger of their breaking. After rinsing, let drain for a little while, then wipe with a soft cloth or a piece of newspaper. Once in awhile wash out the inside of the bowl of the lamp with warm soap-suds to clear it of the sediment of the oil that settles at the bottom. When trimmed and filled, wipe well, put on the chimney, and turn down the wick just below the top of the flat tube. It is by leaving the wick above this that causes that little circle of oil around the cap, and which very often flows down the outside of the bowl, necessitating a wiping before being lit. When lighting the lamp see that the wick is up only a short distance above the tube.

SOME RULES FOR MIXING.

OFTEN the young beginner in housework will try certain recipes with the greatest care, and yet fail again and again; in which case she is very apt to condemn the recipe or lose faith in herself.

But wait a moment, my daughter, till I ask you, How did you put the ingredients together? How did you mix them? For in this combining lies the secret of success, quite as much as in using the exact amounts given.

And here let me give a general rule or two, which may help some young cook out of her difficulty.

In making anything of the cake kind (including cookies, fried cakes, etc.), always begin with the shortening and sugar,

creaming them into smoothness in a deep earthen bowl or *new* tin pan—never in one which is worn—and using a large spoon with a rather broad bowl. For wetting, water answers as well as milk in most recipes where baking powder is used, but should be neither very cold nor hot. If the former, it may make the cake heavy; if the latter, it will scald the flour and toughen the dough; a blood heat is best.

Add this to the creamed butter and sugar, stirring thoroughly; then put your baking powder (and salt, if required) into the flour, and sift it—several times, if for nice cake—into some *dry* dish, and let it stand while you beat your eggs *stiff*.

Then add of each (flour and eggs) a little at a time, till you have a smooth, creamy batter, when it is ready for the oven. If you use flavoring, add last of all, stirring in thoroughly—if fruit or nuts, do the same, first dusting them with flour, to prevent their sinking to the bottom in baking—but spices should be stirred in with the shortening and sugar.

Some good housekeepers scout at the idea that it hurts a cake to stir it in opposite directions, but I don't agree with them. My experience shows that you secure a closer, firmer, and more delicate grain by stirring constantly one way. *Beat* all you choose—the harder the better—but *stir* only from left to right.

So much for cake. Now, in biscuit dough, pastry, etc., work from the other end. You here begin with your flour, sifting it with baking powder, if used, then mixing in the shortening until the two substances become one; then add the wetting (as little as will do), and, handling lightly, with no kneading, roll out and place on the tins as quickly as possible.

FANNIE NEWBERRY.

"HOME" PUZZLES.

SOLUTIONS in the October number. Solvers' names in November number. All communications relative to this page must be addressed to the "Puzzle Editor HOME MAGAZINE," Box 913, Philadelphia, Pa.

"HOME" PUZZLE No. 25.

VERSIFIED CHARADE.

Useless and mean, my *first* is reckoned,
In the usual way, say I,
And many can never be made of my *second*,
No matter how hard you try.
My *whole*, as you all will quickly spy,
Was often heard in the days gone by.

"LUCY FIRR."

"HOME" PUZZLE No. 26.

WORD DISCOVERIES.

1. A part of you in a picture. 2. A mark used in writing or printing in a large apple. 3. A hesitation of speech in a wind instrument. 4. A piece of metal in an outwork. 5. A cord in a fence. 6. Employment in a repository. 7. Deceit in a goldsmith's melting pot.

NETTIE M.

"HOME" PUZZLE No. 27.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 37 letters.
My 36, 37, 18, 28, is to transact business in a store.

My 25, 19, 7, is a fruit.

My 2, 14, 8, is of the bird tribe.

My 29, 11, 13, 2, 30, is a kind of boat.

My 17, 23, 21, 26, 12, is an animal.

My 32, 31, 27, 22, is a lock.

My 10, 15, 24, 3, is to ascend.

My 1, 33, is a pronoun.

My 4, 9, 34, is a rank.

My 6, 16, 35, 20, is a mythological character.

My 5 is an abbreviation.

My whole is a well-known proverb.

L. E. P.

"HOME" PUZZLE No. 28.

DROPPED LETTERS.

1. Drop a letter from an animal and leave a gap in a fence. 2. From a large stone and leave a permission to use. 3. From a point or peak and leave concentrated force. 4. From a grimace and leave an insect. 5. From dishonorably and leave a foolish act.

"A. S. OLIVER."

"HOME" PUZZLE No. 29.

CONNECTED ACROSTIC.

1. A channel. 2. A certain fish. 3. A kind of sour cherry. 4. Greeting. 5. An asylum.
Primals: Inexperienced.
Finals: The color or lustre of a diamond.
Connected: Unskilled.

"MIKE A. DOE."

"HOME" PUZZLE No. 30.

WORD REBUS.

C ——— D
 d

IDA M. GRIMES.

ANSWERS TO JUNE "HOME" PUZZLES.

No. 13.

Loadstone.

No. 14.	No. 15.	No. 16.
Y U L A N	Laplace.	I. OHM
U P A S		HUE
L A Y		MEW
A S		H. HALE
N		ARID
		LIME
		EDEN

No. 17.

"Oh! why should the spirit of mortal be proud?"

III. ZUCHE
UNION
CILIA
HOIST
ENATE

No. 18.

1. Malachite. 2. Labradorite. 3. Mangane. 4. Chrysoberyl. 5. Horneblende.

SOLVERS OF MAY "HOME" PUZZLES.

May "HOME" puzzles were solved (partially) by "Miss Chevis," Mamie Carson, Nate McK., Alfred Tobin, Marjorie, "Sara," Mrs. L. N., Mrs. H. D. S., Mary Hartzell, Louie Spratt, Ida M. G., "Timothy Titus," Elsie Walker, Lewis Johnson, C. L. S., Ora Simpson, "Rosemary and Rue," A. C. S., Ella H. S., Nettie M., "Jolly Joker," L. J. Allen, D. C. F., S. L. Morgan, Willie R. Allen, "Scottish Chief," Maudie, Georgie Banks, Mrs. P. H. Gray, Nellie D. Stoddard, "B. L. Z. Bubb," and "Katharine Tiptop."

ROLL OF HONOR.

Complete lists of answers to May "HOME" puzzles have been received from Carrie R. T., Lizzie A. Blanchard, Clarence P., Kate M. Johnson, "Mike A. Doe," and "Brownie."

PRIZE WINNERS.

First complete list: Carrie R. T. Second complete list: Clarence P. Best incomplete list:

Louie Spratt. Second-best incomplete list: S. L. Morgan.

NEW PRIZES.

First complete list: A fringed gift book.
 Second complete list: One year's subscription to a favorite household journal.
 Best incomplete list: A combination drawing slate.
 Second-best incomplete list: A scrap album.

CHAT.

Louie S.:—Glad you so enjoy "HOME" puzzles. Your answers were all correct save two words of No. 10. Send answers on a postal by all means, if you prefer, and as often as possible.

Frank M.:—Yes, conundrums will be used, if good. In fact, good puzzles are always acceptable.

S. L. M.:—The answer was correct save in arrangement of the words, as you have seen.

BABYLAND.

THE KATYDID'S SONG.

"I'M only a little green bug
 Living high up in a tree,
 But I sing katydid all the day,
 And I sing it right merrily.

"So, Katies throughout the wide world,
 Listen to me, to me:
 I am watching you morning and evening
 From my home in the walnut tree.

"One little, bright-haired Katy
 Behind mother's roses hid,
 They never could find her, never!
 But she laughed, 'Katy did, Katy did.'

"Another, a black-eyed Katy,
 Stole a robin's nest one day,
 'Katydid, Katydid, Katydid,' I screamed;
 She was frightened, and ran away.

"So Katies, Katies, Katies,
 Listen to me, to me:
 I am watching all the Katies
 From my home in the walnut tree."

KATHARINE HULL.

the little lambs, and said that he was going to take one with him home to town. But he didn't like the cows very much; two or three times he had to run very fast to get out of their way. When he returned to the house he found that Aunt Annie had fixed him up a nursery right next to her room, and Mrs. Call, the kind old housekeeper, had brought her bed down so that she could take care of him. Everything was arranged very nicely. But about midnight Aunt Annie awoke with a start, and saw by the dim light a little, white-clad figure standing in the doorway.

"Is that you, Maurice?" she called out. "What's the matter?"

"There's an old bull in my room, Aunt Annie," sobbed the little boy. "I've been hearing him all night."

Aunt Annie jumped out of bed, turned up the light, and proceeded to investigate the matter.

Now, I want all the little boys and girls to guess what it was that Maurice heard: Dear, good, kind Mrs. Call snoring comfortably in her sleep.

ELEANOR M'ELROY.

WHAT WAS IT MAURICE HEARD?

LITTLE MAURICE had not been to the country for a long time, in fact, not since the summer before, and as he was still a very little boy, you may know that everything was new to him over again.

On the very first afternoon he took a glorious walk down the cool lane and away through the fields. He fell in love with

BABY'S KISSES.

HOW many kisses will baby dear give me?

Oh! one and two and three;
 The very sweetest of sweet, sweet kisses
 That ever were given to me.

And this laughing, kissable baby's mouth
 Is open as wide as can be.

SAILOR.

NOTES FROM "HOME" HOUSEKEEPERS.

Well-tried recipes, helpful suggestions, and plain, practical "talks" on all subjects of special interest to housekeepers will be welcome for this department, which we have reason to believe most of our readers will find interesting no less than useful. Our "HOME" friends will here have opportunities of assisting each other by giving timely and helpful replies and letters, and of asking information concerning any subject they wish light upon. All communications designed for this department should be addressed to the Editor "HOME" Housekeeper, P. O. Box 913, Philadelphia, Pa.

"HOME" HELPS.

DEAR "HOME" FRIENDS:—Isn't it pleasant to come "home" and receive such kindly greetings from our editor? And then, too, such cheering words, helps, and hints from others encourage us to go on and meet duties and trials bravely. Many thanks, "Aunt Mary," for your recipe.

It is surprising what wonders five cents' worth of varnish will work in house-cleaning time. We not only used it in the sitting-room, but in the kitchen, too, with pleasing results. If you do not have a brush handy, an old piece of silk will do very well for ordinary furniture, and not leave any lint. Kerosene oil will remove the varnish from the fingers, and is always at hand. We find the easiest and cheapest way to keep our kitchen clean is to keep the floor painted, when a pail of cold water in summer and of luke-warm water in winter will clean it thoroughly and easily, and it dries almost immediately.

Right here, wives and mothers, let me say, save yourselves. Paint and patent contrivances are cheaper than flesh and blood. Do not be afraid of rusting out, nor of being called a shirk, for neither is possible to the true wife and mother. Industry is one of God's laws; but industry of heart and mind is meant, as well as of hand. We do not think it shows a dis-

like to work, on the part of housekeepers, to be anxious to condense the routine of housework in every way possible; on the contrary, we think they look at the matter in its true light. The physical wants will have attention, will be supplied, while other things of a vast deal more importance are neglected. Now, this should not be; if we cannot perform all the duties that devolve upon us, let us be sure and attend to that which will insure the happiness of those dependent on us. Be sure to train the little ones to look up higher, to purer and better things. What difference will it make, in a few years, whether our houses are polished to spotless cleanliness or not? Yet, O sisters! we know what difference it will make if we do not teach those little ones to be truthful, kind, affectionate, and, at twilight, after the busy day is done, to lisp "Our Father."

Send all the hints and helps you can, sister housekeepers, and do not fear the time gained by their use will be spent in idleness or dissipation. Will it not be a pleasure to know we have helped lift a burden from another's shoulders? "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

—
THYRZA.

A PLEASANT "NOTE."

DEAR "HOME" SISTERS:—How much good the kerosene oil method of washing has done me. I feel like thanking the discoverer every time I try it. It is such a blessing, these enervating days, to dispense with the old-fashioned "rub, rub, rub!"

I want to tell you all how I manage my baby. He would wake as soon as I laid him down, formerly, but since it has

become warm I put him in his carriage, wheel it out in the yard, and leave him to be caressed by the breezes and sung to sleep by the birds. And how he does sleep!—and awakes so good-natured. Not long ago I saw a mother cover her baby's head with a bed-quilt to make the child sleep longer. I think she should try plenty of fresh air and sunlight.

Have any of you ever tried putting a little roll of stiff paper in the top crust of your juicy pies?—a "smoke-stack" my little girl calls it. Try it, and see if it does not do away with one of the vexatious things of housekeeping. Roll the paper in the form of a funnel and insert the small end in a tiny hole cut in the middle of the pie. The surplus juice will boil up in this and so save all "running over."

A. M. M.

[A friend of ours has improved on the "kerosene oil method," as given by Mrs. L. N. (or thinks she has), and, as the improvement is not patented, we give it for your benefit. Let the water, with the soap and oil, come to boiling heat, then put in the clothes, previously wet in cold water. Our friend thinks this way preferable to that of putting the soiled clothes into the water dry.]

CROCHETED LACES AND ORANGE PIE.

DEAR FRIENDS OF THE "HOME" DEPARTMENT:—Almost every time our favorite magazine enters our home, my husband asks, "Why don't you write about some of the pretty things that you make," and in reply I have been tempted to say, as did Josiah Allen, "Who'll read it after it's writ?" but always being glad to share my good things with others, I will venture in, and if these suggestions are helpful in anyway to even one of the many lovers of the "HOME," I shall be glad to have sent this message, and sometime I may come again.

I have noticed a good many inquiries for crocheted trimmings, and as I have a great many simple, as well as elegant patterns, I will send a few.

The first that I shall speak of is crazy lace, and if you never have tried it, do so now; it is one of the simplest of laces, yet one of the most useful; for having once learned the form, you can make it in any width, either in lace or insertion.

The "Fan lace," being different from any I have ever seen published, I send, hoping it may please some of the friends.

CRAZY LACE.—Chain of twenty stitches, turn, one long treble in fourth stitch, three ch., one long tr. in same, three ch., one l. tr. in same. No chain, one l. tr. in eighth ch., three ch., one l. tr. in same, three ch., one l. tr. in same. No chain, one l. tr. in twelfth chain, three chain, one long tr. in same, three ch., one l. tr. in same. No chain, one long tr. in sixteenth ch., three ch., one l. tr. in same, three chain, one l. tr. in same. No chain, one l. tr. in twentieth ch. three ch., one l. tr. in same, three ch., l. tr. in same, turn, eight chain, fasten in first of three ch., three ch., fasten in second three chain. Continue in this way to end of row, turn, with four chain, one l. tr. in first chain of three, three ch., one l. tr. in same. No chain, one l. tr. in third ch. of three or directly over the middle of the block in the previous row. Continue this to the end and turn with a chain of eight fastened to the first ch. of three. The second and third rows complete the pattern.

FAN LACE.—Eight chain, three tr., one ch., three tr. in fourth ch., five ch., fasten in eighth stitch, two ch., turn. Eleven trs. in five ch., shell in shell (three trs., one ch., three trs.), turn. Shell in shell, one tr. in each of the trs. in previous row and one in the two ch., turn with two ch., one tr. and one ch. between in each tr. shell in shell, turn. Shell in shell, one tr. and two chain between, in every one ch. turn, two trs. one ch., two trs. in every two chain, shell in shell, turn. Shell in shell, three trs. one ch., three trs. in every one ch., turn. Four trs., one ch., four trs. in every one ch., shell in shell, turn. Shell in shell, five trs. one ch., five trs. in every one ch., turn. Twelve trs. in every one chain, shell in shell. This completes one fan. The second is the same except that the first row is fastened in the fourth of the first twelve trs., the third row is fastened in the eighth of the same, the fifth row is fastened in the fourth of the second twelve, the seventh in the eighth, the ninth in the fourth of the third twelve.

Now if I may take a little more of your time, I would like to tell you of an orange pie that is particularly pleasing to my husband and his gentlemen friends.

Make a rich crust and bake it on a deep platter. While the crust is cooling dissolve one and one-half cups of white sugar in about four tablespoonfuls of water. Do not let it boil more than a minute. Have your oranges (which are better to be a little sour) peeled. Pull them apart in sections, being careful not to break the thin covering between. Pile the pieces of orange on your crust, which should be nearly cold. Pour over these your dissolved sugar and let it stand while you are beating a meringue from the whites of two eggs, cover the oranges over with this, and place in the oven for a moment to brown. Try this, please, and if John or Charley doesn't call for the second piece then I shall be very much mistaken.

SANDUSKY.

[Thank you for the budget of "good things" with which you have favored us. The laces are pretty, indeed, and we shall be very glad of the other patterns.]

HELPFUL ANSWERS.

DEAR "HOME" SISTERS:—As I can, I will answer three of the queries of the "HOME" housekeepers, given in the May number.

"Sister Clara," the editor told you one way of making beef soup, but I know of another that I and perhaps you will like better. Boil a soup (shank) bone until tender in one-half gallon of water; take the meat from the pot and cut in small pieces; return to the pot with the addition of some sliced turnips, potatoes, onions, and tomatoes; let this mixture boil, and then add some sweet milk; when this boils add either roll or drop dumpling, salt, pepper, and a little boiled rice or pearl barley. The turnips should be sliced *very* thin or they will not cook as quickly as the other vegetables.

This soup is "Dutchy," but good, if properly cooked. Should "Sister Clara" not know how to make dumplings, if she will let it be known I will give good recipes for both of the above-named kinds.

"Farmer's Wife," another way to keep hams sweet during summer is to smoke them early, sew up in unbleached muslin sacks, cover with a thick coat of white-wash, and hang in a cool, dry place.

"Mollie," I have heard this plan recom-

mended for cleaning marble tables, but have never tried it. Mix one ounce of ox-gall, one gill of lye, one and a-half teaspoonfuls of turpentine with enough pipe clay to make a good paste; spread the paste on the stains and let it remain two or three days; then wash off and apply this mixture: two parts common soda, one part pumice stone, and one part finely powdered chalk mixed with water. Wash off with warm soap-suds. Please try it and report the result.

A good breakfast dish is made by beating together a quart of sour milk, a scant tablespoonful of soda, a little salt, and enough flour to make a stiff batter. Melt a tablespoonful of lard or fryings in a skillet, drop the batter in in large spoonfuls, cover the skillet, and slowly fry to a light brown on both sides. Eat with butter and melted sugar.

I will also give a good recipe for cheap molasses cakes: One cup of molasses; two-thirds cup of lard; one cup of sour milk; one teaspoon of soda; one-half teaspoon of cream-of-tartar; one-sixth teaspoon of salt; flour enough to make very stiff batter. Flour the bread board well; put two or three spoonfuls of the batter thereon; cover with flour; roll out; cut in cakes; lay on greased pans, and bake in a hot oven.

LILY WHITE.

[These supplemental replies are just what the editor enjoys. Come again.]

RECIPES AND HINTS.

EDITOR "HOME" HOUSEKEEPER:—The Mikado Lace is very pretty, but I do not think double crochet and treble crochet the same. For the former, throw the thread once over the hook, for the latter I always put it twice over or around.

To make pie-crust that is not too "lardy," try three cups of flour, one cup of lard, and one-half cup of cold water. Have used this recipe for several years, and it seldom fails.

I hope "Young Housekeeper No. 2" will try the following, and see if it isn't a "sure rule for raised doughnuts." At noon, take one pint of sweet milk or whey; two cups of sugar; one cup of lard; heat until the sugar dissolves and the lard melts; let cool; then stir in one tablespoonful of good hop yeast; enough flour

to make a thin batter; one teaspoon of grated nutmeg and salt. Put in a warm place until night; then stir in enough flour to make a stiff batter. By morning the dough should fill a four-quart pan; if so, roll, cut out, and fry.

We use strong salt-and-water to dip calico or stockings in before washing, if we are afraid they will fade.

ROLL JELLY CAKE.—Four eggs, one cup of sugar, one cup of flour, one-half teaspoon of soda, one teaspoon of cream-of-tartar. Beat sugar and eggs thoroughly; mix the powders in the flour and stir in; flavor to taste. This will make two rolls. When done, lay on a towel, spread the jelly on, and roll up in the towel, as I think it is not so apt to break.

I agree with "Sister Minta" about the "HOME" MAGAZINE, knowing that it cannot be praised too highly.

REBA.

[Thank you for your appreciation of our Magazine as well as the bits of helpfulness you have given us. Concerning the terms used in crocheting, our "vocabulary" says that double crochet is formed by putting the hook through the work (having a stitch already on the needle), taking up the thread and drawing it through the work, giving two stitches on the needle; the thread is then put around the needle again and drawn through both these stitches at once. For treble crochet, the thread is put over the needle before inserting in the work the stitches being worked off two at a time. Putting thread twice around the needle before it is inserted in the work gives long treble—the stitches being worked off two at a time, as in treble crochet. To form the "extra long stitch" the thread is put over the needle three times before insertion in the work. These terms are in accordance with the directions for crocheted lace contributed by "Sandusky" to this month's "Notes" and are the same as we have always used. Others, however, on perhaps quite as good authority, designate the "long treble" as treble crochet, the treble as double, the double as single crochet, and the single as "close chain stitch." We did not mean that double crochet and treble crochet were the same stitch, but that the terms were used interchangeably.]

DEAR "HOME:"—Callie Dunlap asks for a good macaroni recipe. I send her mine, which we all think nice and which is not very expensive. We buy a twelve-pound box for sixty cents. Allow the macaroni to swell about one-half, taking for two persons quite a handful. Boil from twenty minutes to one-half hour, then drain off the water; in the bottom of a baking dish place a layer of grated cheese, then a layer of the macaroni, salted and peppered; then a layer of cheese again, then macaroni, taking care to have the last layer of cheese. Cover with sweet milk—new milk is best—bake in a quick oven till nicely browned, then serve. This is a quick breakfast dish, I think, when one gets used to making it, and with good bread and butter and a dish of fruit is all we need.

MRS. C. A. WHITE.

Will some of the sisters who make cheese from small dairies please give their process of making and curing? I think there must be some among the many readers of the "HOME" who can give the desired information.

MRS. L. N. ARNOLD.

[As this is the season for cheese-making, may we give you the benefit of a few ideas gleaned for your benefit?—only premising that further information from "HOME" housekeepers will be very welcome. Strain the milk into a small tub, or, as this is easier to keep sweet, a large, pressed pan, with handles or "ears;" stir the rennet in gently and thoroughly while the milk is warm; let it stand until the curd is set; cut in squares, then let it stand again until the whey separates from the curd. Have a square of cheese-cloth spread over a basket; dip the curd into this to drain, and when well-drained put back in your pan, turn hot water over it, and allow it to scald until the curd will "squeak" in your teeth. Drain again, cut fine, and salt to taste; then put in your cheese-hoop in a clean muslin cloth, and place in press. When the next "curd" is added to the first, scratch up the top of the latter well with a fork, and the two will unite. The lady who gave us this information made cheese last season from two cows, having as many as six or eight lots of curd in a single cheese. The process was very successful, however, as

we are able to testify. No definite rule for amount of rennet can be given, as it varies so in strength. After the cheeses were thoroughly pressed, our informant covered (each as it came from the press)

them neatly with muslin, rubbed them well with butter, and kept them in a dry, cool place, turning them every day and rubbing with butter if necessary, until well cured.]

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HOME DECORATION AND FANCY NEEDLEWORK.

LADIES' KNITTED VEST.

FOR the back, cast on eighty-eight stitches, and knit eighteen or twenty rows in garter stitch, then knit two plain and two purl alternately, until the desired length is obtained, and then finish off. Cast on eighty-eight stitches more for the front, and knit in same way until you have rather more than half the portion knitted. Now for the opening in front, have your stitches evenly divided. Make the opening by knitting six stitches over the second half of front, and knit back again, always knitting the six new stitches in garter knitting. Continue this half of front until you have it the length of back; now take off eight stitches and knit until end of row and back again, when you again take off eight stitches and do this once more. With the remaining stitches knit four more rows and finish off. The second half of front is done in the same way, remembering to knit six stitches for the opening over knitted front. Now sew the two shoulder pieces to each end of back, that is the last four rows knitted, and sew sides together, leaving room for sleeves. Lift eight stitches on either side of shoulder seam and knit back; lift eight more back again, lift eight more, continue in this until you have sixty-four stitches on sleeve, knitting two and purling two all the time. When about a finger length and half knitted, decrease by knitting together the two centre stitches under the arm, every fourth or fifth row until you have fifty-six stitches on your needles. Now take steel needles No. 14 or 16 and knit one and purl one alternately, until you have rather more than half a finger length knitted, and finish off.

For neck band, lift sixty-six stitches

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round the neck of vest, and knit six rows of garter knitting, and finish off. Now crochet three chain and one double into the third or fourth stitch, and continue round neck band and down one side of front.

Rather more than a pound of wool will be required to knit two full-sized vests with long sleeves, and use bone needles No. 10.

P. S.—This pattern is suitable for gents' or boys' shirts when done in plain knitting, and the fronts and neck band bound with red Turkey twill.

M. M'CARTNEY.

PIANO COVER.

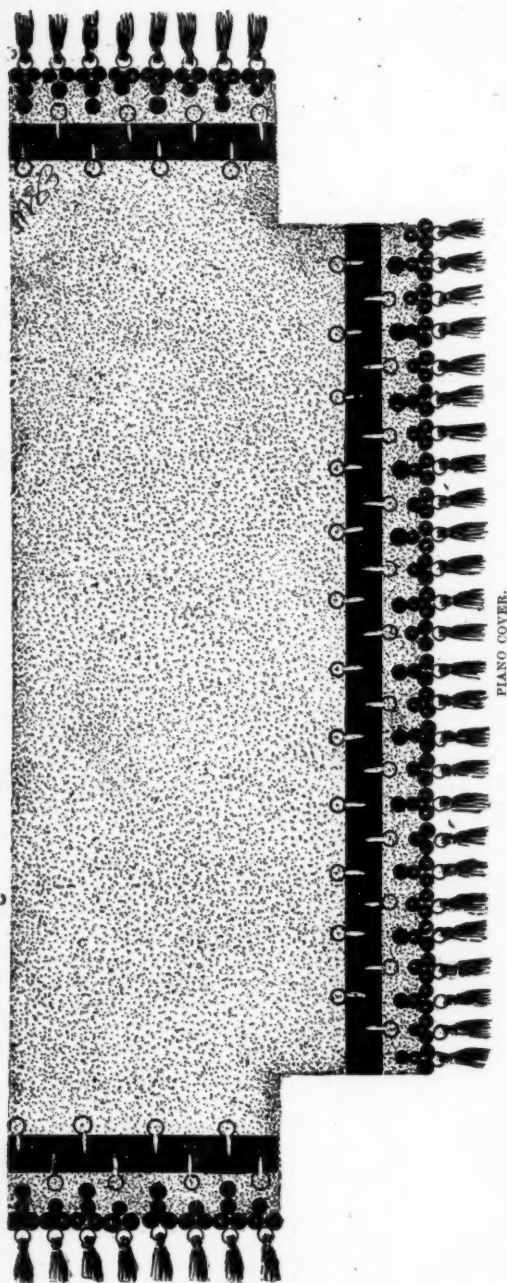
NOTICING a cover the other day that was particularly attractive, found upon examining it the decoration consisted chiefly of brass rings and suspender buttons. Their identity was almost disguised by the manner in which they were arranged and sewed on.

The cover was made of mahogany-colored plush, with a band several shades darker across the ends and front; rings were sewed at regular intervals on the edge of this. They were fastened on in four places with a stitch of filoselle, using ten strands in each. Pink, blue, scarlet, and olive-green were the shades used. Yellow was used for the long stitch; this should be of a brass-colored yellow. The rings were sewed across the bottom, and the buttons above as seen here, using two shades of the silk for each button. The tassels were formed of silk to correspond in color with the plush; it was drawn through the rings and tied. The lining was of surah the same shade.

The same idea for a cover could be carried out in felt; in this case it would not be necessary to line it, and the

tassels should be made of a piece of the felt •

The rings and buttons can be formed into very pleasing designs where a little taste is displayed. Buttons of different sizes can be used to produce a good effect, sometimes combining the ring and button, this being of a small size, enough to leave a space of plush between it and the ring.



PIANO COVER.

ODDS AND ENDS.

THERE is a great fancy now for making frames for photographs and rare engravings. They are made, by amateur hands, of any old-fashioned looking piece of brocade, brocatelle, or embroidered silk, finished off with fancy gold lace or braid, and sometimes with a corner of plush. The favorite size is one for holding a panel photo; and the margin varies from three to five inches, according to individual fancy. The mount is first cut out, by a professional hand, in that coarse-looking light brown substance called straw-board, obtainable at all artists' colormen. A layer of flannel or cotton wool is then laid over the front face, and kept in place by a few touches here and there of glue (Le Page's). The material is then stretched carefully over, glued at the back, with little cuts where it has to be turned in at the corners of the aperture. A piece of cardboard is then taken to form the back, and on this is glued pieces of straw-board to form the sides and base of the frame, leaving the space for the photo (and glass also, if required) to slip into place from the top. This is somewhat difficult to describe, but if any one wishing to make one of these frames will just take a bought one and carefully examine it, they will, I think, understand what

cut in strips a quarter of an inch in width. I wish to explain. Lastly, take fancy

paper, cover the side of the cardboard, which is to be outside, with it, neatly gluing over the edges, and then glue it to the other half of the frame. Press the whole under a heavy weight for a night or more. Old mounts and frames can be covered in this way, and made to look like new. Rests at the back of the frames can be added afterward. The great object is to get old-world looking colors and patterns, bits of quaint, rather narrow, gold lace for the corners, to look as if they were placed there to hide the joins, although there are none, as the whole frame is cut from, and covered with, one piece, unless fancy corners are introduced. Leather frames, perhaps discarded as shabby and useless, can be renovated most advantageously in this way. If the photo or picture is not to be taken out, the whole thing is much easier, as the front then is first covered with the material, the picture fitted into the aperture, strips of paper glued across to keep it in place, and then a covered piece of thin cardboard glued over to form the back.

Another novelty is covering long-shaped cardboard boxes with fancy material—usually plush outside and brocade inside—and calling them letter-boxes, for standing on writing-tables and holding letters carelessly thrown aside for the time. The boxes must be tolerably stout and tolerably wide, fourteen inches long by eleven wide being the outside measurement, and some being much smaller. A piece of unbleached calico is first glued or gummed on everywhere, inside and out, then the material added. If the edges are not very neat, add a colored silk cord. This must be sewn on. Sometimes a pocket is placed at one end of the box, and a small date cardcase fitted in, and occasionally a pair of scissors is added. These boxes do also for work boxes. There is no top to them. Narrow, long boxes are also converted into glove boxes. Work baskets are lined now with bright red leather, and some of these, with lids, have four rather broad lengths of velvet or satin ribbon, brought from inside the lid, carried over the edges to the centre, then joined together and formed into a smart bow. Round baskets look very well thus. Circular cardboard or wooden boxes covered with plush, velvet, or brocade are converted into elastic band-boxes, edged round with gold braid, hav-

ing "elastic bands" worked in gold across the lid. I have seen powder boxes very cleverly manipulated in this way, and have also seen them effectively decorated with enamel paint. It is not difficult to make circular or long glove boxes with cardboard, and then cover them. Many a worker may take these hints for future fancy work, especially the first named, for their men friends, for whom it is always difficult to find novelties, and useful ones. Horseshoes in cardboard, covered with plush and suspended by ribbons, are among the last novelties for pincushions. The pins are stuck in all around the edges. These horseshoes are made with two pieces of cardboard, covered, and then neatly sewn together. They are sometimes made with two colors and mixed ribbons. They are about two inches in width.

Birthday and guest cards, as well as menus, can be ornamented with a very small feather gummed at one corner, with a bow made as small as human hands can make it, of colored "baby" or china ribbon, placed on the quill. Boxes for children, containing a partially undressed figure, and all articles of clothing, in paper, are being a good deal sold now at bazaars. The toy is an old one revived, but it amuses children as much as ever. Sheets, containing a figure in front and back view, ready for dressing, and all the minutiae of the toilette, can be purchased singly, or in sets, for a penny or two. These are cut out, the doll gummed on to cardboard, and fitted into a little wooden stand, everything backed with white paper and painted to correspond with the front, to enable them to slip on and off. The box is made to look attractive with some bright and appropriate design, and the whole thing sells well. Neat handed children and invalids are generally adepts at this style of work. Colored illustrated fashion plates may be brought into requisition to augment the others. It has become somewhat fashionable to have what is called nursery furniture, and this means appliqueing animals of all kinds on to some material, such as white swans-down calico on to navy blue and Turkey red twill, or orange, red, blue, and brown "creatures" on to some contrasting color. The work is often done by the children themselves, and comprises bed quilt, crawling rug, mantle, valance, table-





cloth, a large cushion or two, and easy chair. Flower patchwork is, I think, novel. It is somewhat in the style of the crazy kind, but the scraps are few and far between, applied on to a colored foundation (generally merino), and filled in

all over with small and larger flowers of all kinds and colors, worked with filoselle, floss, and silks and crewels of all sorts. It is used for cosies, waistcoats, panels, borderings, etc.

Good-sized tambourines are being painted with cloudy backgrounds and lovely heads, after the old masters. The heads are large, and the tambourines are hung up by a wide, soft, silken sash, finished off in a careless bow. Other tambourines, measuring half a yard across, are being boldly painted with birds or flowers, put on to wooden stands, painted some color, and converted into occasional tables. They are also used for holding back one side of a heavy portière, with a smaller one, depending from them by broad, double-colored ribbons.

FASHION NOTES.

FOR midsummer are costumes of old-fashioned lawn made up over silk in most picturesque French styles of the last century. The sprigged muslins of these dresses are sheer old-time lawns wrought all over with thick dots and with sprigs of colored flowers on their white grounds. A rosebud pattern on white is prettily made up over rose pink taffeta silk. The round waist is laid in four plaits on the shoulders in front and back, graduated narrower at the waist line, and there are side forms set in with neat "purling" in the seams. The high collar has pink gros-grain ribbon around it to match the belt ribbon, there is a jabot of lace down the front, and the sleeves are puffed lawn over silk, with lace and ribbon wristbands. The skirt is six breadths of the lawn, shirred around the top, edged with a deep gathered flounce of the lawn finished at top and bottom with lace, and this skirt is taken up once in a deep fold across each hip so that it shows below on the sides the pinked edges of the pink silk skirt beneath. This entire dress is mounted on a foundation skirt of pink silk, gored in the usual way, with two small steels

across the back, and finished at the foot by a gathered or plaited ruffle.

Similar dresses will be made without the silk foundation, and will be among the simplest and most stylish of the summer toilettes. White muslin with fine dots, or else with very large spots, will be made with this round waist and full skirt, and worn with pink or with lemon-colored ribbons; there are also pale-blue, éceru, and rose-tinted muslins that will be completed by a collar, wristbands, and belt with sash ends of velvet of contrasting color—dark brown velvet on light blue, green on the yellow-tinted lawns, and either green or brown with rose pink lawn; the changeable ribbons are also used on these dresses. The belt ribbon is three inches wide, being folded in the middle to half this width as it passes around the waist; it is fastened on the left side of the front, and descends in two short loops and two long ends that fall to the foot of the skirt; the collar is a band of the folded ribbon, fastened also on the left side, and wristbands of the ribbon have a small bow inside the sleeve. The ingenious home milliner will add a

pretty round hat of the muslin, made with softly puffed crown, and a shirred brim turned up behind, and trimmed with bows of ribbon and lace. There are very finely woven torchon laces that are used by French modistes on these dresses, but the preference here is given to edgings of Valenciennes, or the pretty flower and leaf patterns of Oriental laces.

The jersey has become all the more firmly established since it is brought out in a variety of styles and shapes, and in black as well as all colors. In general it matches the color of the skirt, or one of its colors if the skirt is striped or figured. Belonging to the same general class as jerseys, but of a higher rank of elegance, are bodices of surah or satin merveilleux and lace, to be worn with silk or lace skirts. With a black peau de soie skirt, worn at home, or for an informal dinner, or to the theatre when full evening dress is not exacted, a corsage of black surah striped with gold is worn, made with shirred fronts, confined by a buckled half-belt, and half-wide sleeves. Another combination much worn is a corsage of brown and old-gold striped foulard worn with a brown silk skirt, or a skirt of handsome plain brown wool. The entire corsage is tucked in fine lingerie tucks. At the front, instead of the tucks, there are two wide plaits, which are confined at the waist by a pointed belt beaded with changeable beads. With a black lace skirt, for an evening toilette, a corsage of colored peau de soie is worn, plain or changeable, with a turned back collar of lace; the middle of the front is of lace to match the skirt; below the belt, which is laced in the front, are two ruffles of Chantilly lace. A black lace skirt worn in this way is always made over black silk.

A new feature in French dresses is a jacket-waist of wool, forming part of a dress of contrasting color of crepon or other silken fabric. The jacket is usually of cashmere, and in the front is short and square-cornered, falling open to show a full gathered front of the contrasting color; the back of this cashmere waist is quite

full, and is long enough to extend below the waist line, and is belted there by a belt of the cashmere passed through a buckle. The sleeves are of the crepon and are quite full. This is prettily shown with a jacket of dark red cashmere over a green crepon dress. The dress has a plain skirt, with a round overskirt that extends up the front in polonaise shape, and is left quite full, like a blouse-vest. The red cashmere jacket forms the sides and back of the waist, and the full sleeves are of the green crepon. The full green front of the corsage is shirred at the neck and at the waist line, and a cord of green silk is set along each row of the shirring, and the ends of these cords are tipped with gilt; similar cords are on the shirring of the full sleeves. The jacket front has a turned-over notched collar, and there are flat gilt buttons set down one side, with button-holes opposite, although the jacket is not meant to button across the shirred front of green crepon. A standing collar of the cashmere is above the notched turned-down collar.

Polonaises become more popular as the season advances, and are made of cashmere over silk skirts in many of the old designs worn twelve or fifteen years ago. Nuns' veiling and piece laces are also made up as polonaises over silk skirts, and may be suited to thin and stout figures alike, as they are quite straight, in Directoire style, for those who are large, and are shirred and festooned for slender figures, thus giving them apparently greater breadth. The revolt against basques seems more decided than it has been at any season hitherto, yet conservative women still think it safest to retain basque-waists, compromising by making the fronts full on the shoulders and quite short, with front girdles wide on the sides, and straight or pointed, as is most becoming.

Velvet ribbon that is now sold at very low prices is used both in black and in colors in border rows above a hem, and in lengthwise side rows on the lace skirts worn under India silk draperies.



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FASHIONS FOR AUGUST, 1888:

Prepared expressly for ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE, by THE BUTTERICK PUBLISHING CO. [Limited].

Notice is hereby given that patents have been applied for upon certain of the ensuing Patterns.
THE BUTTERICK PUBLISHING CO. (Limited).

FIGURE No. 1.—
This illustrates a
Misses' dress. The
pattern, which is No.
2165 and costs 30
cents, is in 8 sizes
for misses from 8 to
15 years of age.

Serpent's-green
camelette was used
for the dress, and
braid and lace edging
provide the trim-
ming. Smocking or
honey-combing is a
prominent feature of
the mode, and its
effect is very decora-
tive. The body is in
round-waisted style
and is smocked in
yoke depth both back
and front and arrang-
ed upon smoothly fit-
ting lining-portsions.
Shoulder and side-
seams complete the
shaping, and the clos-
ing is made at the
center of the back.
The fullness resulting
from the smocking is
regulated by two
rows of gathering
made at either side
of the center both
back and front, one
coming at the lower
edge and the other
about the depth of a
belt above. A belt
completes the lower
part of the waist. A
high standing collar
is at the neck, and
over it falls a frill of
lace. The sleeves
have coat-shaped
foundations, and
upon them are ad-
justed long puffs,
which are gathered
on the upper side at
the top of the arm
and also at the lower
edge, to which is
joined a smocked
lower portion that is
decorated with lace
a little below the
smocking.

The belt and waist
are joined to the



FIGURE No. 1—MISSES' DRESS.

gathered upper edge
of a full, round skirt,
which is hemmed at
the bottom and trim-
med with white braid
arranged in a pretty
scroll design. A sash
folded in Turkish
fashion is adjusted
about the waist and
knotted low on the
skirt at the left side
of the front. The
ends fall gracefully,
and each end is dec-
orated with three
rows of braid, above
which it is drawn
together closely, with
tassel effect, by sev-
eral rows of similar
braid placed close
together.

Soft textures will
usually be selected
for little dresses of this
description, as they
are best adapted to
honey-combing. Col-
ored embroidery silk
may be used for the
tacking, or button-
hole stitching may be
made along the cells,
with effective re-
sults. Braid, rows of
fancy-edged ribbon
or fancy stitching
may decorate the
skirt, if desired. A
costume of ciel-blue
batiste may have its
skirt trimmed with
insertion and edging
of Irish point em-
broidery, and the
honey-combing may
be tacked with cream-
white silk. Beads of
moderate size are
often used in the
smocking, and they
may be the same
shade as the fabric
or of a contrasting
color, as preferred.

The *chapeau* is a
becoming shape in
fancy straw. Four
rows of braid about
the crown and a
bunch of wild flow-
ers trim it.

**2158***Front View.* LADIES'

No. 2158.—Cashmere was chosen for lar and lining. The pattern is in 10 measure. For a lady of medium size, wide, or $1\frac{3}{8}$ yard either 44 or 54 inches wide for the collar and for the

**2153***Front View.***2153***Back View.*

GIRLS' BLOUSE.

No. 2153.—Soft gray camel's-hair was used for this blouse, with braid and fancy stitching for trimming. The pattern is in 7 sizes for girls from 3 to 9 years of age. For a girl of 8 years, it requires $2\frac{1}{2}$ yds. of goods 22 ins. wide, or $1\frac{1}{2}$ yd. 36 ins. wide, or $1\frac{1}{4}$ yd. 44 ins. wide. Price, 20 cents.

**2158***Back View.*

CAPE.

making this cape, with Surah for the col- sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust it needs $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of material 22 inches ea wide, each with 3 yards of Surah 20 lining. Price of pattern, 20 cents

**2166***Front View.*

dress needs $7\frac{1}{8}$ yards of material 22 inches wide, or $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards 36 inches wide, or $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards 44 inches wide, with $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of lining 36 inches wide for the front and back linings. Price of pattern, 30 cents,

MISSES' DRESS.

No. 2166.—For ging- ham, seersucker, cham- bray, chalis and all sorts of woollens this stylish dress is well suited. Braids, em- broideries and fancy stitching will often de- corate washable textures, while velvet, cord pas- sementerie and ribbon will trim woollen goods. The pattern is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age. For a miss of 12 years, the

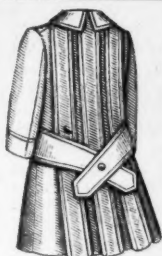
**2166***Back View.*

**2169***Front View.***2169***Back View.***CHILD'S DRESS.**

No. 2169.—This pattern is in 5 sizes for children from 6 months to 4 years old. For a child of 3 years, it needs $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards 22 ins. wide, or $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards 36 ins. wide, with 6 yds. of insertion for the collar, etc. Price, 20 cts.

**2148****CHILD'S CAP-LINING.**

No. 2148.—The pattern is in 5 sizes for children from 1 to 9 years old. For a child of 5 years, the cap-lining requires $\frac{3}{8}$ yard of silk 20 inches wide. Price, 5 cents.

**2184***Front View.***2184***Back View.***LITTLE BOYS' DRESS.**

No. 2184.—This dress is pictured made of flannel. The pattern is in 4 sizes for boys from 1 to 4 years of age. For a boy of 3 years, it needs $2\frac{5}{8}$ yards of goods 27 inches wide, or $1\frac{7}{8}$ yard 36 inches wide. Price of pattern, 20 cents.

LADIES' POLONAISE.**No. 2173.**

This polonaise is specially designed for middle-aged and elderly ladies, though it may be suitably worn by younger women. Dark-blue serge was chosen for its development, and machine-stitching and buttons provide the decorations. The pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. To make the polonaise for a lady of medium size, will require $10\frac{3}{4}$ yards of material 22 inches wide, or 7 yards 36 inches wide. If goods 44 inches wide be selected, then $5\frac{1}{2}$ yards will prove sufficient for the purpose. Price of pattern, 35 cents.

**2173***Right Side-Front View.***2173***Left Side-Back View.*

FIGURE No. 2.
—This illustrates a Ladies' tea-gown. The pattern, which is No. 2154 and costs 35 cents, is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure.

The short tea-gown here pictured is quite as popular as the trained one, and a charming effect is realized by the choice of printed poplin and white China silk for its development, the silk being used for the vest that is visible between the fronts. At the top the vest is smocked to form a V, below which the fulness droops with a pretty puff effect over several rows of smocking at the waist-line. The fulness resulting from the latter smocking falls in well pressed plaits to the lower edge. Underneath the fronts and vest are lining portions that are fitted by long under-arm and double bust darts and closed a convenient distance with hooks and loops or buttons and button-holes and then tacked to the lower edge. The vest is tacked to position at the right side and closed at the left side from the neck to a considerable distance below the waist-line with hooks and loops, being tacked the rest of the way down. A long dart in either front is taken up with the under-arm dart in the lining, and the adjustment is com-



FIGURE No. 2.—LADIES' TEA-GOWN.

pleted by side-back gores and a curving center seam, the middle three seams disappearing at the top of extensions that are underfolded in double box-plaits which fall gracefully into the skirt. The coat sleeves are rendered unique and picturesque by the introduction of a puffed section of China silk that is placed at the inside of the arm. This section is folded in plaits at its upper edge and is smocked at the wrist for about the depth of a cuff. A tiny frill of lace edging is basted inside the sleeve at the hand, and a similar finish is visible on the high standing collar. Turkish sash-ties of China silk start from under the front edges of the fronts below the waist-line, are loosely knotted over the vest and fall in long ends nearly to the lower edge. The lower end of each tie is caught up to form a puff, and just above it are made rows of smocking.

Large-figured foulards, Persian cashmeres, printed brillantines, etc., are fashionable for tea-gowns, and the mode favors the selection of one material, as well as a combination. Russian net may cover the vest, when made of the gown fabric, and a sash of Surah will be effective. Persian cashmere, with its rich intermingling of color,

will combine with any light shade of *crêpe de Chine*.

FIGURE NO. 3.—LADIES' WRAPPER.

FIGURE NO. 3.—This illustrates a Ladies' wrapper edge and seamed to the lower edge of the backs.

per. The pattern, which is No. 2167, and costs 35 cents, is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure.

That the simplest fashions can be made attractive by a tasteful selection of fabric and garniture is illustrated in this wrapper, the choice being white albatross, with trimmings of lace and fancy-edged moiré ribbon. The wrapper is smoothly adjusted over the hips by a long under-arm dart in each side. Two tucks are made in each front some distance back of the edge, the second tuck being confined by machine-stitching; and a box-plait is made in the right front to overlie the closing. The spaces between the plait and tucks are covered at each side with moiré ribbon, the result being a charming vest effect. Side-back gores and a curved center seam complete the adjustment, and the backs are continued only a trifle below the waistline, the center seam shaping a point at its termination. The side-backs are extended to form a back skirt that is gathered at the upper

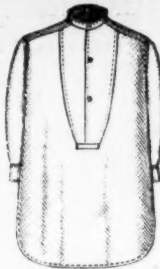


Back of the tucks the lower edge is trimmed with a plaited lace edging headed by a band of fancy-edged moiré ribbon. A triangular patch-pocket is placed in front of each dart. Lace is simply frilled at the front edge of each pocket, and is sewed with jabot effect along the back edge. The frill is headed by moiré ribbon that is drawn together at the lower end and tied in long loops and ends that fall down on the skirt. A high collar provides a fashionable finish for the neck, and above it is a tiny frill of lace, a bow of moiré ribbon being placed at the closing in front. The sleeves are full, and each is gathered at the wrist edge and finished with a narrow wristband that is trimmed with a frill of lace surmounted by ribbon that is tied in a dainty bow at the upper side of the wrist.

Oriental embroideries produce elaborate effects upon Ottoman cashmere, camel's hair and other wool textures. Embroidered nainsook, chambray, Scotch

FIGURE NO. 3.—LADIES' WRAPPER.

gingham, etc., are also adaptable to the mode.

**2182***Front View.***2146***Front View.***2146***Back View.***BOYS' YOKE SHIRT, OPEN IN THE BACK.**

No. 2146.—This pattern is in 13 sizes for boys from 3 to 15 years of age. For a boy of 11 years, it needs $2\frac{5}{8}$ yards of goods 27 inches wide, or $2\frac{1}{8}$ yards 36 inches wide, with $\frac{3}{8}$ yard of fine and coarse linen 36 inches wide for the bosom and wristbands. Price, 20 cents.

**2182***Back View.***LADIES' JACKET.**

No. 2182.—This pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. To make the jacket for a lady of medium size, requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of material 22 inches wide, or $1\frac{1}{8}$ yard 44 inches wide, or $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard 54 inches wide. Price of pattern, 30 cts.

**2163***Front View.***LADIES' WRAP.****No. 2163.—**

Moiré was selected for making this wrap, with a lace scarf, ribbon and jet for garnitures. Beaded nets, grenadines, tissues, embroidered webbings and other seasonable wrap materials will develop well in this way, and jets, passementeries, fringes, laces, braids and ribbons are favored garnitures. The pattern is in 10 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. For a lady of medium size, it needs 2 yards of goods 22 inches wide,

or 1 yard 44 inches wide, or $\frac{3}{4}$ yard 54 inches wide, with one lace scarf, $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of ribbon for the band, and $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of ribbon for the sash-bow. Price of pattern, 25 cents.

**2163***Back View.*

MISSES' JACKET.

No. 2183.—The accompanying engravings illustrate a stylish tailor jacket that will make up handsomely in all kinds of jacket fabrics. Plain cloth is the material pictured, machine-stitching and buttons providing the completion. Braid in the form of bindings or embroidery may outline the edges, and the braid may harmonize or contrast with the coat fabric. Linings of Surah or satin in striped or figured varieties are frequently added to these jackets. Sometimes only a facing of silk will be added to the edges or a fancy cord will outline them. The pattern is in 6 sizes for misses from 10 to 15 years of age. To make the jacket for a miss of 12 years, will require 3 yards of goods 22 inches wide, or $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards 27 inches wide, or $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard 44 inches wide. Price of pattern, 25 cents.



2183

Front View.



2183

Back View.



2163

Front View.

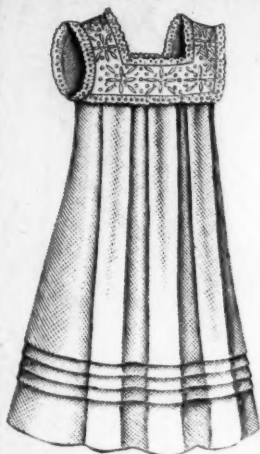


2163

Back View.

LADIES' COSTUME.

No. 2163.—Figured satin and velvet are associated in this costume, with lace, velvet ribbon and velvet facings for garniture. The pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. For a lady of medium size, it needs 15 yards of goods 22 inches wide, or $9\frac{1}{2}$ yards 36 inches wide, each with 1 yard of velvet for the collar, etc., and $\frac{5}{8}$ yard of lining for the vest. Price of pattern, 40 cents.



2180

Front View.



2180

Back View.

GIRLS' APRON.

No. 2180.—Fine cambric and embroidered webbing are associated in this apron. The pattern is in 10 sizes for girls from 3 to 12 years of age. For a girl of 8 years, it requires $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of goods 36 inches wide, with $\frac{3}{8}$ yard of embroidered webbing 20 inches wide for the yokes. Price of pattern, 20 cents.



2152

Front View.



2152

Back View.

GIRLS' DRESS.

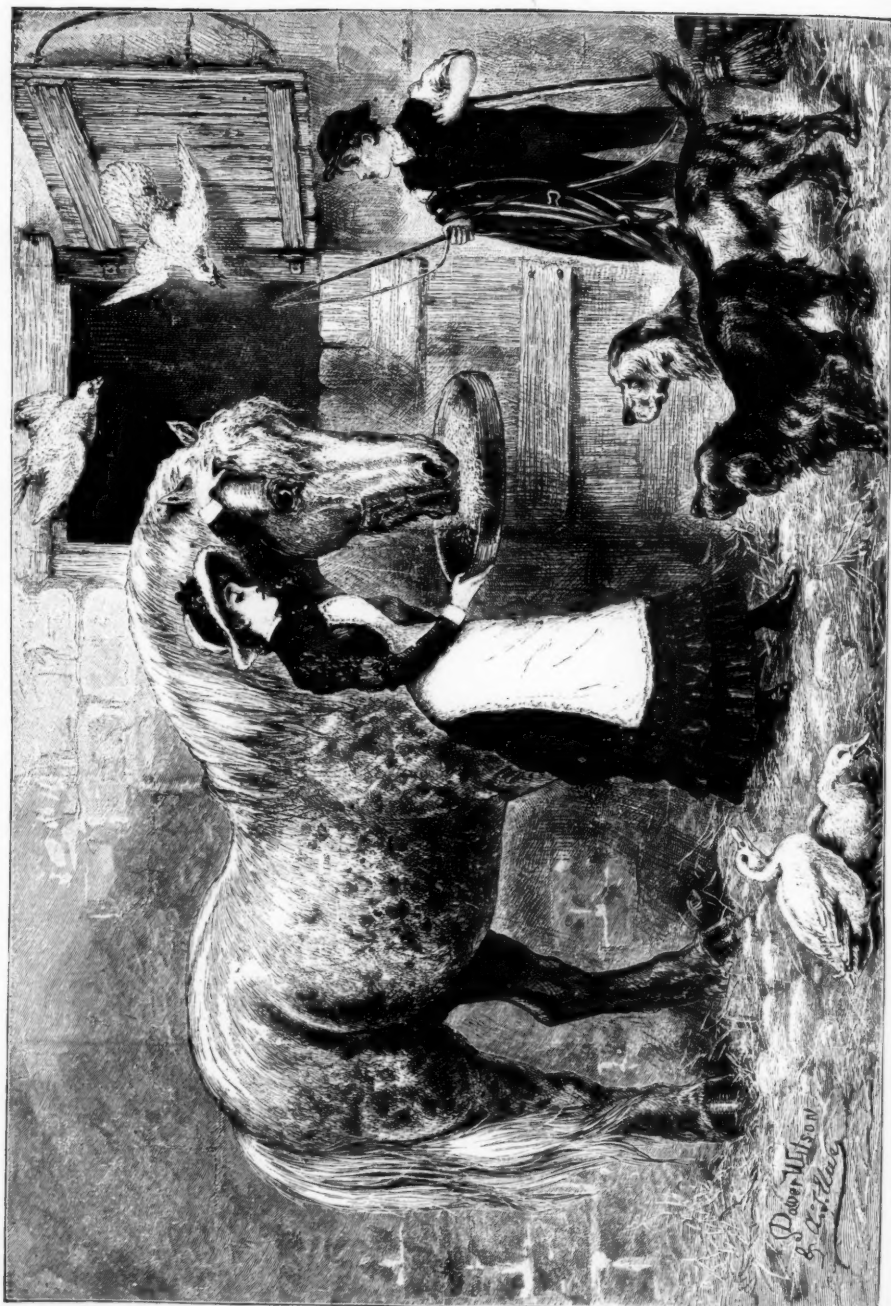
No. 2152.—Striped gingham and plain nainsook are combined in this dress. The pattern is in 10 sizes for girls from 3 to 12 years of age. To make the dress for a girl of 8 years, will require $5\frac{3}{8}$ yards of material 22 inches wide, or $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards 36 inches wide, or $2\frac{5}{8}$ yards 44 inches wide, with $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of nainsook 36 inches wide for the vest. Price of pattern, 25 cents.



FIGURE NO. 4.—GIRLS' DRESS.

FIGURE NO. 4.—This illustrates Girls' dress No. 2176. The dress is pictured made of plaid zephyr gingham and India muslin, with embroidered edging for trimming. Plain and embroidered goods of all kinds will make up well in this way, lace, embroidered edging, ribbon and fancy stitching providing a tasteful completion. Sometimes velvet will be used for the zouave fronts, but the effect is best when they are of the same kind of goods as the back. If preferred, the skirt and blouse front may be of similar material. The pattern is in 7 sizes for girls from 3 to 9 years of age, and costs 25 cents. For a girl of 8 years, it requires $6\frac{3}{4}$ yards of goods 22 ins. wide, or $3\frac{1}{2}$ yds. of goods 44 ins. wide.

The Publishers of the HOME MAGAZINE will supply any of the foregoing Patterns, post-paid, on receipt of price.



DOLLY'S FAVORITE.